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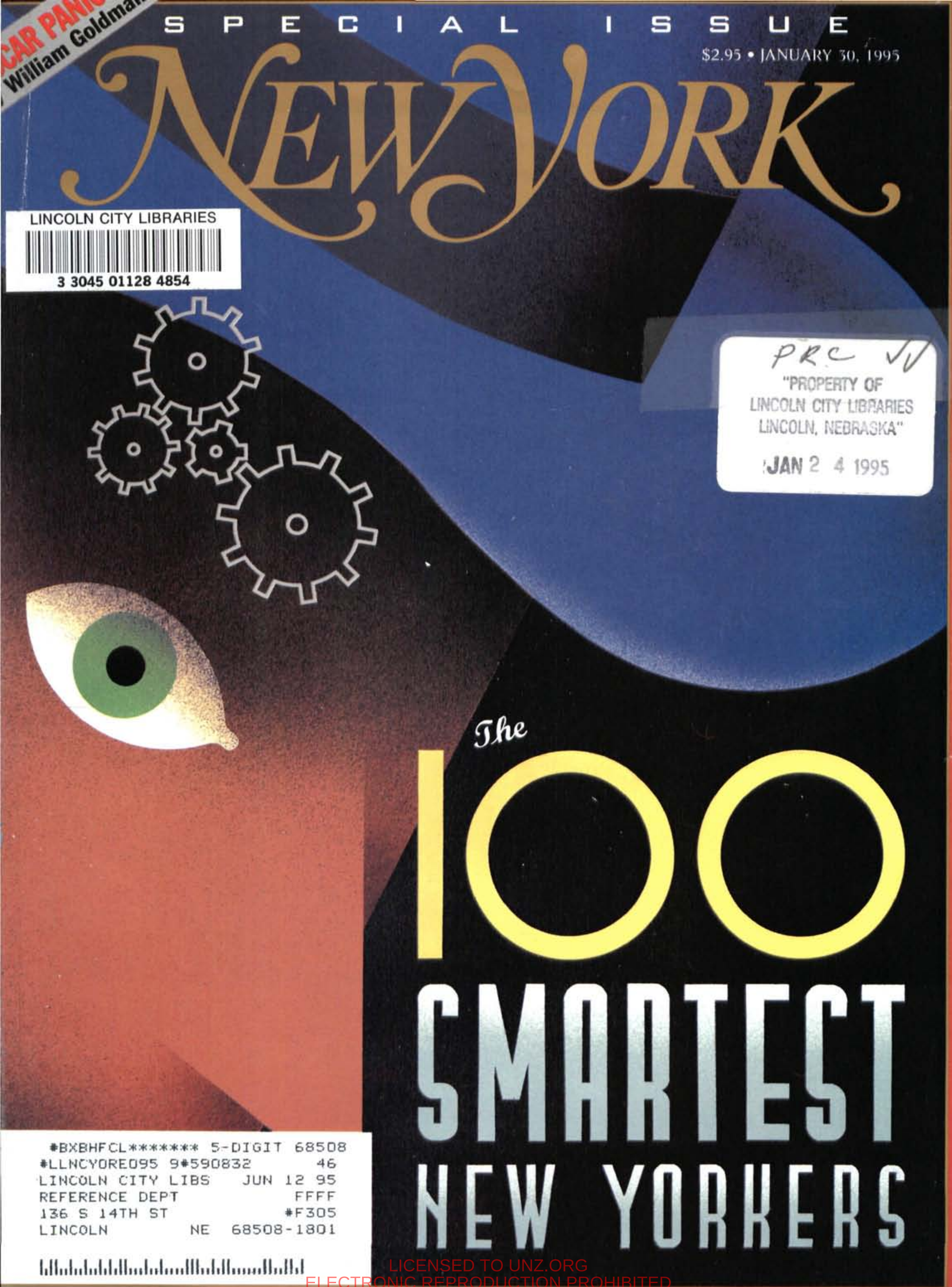

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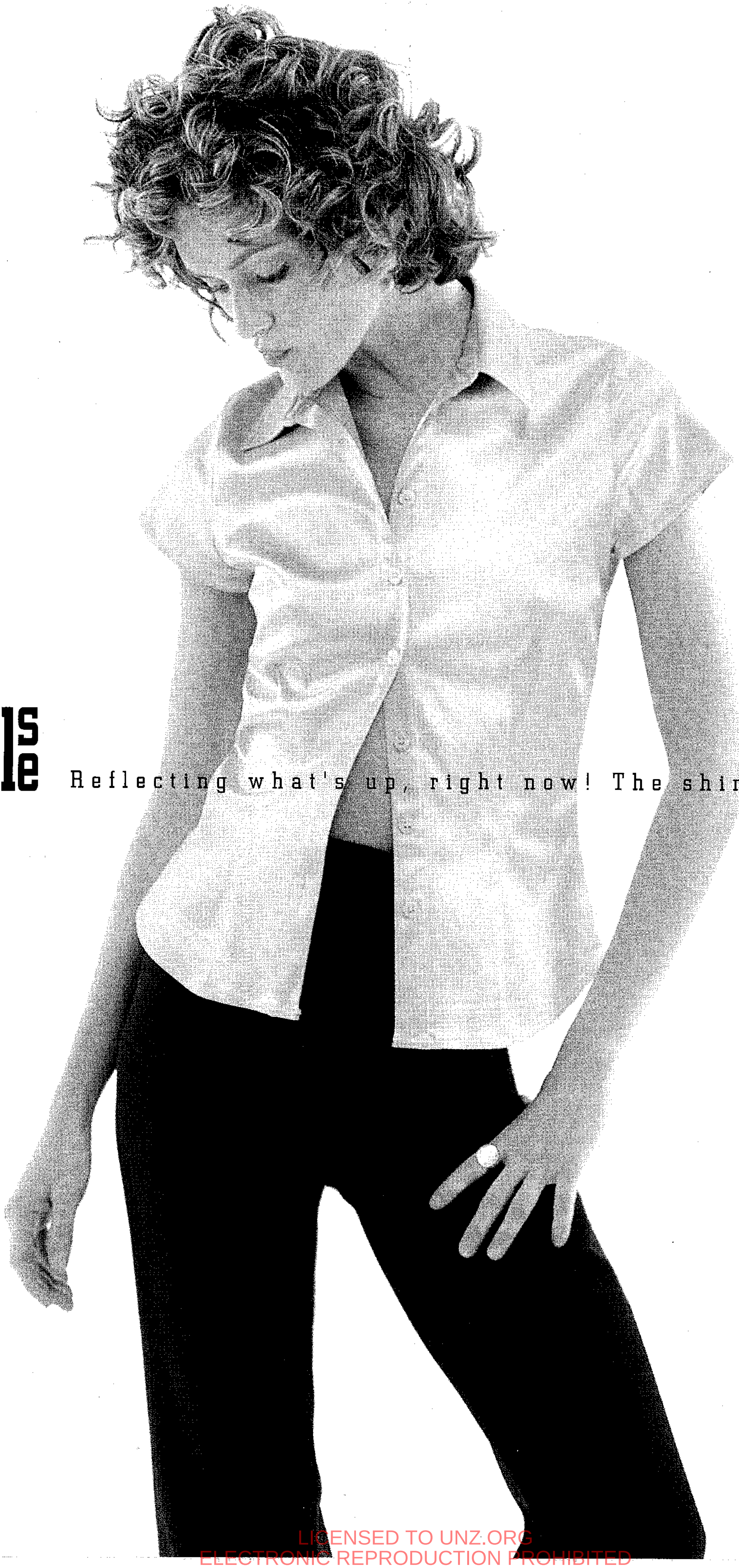

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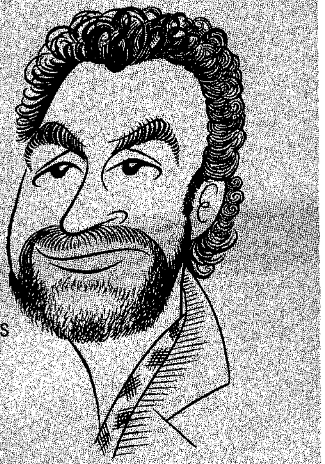

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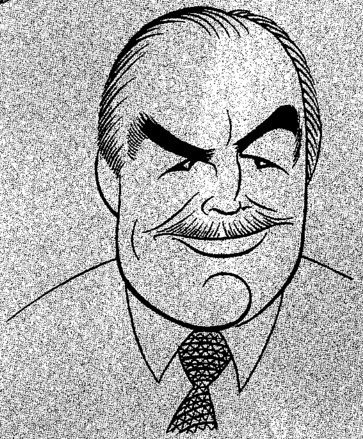

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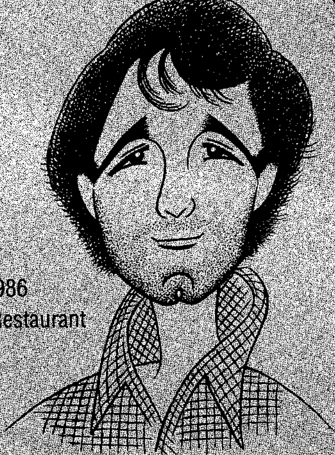

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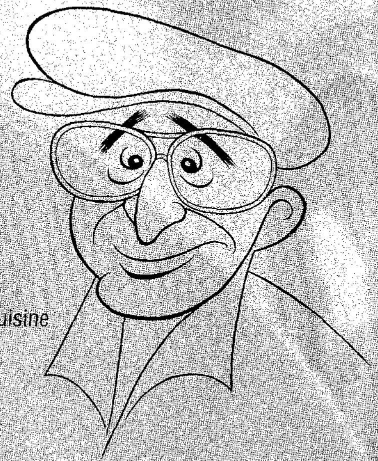

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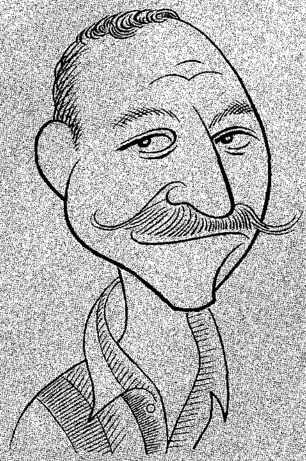

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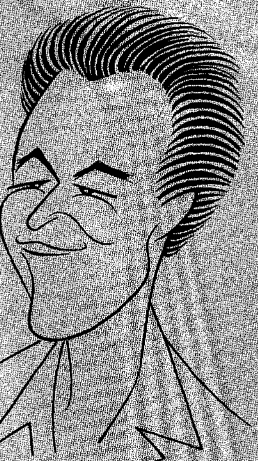

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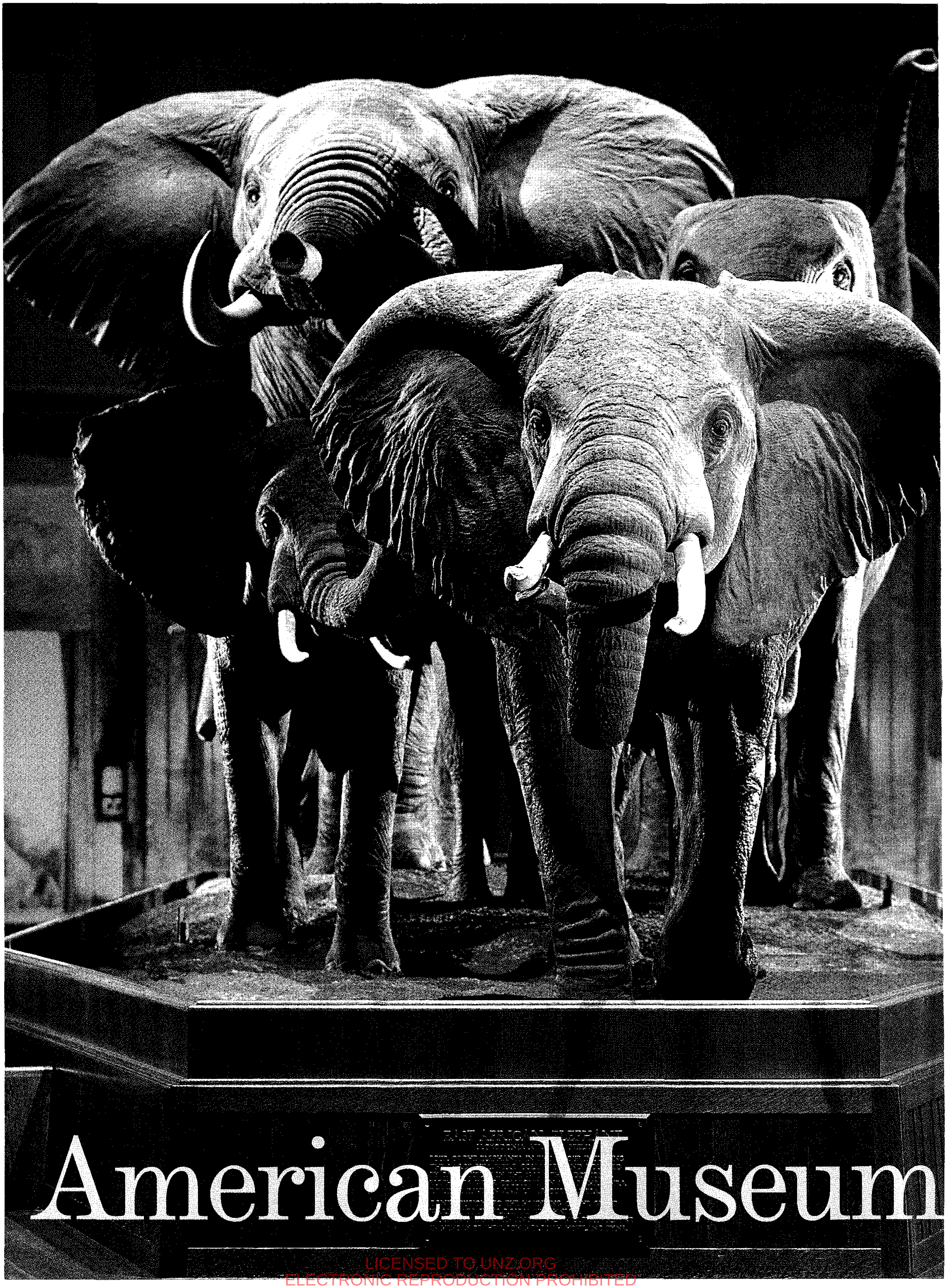
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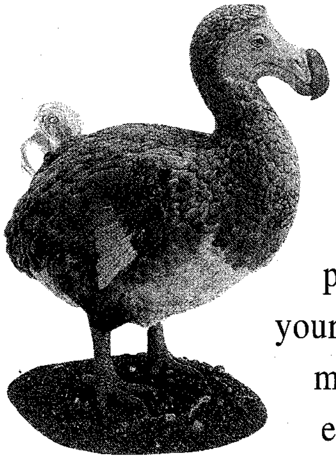

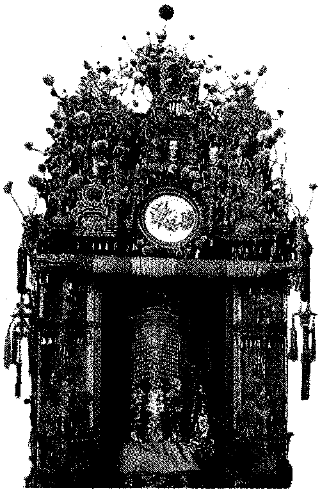

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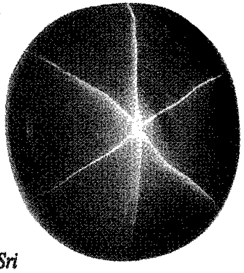

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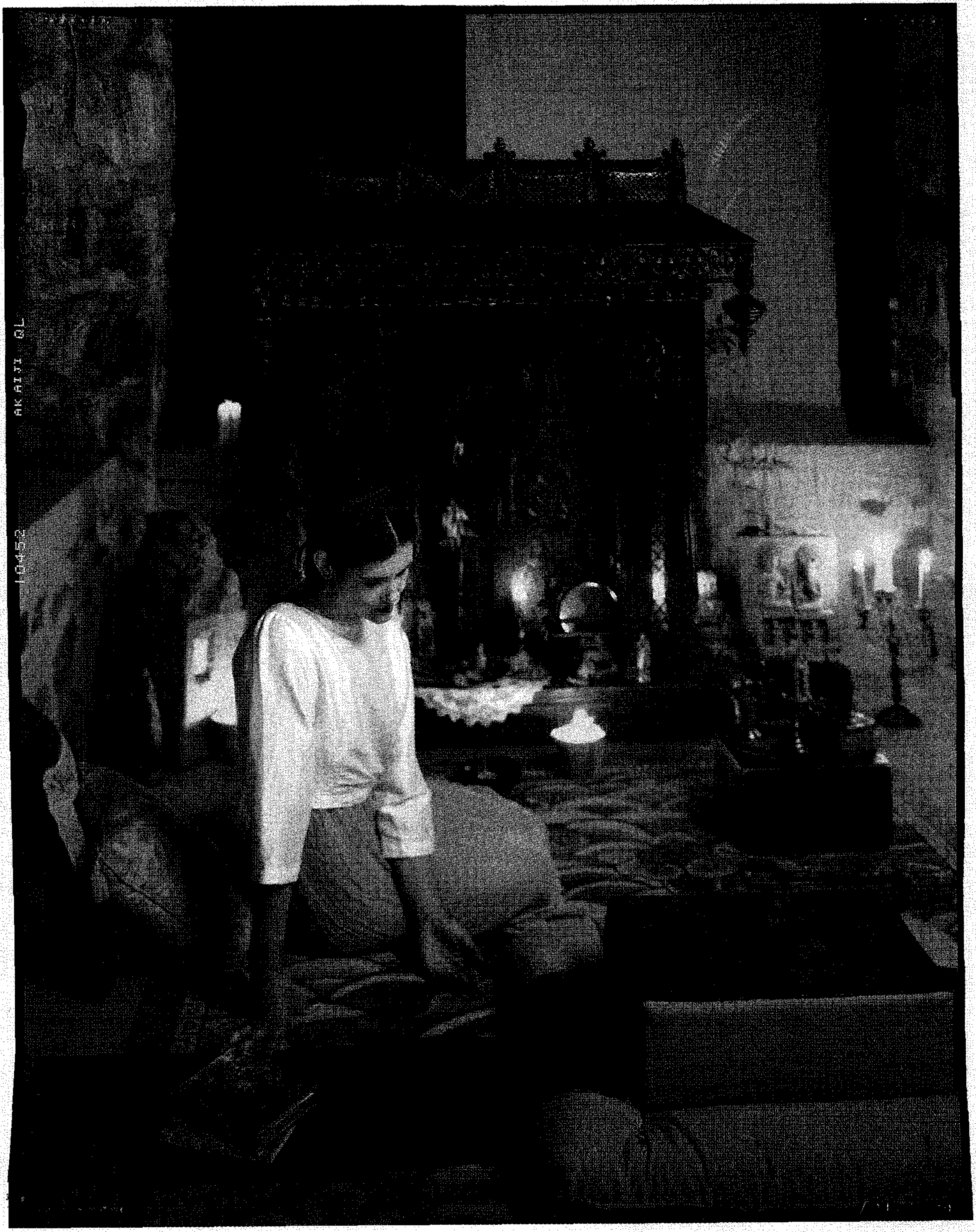

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Smart New York

34 That Smarts

By Luc Sante

The discourse of reason, the cunning of rats, the ultimate in razor-sharp chic: They're all part of the cocktail New Yorkers call "smart." Distilled, it's who and what we are. How our very own brand of *smart* has embraced everyone from Broadway chiselers to big-shot intellectuals, from luftmenschen to spinmeisters.

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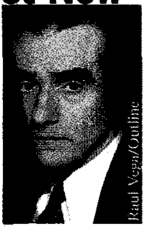
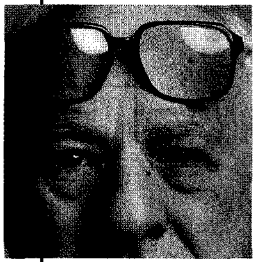


Raul Vega/Outline

Neal Preston/Outline

You're dying to know, aren't you? Here's a quick sampling: They're political leaders and cult leaders, flacks and hackers, investors, activists, artists, economists, mob lawyers, rabbis, and prostitutes. They're David Letterman and Obed Aboodi; Susan Sontag and the Empire Szechuan lady; Lypsinka and the Genovese's alleged godfather. An incredibly opinionated look at the many faces—benevolent and dark, lofty and venal—of New York genius, circa now.



54 The Intellectuals

By Jacob Weisberg

Trilling. Kazin. Kristol. Their names evoke an aggressively brainy, passionately political city that started disappearing a generation ago. Once almost-celebrities, the legendary New York intellectuals are still fuming over each other's surrenders to Stalinism and who said what to whom 30 years ago. A fond report from the nearly deserted battlefield.

60 Inside Egghead Heaven

By Adam Begley

Imagine a gathering place for the most gifted minds of three generations. Paradise, you say? Albert Einstein, the first faculty member hired for Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, called it "a village of puny demigods on stilts." And *that* was in its heyday. What do today's most brilliant scholars have to say to each other? Very little, as it turns out.

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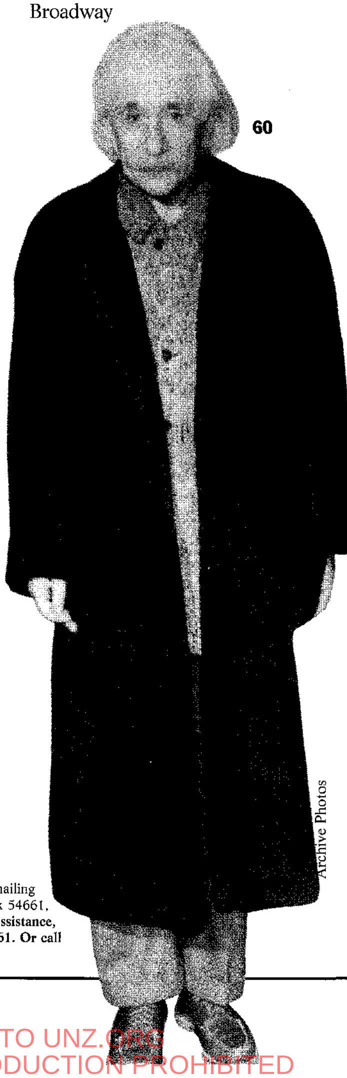

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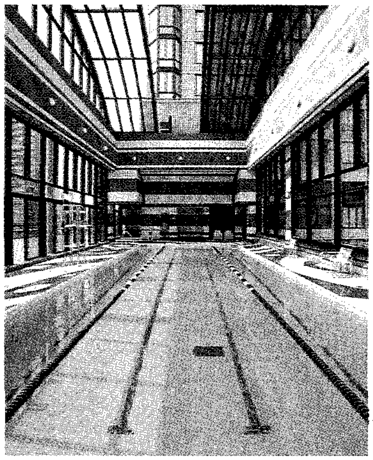

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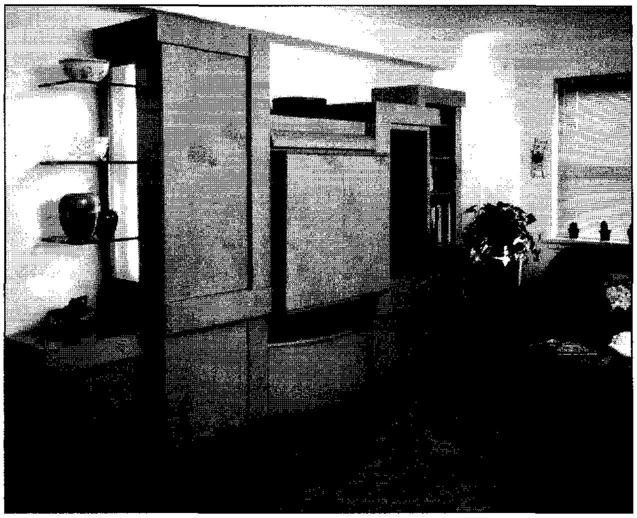

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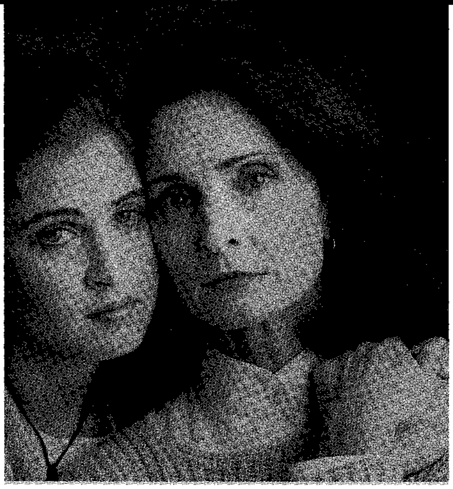

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Of Human Bondage

IN HER ARTICLE "ORDINARY PEOPLE" [November 28], Melinda Blau validated the behavior of some very sick people by expressing the naïve excitement at the infliction of pain and humiliation on others that *New York* usually reserves for cute little restaurants in TriBeCa.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

I SUSPECT THAT FOR EVERY S&M OBSESSIVE who hangs out in leather bars or goes on *Oprah* wearing a dog collar, there are tens of thousands of non-exhibitionist enthusiasts behind closed doors—engaging, at least, in milder manifestations, such as spanking or necktie-to-the-bedpost bondage. My feeling is that S&M is now in the position oral sex was in a few decades back: Many people do it, maybe not a majority (majority whips?), but plenty. Yet only the boldest dare admit it. Just as oral sex became accepted as part of the standard sexual menu for most couples, so, too, will the kinkier activities.

But there's nothing newfangled or "nineties" about it. It's been around as long as sex has been around, and there have been some surprising practitioners of S&M. Consider the following passage from a letter written by a man to his wife in 1789: "For how on earth could you think, or even imagine, that I had forgotten you? . . . For even *supposing* such a thing you will get on the very first night a thorough spanking on your lovable, kissable arse, and this you may count upon." The author? Mozart.

Name Withheld
WATERTOWN, MASS.

DURING MY FIVE YEARS OF PRACTICING SAFE and loving S&M with a caring partner, I have discovered that the most painful part of kinky sex is the bigotry of people who dismiss it as pathological without making any effort to understand it. (Though many such people have no qualms about watching.)

Beneath their unusual trappings, the S&M players I have met at the clubs have been, by and large, extremely thoughtful and highly principled. Much more diverse than the decadent-yuppies stereotype portrayed in Blau's article, they include people of color, AIDS

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

activists, vegetarians who refuse to wear leather, impoverished college students, an Episcopal priest, and a wide range of feminists. What these varied people have in common is the courage to seek responsible ways to express an unconventional and stigmatized sexuality.

The detestable clubgoers, in contrast, are the tourists who come to gawk and be titillated, who stand around fully clothed while snickering at the weirdos in the funny outfits. Rather than watching to learn or to sympathize, they watch to indulge their prurient interest while assuring themselves of their moral superiority.

Rebecca Brook
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

Sub Text

CONTRARY TO WHAT THE MTA AND ITS ADS say ["Gotham: Zen and the Art of Subway Car Maintenance," by Phoebe Eaton, November 19], there are indeed birds in the subway system. I have seen pigeons (what else?) flying in the very large, once grand, and always warm IRT station at 168th Street. I am not sure how they got down there. (The elevators, perhaps?) Does someone take them there and release the poor things?

Johanna M. Perez
THE BRONX

PHOEBE EATON'S "ZEN AND THE ART OF Subway Car Maintenance" was dangerously naïve. If you read carefully, you'll find nothing soothing about Subtalk. In fact, Subtalk is the kind of subliminal intimidation campaign that would have made Felix Dzerzhinsky proud. Take the ad that challenges subway riders to spot the undercover cop on their train. Or the one that suggests that video surveillance from police cars is the next step in fighting bus-fare evasion. Even the ads you mention have a subtly threatening tone: "Every subway car is now new or completely overhauled. Don't you wish you could say that about yourself?" That doesn't sound like Zen to me; Orwellian terror is more like it. Yes, the birds are gone. Now we're left with the unsettling menace of rats scraping against our walls.

Jeremy Mindich
MANHATTAN

The Mayor's Idea Man?

DOES IT TAKE A JOURNALIST LIKE ERIC POO-

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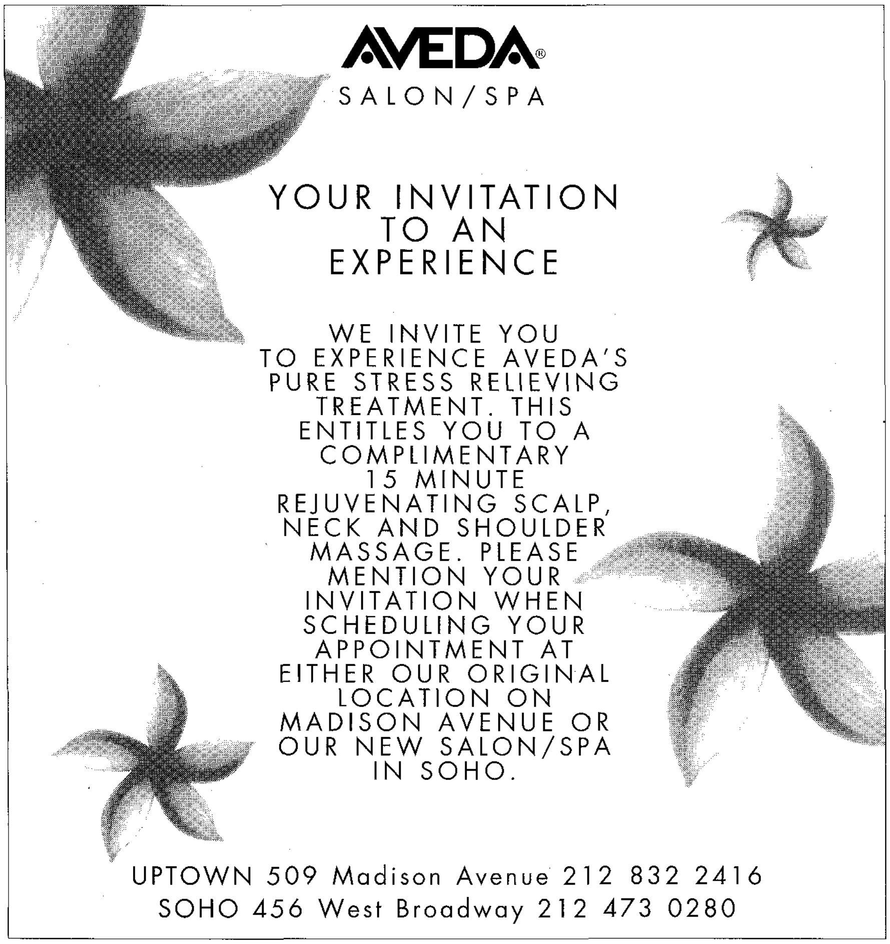
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ley to script the speeches our city politicians deliver? It appears Mr. Pooley's faithful thought piece "Can Workfare Work?" [January 2] prompted Rudy Giuliani to take his position on a soup line on Christmas Day—and the mayor's senior policy adviser to announce a five-point plan to beef up New York's work and training programs for our homeless. This in the face of further municipal downsizings and a strained city budget.

It seems crystal clear to me that the people who have the vision, the foresight, *and* the free rein to do the most good *aren't* the government people but private and proactive groups, like the Ready Willing & Able team Pooley highlights; nonsecular organizations like Covenant House and Here's Life Inner City; and wise, energetic companies like Toyota and Ben & Jerry's. Giuliani should turn to groups like these for money and resources.

Lee Barney
Associate Editor
Wall Street & Technology
Miller Freeman, Inc.
MANHATTAN

The New "Cue" Review

I SIMPLY CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY SOME readers dislike the new look and format of the "Cue" section. It's visually refreshing, more organized, and easier to read. I don't understand why some readers are reluctant to change, but I like your new look and have decided to renew my subscription for two more years. Bravo, *New York* Magazine!

W. J. Lebron
GUAYNABO, P.R.

Gainsaying Gael

GAEL GREENE'S ARTICLE "BEIJING THERE" [November 28] was particularly timely for me, as I had been mourning the loss of an old friend: the one Chinese restaurant that I could always depend on for consistent excellence—Shun Lee Palace. Over the course of probably twenty years, I have slurped my way through mountains of Sichuan cucumber and hacked chicken, sucked noisily at crispy sea bass, savored the Peking duck (better than any I tasted in the Far East). So after a recent week of concentrating on eating Chinese—salt-baked crab in Chinatown, many platters of dim sum at Shun Lee West, and immersion in *Eat Drink Man Woman*—we decided to gain our final ten pounds at old favorite Shun Lee Palace. The prices were a shock; I used to think Shun Lee one of the best bargains in town. For great food, I would excuse even lacklus-

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Pre-sale viewing begins February 1. (As usual, the viewing and auction are free and open to the public.) To purchase catalogue #7659Y, call 800 395 6300.

For further information, call 212 606 0400; or stop by Christie's East at 219 East 67th Street, between 2nd and 3rd Avenues, New York City.

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ter service, but everything we ordered was dreadful. The food was either too sweet or tasteless; even my beloved Sichuan cucumber was limp and bland. Being disgruntled foodies, we complained. The Asian man at the table next to ours was more subtle: He tasted his main course, quietly put down his chopsticks, and never took another bite. Upon leaving, I took the maître d' aside and told him that Shun Lee had just lost a longtime devotee. He shrugged as if to say, "What can *I* do?" I left $84 poorer, angry, and very hungry. My reaction to Gael Greene's article: She obviously received treatment befitting a food critic of her stature. I suffered a different fate at the "new" Shun Lee.

Lynne D. Schwabe
MIDDLEBURG, VA.

Finding Another Solution

I WAS QUITE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT A writer from *New York* covered our final exhibit's opening-night reception. But I found Mark Kramer's article ["Gotham: Groovin' Out of Business," January 2], aside from having little or no basis in fact, decidedly malicious and sour. For him to say that "spiders and severed limbs are motifs of choice" for the exhibit's featured artists is perhaps credible to someone reading the article, but there were no "severed limbs"; there is a spider in New York artist Leslie Sternbergh's piece—one piece out of 42. We have some great artists involved, such as Peter Max, Alex Grey, and Futura, as well as a great variety of work. Many people were involved in getting this show together.

When Mr. Kramer came back a couple of days later to ask me some questions for his article, I had no idea that he would use all of my quotes out of context, in a manner that leaves the reader with the mistaken impression that I'm a burned-out hippie whose gallery is closing because of failure and/or lack of interest, having strayed far off the path that we pioneered here in the eighties. Nothing could be further from the truth. Anyone visiting the exhibit after reading the article about it would wonder whether he was in the same place.

Psychedelic Solution has been featured in about 150 articles and many TV segments over the years, so we are very aware of such factors as "artistic license," mistranscription of information, slight alteration of facts, massive editing. But this is actually the first time I've felt compelled to sit down and compose a letter of rebuttal and complaint.

Jacaeber Kastor
Owner, Psychedelic Solution
MANHATTAN

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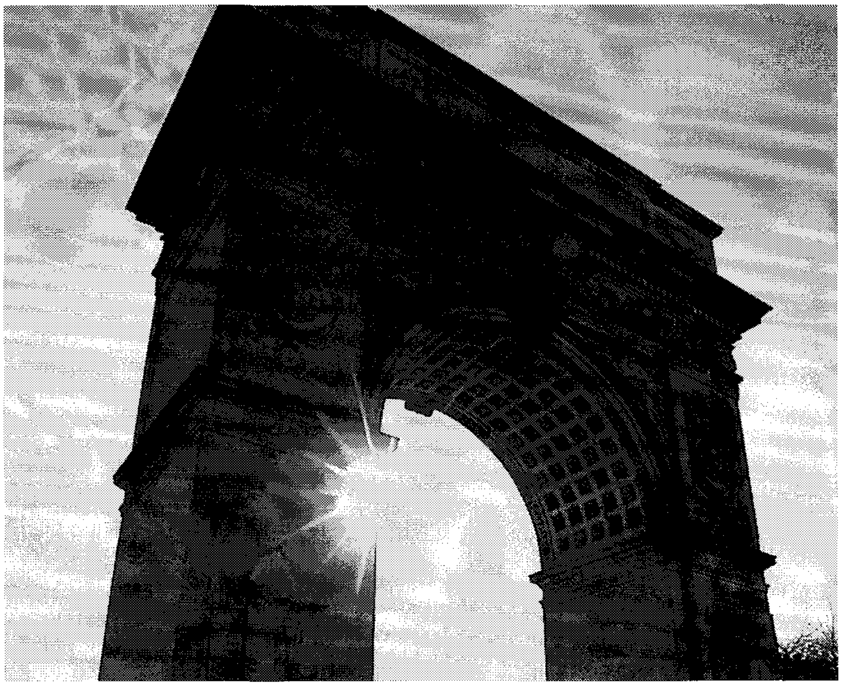

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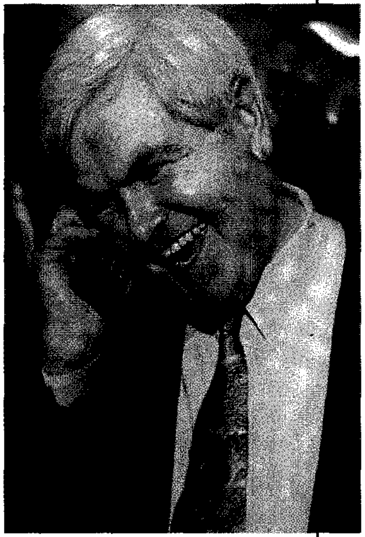
BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

WIDE SEAT FOR THE SPEAKER, PLEASE

Some fine print in the Republicans' Contract With America apparently calls for **Newt Gingrich** to fly first-class while the rest of us go coach. Sources say the Georgia Republican traveled first-class in nearly half of the 125 or so trips he made on Delta Air Lines—mostly between Washington and Atlanta—in the eighteen months before he ascended to the House Speakership. (In contrast, during 1990 and 1991, **Bill Clinton,** then the big-spending Democratic governor of Arkansas, opted for first-class on only 5 of 48 trips on Delta, the South's predominant airline.) On a recent flight to the capital with supporters and journalists—including Gingrich fan and Delta Air Lines chairman **Ron Allen**—the Speaker bragged about always traveling economy with the regular folks. On his next trip to Washington, however, he enjoyed the wide seats and free liquor up front. Gingrich had no comment.



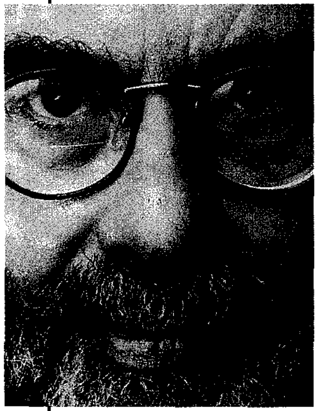
Newt Gingrich, frequent flier

NO DIRTY WORDS ABOUT MACKINNON

To the list of smutty books that feminist attorney **Catharine MacKinnon** would have liked to censor, add the brand-new *Defending Pornography: Free Speech, Sex, and the Fight for Women's Rights.* Before **Nadine Strossen**'s controversial prose even made it to final proofs at Scribner's, MacKinnon shot off a letter to the legal department of Scribner's parent, Simon & Schuster, warning that it may be "in the best interest of all" that she see it before it is published. She reminded the S&S lawyers that the ACLU (Strossen is its president) had already misrepresented her—in her opinion—about an incident at the University of Michigan law school. The incident in question, which Strossen covers in her book, occurred at a 1992 symposium on prostitution during which an art exhibit's videotapes and photos were removed by pro-MacKinnon students—a seizure Strossen says MacKinnon endorsed. Strossen's ACLU published a newsletter condemning the students' actions; MacKinnon responded with a threat of a libel suit—a fact she included in her letter to the S&S lawyers. Despite the threatening tone of the missive, Simon & Schuster told MacKinnon that advance vetting by outsiders was against company policy.

HEY, JACK KEROUAC: THE LINE FORMS HERE

On February 4, some 3,000 lanky, scowling, smoking would-be Sal Paradises and Dean Moriartys will be hanging around Columbus Circle. No, they won't be there for a Beat-poetry convention, but for an open casting call at Saint Paul the Apostle Auditorium. **Francis Ford Coppola,** who's owned the movie rights to **Jack Kerouac**'s 1955 classic *On the Road* for nearly twenty years, has decided to move the project ahead—just a little. "This is an informal early, early phase," warns Coppola's right-hand man, producer Fred Fuchs. "This isn't a studio project yet. We may or may not go ahead with it. This is Francis's way of working. He likes to see a project evolve from all directions." A finished script co-written by Coppola, who will direct the picture, and **Michael Herr,** who also worked on *Apocalypse Now,* is almost finished, according to the producer. "This picture is very, very important to Francis," says Fuchs.

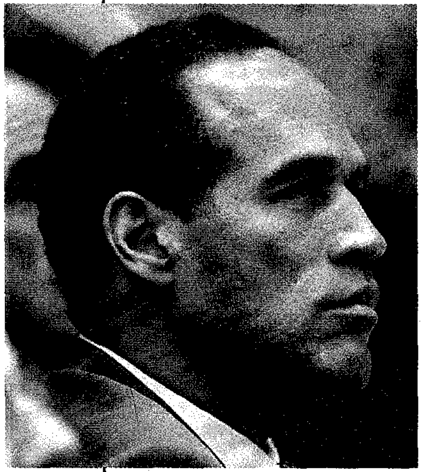


DECAMPING FROM BOONEVILLE?

Mary Boone, uptown girl?

Mary Boone, the eighties queen of neo-Expressionism, is not seeing eye to eye with her landlord, F&W Management. Boone, who still represents **Ross Bleckner** and **Eric Fischl,** among others, says it is premature to predict whether her West Broadway gallery will move but confirms she has been checking out locations in other neighborhoods. "It's not a problem with retail moving into SoHo," she says, referring to the recent influx of clothing stores to the area. "Rents are just getting too high." Boone says she recently hired a broker and a lawyer; both say she is paying way too much for her space. But other sources claim that her problem with F&W stems from back rent she does not want to pay. F&W denies this, but confirms that a new lease is still under negotiation. "I considered them my friend and I always paid what they asked. I've had the money," Boone says. "I still have the money, but I'm just not willing to pay too much for the space anymore."

Photographs: top right, Chris Brown/Saba; center left, J. Patrick Forden/Sygma; center right, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; bottom left, Chris Buck/Visages.



The Giant Fun Box of O. J. Simpsoniana

O.J. WANTS TO TELL YOU: *NEWSWEEK* IS RACIST

O. J. Simpson hardly mentions Faye Resnick or Kato Kaelin in his un-cross-examinable testimonial, *I Want to Tell You,* scheduled to arrive in stores next week. Instead, he reserves his anger for the news media, in particular *Newsweek*. Railing against an article published in the magazine last August entitled “The Double Life of O. J. Simpson,” Simpson, according to a source familiar with the book, labels the magazine “racist.” “He really lays into them,” says the source. Many of the 100 letters Simpson answers characterize the media “as tools of the prosecution.” Simpson, says the source, “adamantly agrees.” Other letters in the book include one from a young boy who sent in his $5 allowance to help Simpson defray his legal costs. (The money was returned.) Another is from a grandmother who had her pillow cleaned and sent it to O.J. in a new pillowcase. (That was also returned.) The letter writers were tracked down by O.J.’s longtime assistant **Cathy Randa,** who secured permission to publish their correspondence but did not request signed confidentiality agreements. Much of the book is concerned with religion, which O.J. has embraced since his arrest. “It’s full of the Scriptures,” says a reader. “He uses them to describe the state and its case against him. There’s lots of stuff about him being an innocent man persecuted.”

EVERYBODY COMES TO JUDGE LANCE ITO’S

In most courtrooms, the media are a necessary nuisance. But at the **O. J. Simpson** trial, meeting star reporters and telejournalists is half the fun for **Judge Lance Ito.** When **Larry King** visited the courtroom last week with his executive producer, Wendy Walker, and his daughter Cahia in tow, Ito abruptly stopped a hearing for 38 minutes to meet with King in his chambers. When less-famous reporters returned to the courtroom after the break, they witnessed CNN’s biggest celebrity—not in the press gallery but on the judge’s side of the bar—shaking hands with all the attorneys involved in the case. When King tried to shake O.J.’s hand, however, a reality check was violently imposed. “A deputy had to throw himself between King and O.J. to stop him,” says a bystander. “When he couldn’t get close, King instead raised a closed fist as if he were in solidarity with Simpson.” Says producer Walker, “The visit was planned. We thought it would be nice for Larry to meet the principals in the case. The time we waited for Judge Ito was longer than the actual session.” Sources say authors **Dominick Dunne** and **Joe McGinnis** were visibly upset that Ito was not according them King-like star treatment. McGinnis, though not publicly introduced to the defense team, was treated to a private meeting with Ito the week before. “I took him into the courtroom when we weren’t in session,” says clerk **Jerianne Hayslett.** “Judge Ito happened to be in there and asked me to bring McGinnis over.” Last month, Ito attended a press Christmas party at the Criminal Courts building and asked to have his picture taken with several journalists.

IT’S NOT MY PARTY, BUT I’LL WHINE IF I WANT TO . . .

Robert Shapiro seems more rattled than ever about his public dispute with O.J. co-counsel **F. Lee Bailey.** At a party at movie mogul **Robert Evans’s** Hollywood home for the 49ers-Cowboys game, Shapiro ranted to other guests about his deep dislike of Bailey and informed the group that Bailey is not being paid for his O.J. work. How can he afford to do it? Easy, says Shapiro: Bailey is living on a multimillion-dollar retainer from accused drug dealer Claude Luis Duboc. Duboc, who is indeed a Bailey client, has been sitting in a Florida federal penitentiary since his arrest last March for drug smuggling. As Shapiro grew more and more animated discussing the Simpson trial, he eventually took a straw poll to see how many of Evans’s guests thought O.J. was innocent. The answer: Five voted guilty, four innocent.

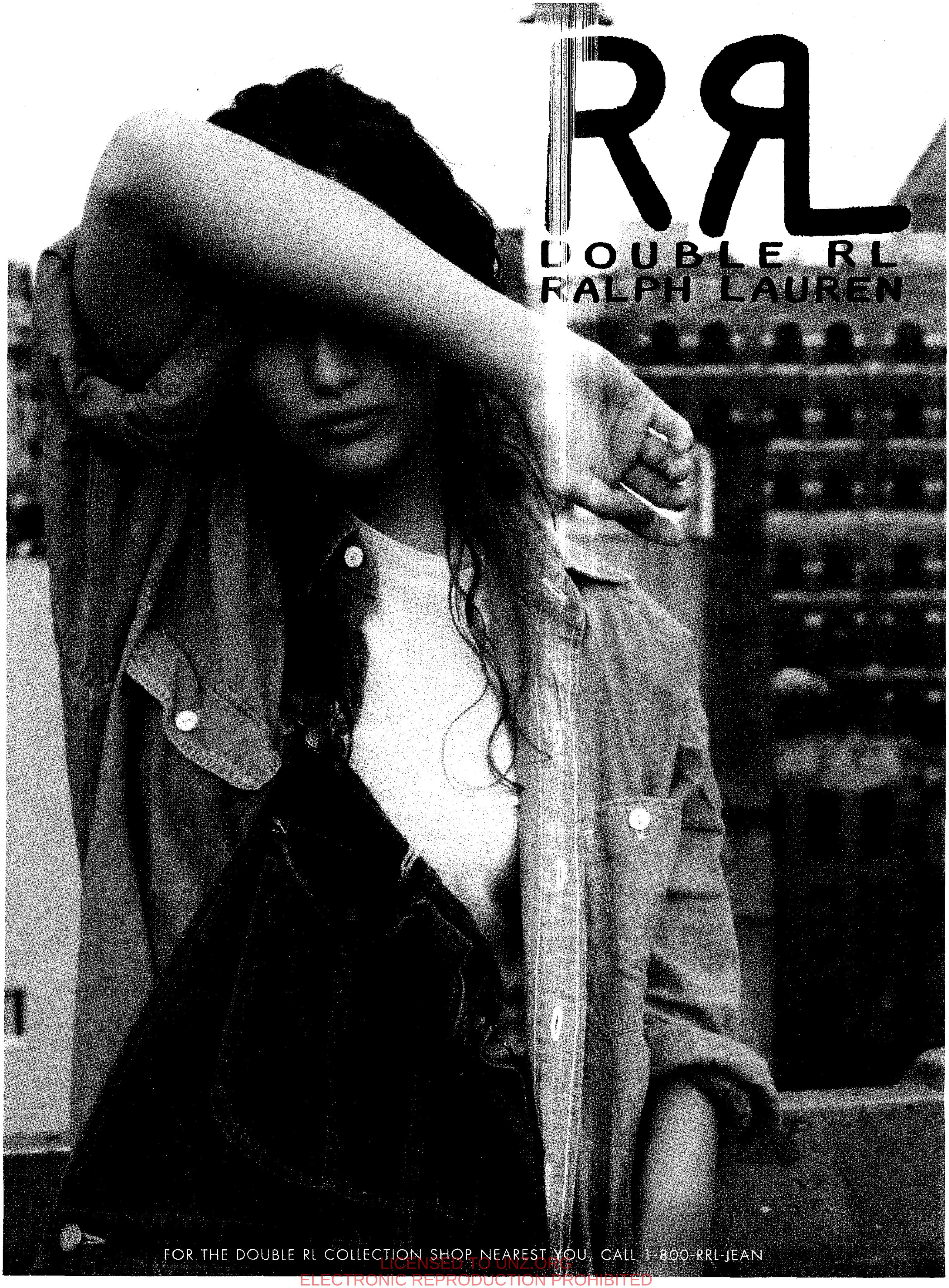
DUNAWAY WITH IT; A SONESTA IN SOHO?

NUNN’S SENSE: Now that **Andrew Lloyd Webber** has agreed to pay **Faye Dunaway** $1.5 million for their *Sunset Boulevard* debacle, the only remaining melodrama is what will happen to Lloyd Webber’s in-house director, **Trevor Nunn.** Dunaway used as the centerpiece of her $6 million lawsuit a three-page letter Nunn wrote to the actress shortly after her dismissal from the L.A. production. In the letter, Nunn supplies Dunaway with all the evidence she apparently needed to undo Lloyd Webber, including Nunn’s assertion that she didn’t have enough rehearsal time and that the composer, contrary to his public statements, was enthusiastic about her singing.

A PLAYMATE, A BANK ROBBER, AND A REPUBLICAN: The most unlikely combination of famous daughters is about to converge on Barneys. On February 16, **Harry Evans** opens yet another Random House breakfast chitchat at mad.61 to discuss the moral implications of biographers and their art. He has assembled **Patti Davis, Patty Hearst,** and **Julie Nixon Eisenhower** to participate. Joining them will be William Paley biographer **Sally Bedell Smith** and Jean-Michel Basquiat chronicler **Patricia Morrisroe.**

SOME ROOM AT THE INN: The on-again, off-again drama of the unbuilt Mercer Hotel seems to be on again. Owner **Andre Balazs** has found a 50 percent partner in Sonesta Hotels of Boston, and plans are once again under way to actually build the 78-room inn sometime before the new millennium. Says **Paul Sonnabend,** president of Sonesta: “We’d been looking at SoHo for some time when Andre came to us. Originally, we thought of putting in a hotel over the New Museum on Broadway, but that didn’t work out.”

Photographs: top, Pool/Saba; center, John Barr/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Ted Soqui/Sygma.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GOTHAM

New York is the nation's thyroid gland—*Christopher Morley*

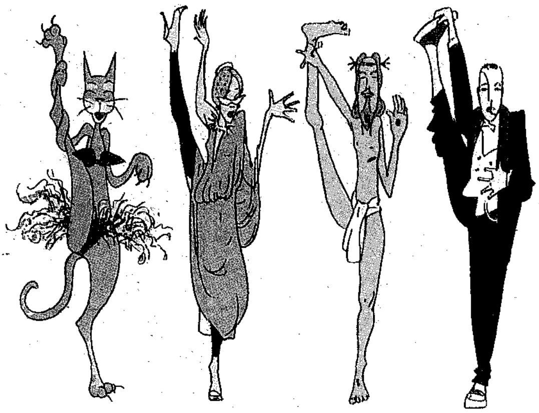
THE FRONT PAGE

The $1.5 Million Air Kiss

Andrew Lloyd Webber was surprisingly, if creepily, gracious. "Faye Dunaway is an extraordinary talent," he said in a statement released last week. "I hope our paths cross one day in happier circumstances where my regard for her abilities can be shown more fruitfully." It was a nice bouquet to throw Dunaway's way, particularly since it was accompanied by a check for a reputed $1.5 million; but like much of Webber's creation, it was not wholly original.

Last summer, in the middle of his Norma Desmond mess—Webber firing Dunaway from *Sunset Boulevard* because, he said, she can't sing; Dunaway suing because, she said, she could—Webber wrote Dunaway a long, heartfelt, personal, and confidential letter that he allowed the London *Evening Standard* to print in its entirety. "I am sorry that it has taken me until now to write to you," he began, explaining that his hectic transatlantic-travel schedule had made it all but impossible. "I should also say that it was never my intention to comment publicly on what was truly one of the hardest decisions I have ever had to take," he continued. He then proceeded to explain, in deposition-style detail, how (1) he had thought Dunaway could be taught to sing when he hired her; (2) he had made every good-faith effort to teach her how to sing; and (3) it was only after realizing she would never learn to sing, and that to let her try in something as spectacularly public as an Andrew Lloyd Webber musical would cause *both* "extreme embarrassment" and "great embarrassment," that he removed her—"after much debate and with great concern for your career and reputation."

"Faye," Webber concluded on a Clintonesque note, "I can completely understand your hurt and anger." But ultimately, he wrote in that letter six months ago, "there really is nothing more I can say other than to hope that our paths cross one day in happier circumstances where my regard for you can be shown more fruitfully. Love Andrew."



It was probably only a matter of time before Andrew Lloyd Webber began plagiarizing himself, having already absorbed T. S. Eliot, Gaston Leroux, Billy Wilder, and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (not to mention Puccini) into his massively expanding talent. Andrew Lloyd Webber has so long put his best-selling brand name on other people's work, the Tacoma *News Tribune* can be forgiven for this month announcing open auditions for the role of Tam in "the new national touring company of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Miss Saigon.*" For all anyone knows, that may be Sir Andrew's next project, after, of course, the upcoming animated *Steven Spielberg's Andrew Lloyd Webber's Cats* and the currently-in-preproduction $15 million movie-musical remake of the 1961 film *Whistle Down the Wind.*

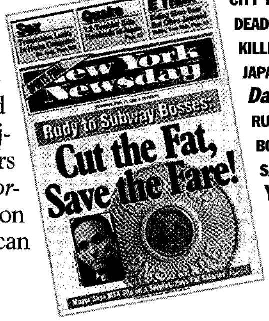
Another possibility. "People have compared what we do to Pink Floyd and Andrew Lloyd Webber," Frank Roach, vice-president of family entertainment for MCA Concerts, Inc., said last week, discussing MCA's newest project, the "Mighty Morphin Power Rangers Live Tour." *Andrew Lloyd Webber's Morphin!* seems a natural, the only question being: We know they can kick, but can they dance?

Photograph by Richard Perry/Sygma; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

WHAT IF THEY MARRY NIXONEISENHOWERS? "If two companies merge and one and one equals three, they like to keep both names, it's the path of least resistance. . . . But this is a complicated name. Depending on how complicated, people in daily vernacular either use initials or come up with an acronym. If a name is a tongue twister, like Bristol-Myers Squibb, they'll come up with their own version anyway."—corporate image specialist Alan Siegel of Siegel & Gale, on the recent decision by Andrew Cuomo and Kerry Kennedy Cuomo to give their twin baby daughters the merged but hyphen-free surname *KennedyCuomo*

FROM THE MAILROOM "Please be advised that the interoffice mail is under no circumstances to be used to send chain letters. Several employees on both east and west coasts have told me emphatically that they find it disturbing to be threatened with bad karma and dire consequences."—from an e-mail circulated to all employees in the William Morris Agency's offices last week

NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN PAPER AT LEAST 597 ARE KILLED IN JAPANESE QUAKE; KOBE DEVASTATED AS 2,000 BUILDINGS BUCKLE—New York *Times,* 1/17. KILLER QUAKE—HUNDREDS DIE IN JAPAN—New York *Post,* 1/17. CITY IN HELL—HUNDREDS DEAD AND INJURED AS KILLER QUAKE ROCKS JAPAN—New York *Daily News,* 1/17. RUDY TO SUBWAY BOSSES: CUT THE FAT, SAVE THE FARE!—New York *Newsday,* 1/17



New York Newsday

Rudy to Subway Bosses:

Cut the Fat, Save the Fare!

Crime

ONE ANGRY MAN

THE SPECTACLE OF ACCUSED LIRR GUNMAN Colin Ferguson making a legal motion to subpoena Bill Clinton and Mario Cuomo to testify at his trial—because, he said, "both made certain comments about my case"—strikes most outside observers as one more crazy act by a delusional psychotic. But Ferguson's choice of *pro se* representation is, in fact, an entirely rational act, carried out with the same cold calculation he displayed when he massacred six commuters on December 7, 1993. Acting as his own attorney gives Ferguson one more chance to grab the spotlight, to inflict pain on the survivors of his shooting spree and their families. "I think it's going to be hellishly traumatic for those people," says Harvard psychiatrist Alvin F. Poussaint. "He is rubbing it in their faces." Poussaint, who is black and well known for criticizing pervasive racism in American society, adds, "You have to remember that Colin's original motivation was to kill white people."

Now it's Ferguson's turn to do a little grandstanding. He's already indicated that he sacked his high-voltage activist attorneys, William Kunstler and Ron Kuby, because they were hogging the limelight. After all, *he* did the killings; without making any admissions, he now appears intent on taking the credit, basking in the celebrity, having one last crack at white society.

Indeed, Ferguson's trial strategy is likely to shift between allegations that a phantasmagoric white gunman shot up the commuter train and complaints that he is a victim of endemic racism. Ferguson has used racism as a crutch—and a weapon—since leaving Jamaica for the United States, explaining in letters that he was constantly persecuted, plotted against, and mistreated because he was black. When his attempts at marriage, college, and work unraveled, he complained that white people had sabotaged him. Constantly frustrated, Ferguson swung from surly self-righteousness to obsessive litigation to violence. "He is angry, and he wants his way," John G. D'Alessandro, the court-appointed psychologist, testified at a competency hearing last December. "And when he is not going to get his way, like a spoiled little boy, he is going to stamp his feet and say everybody is a racist."

Chronic complaining is the hallmark of Ferguson's paranoid personality. For the past several months, he has had a running feud with Joel Rifkin, the Long Island man who admitted to murdering seventeen prostitutes. Sources say the men were inseparable until Ferguson decided that Rifkin was getting preferential treatment. "I didn't kill as many people as Rifkin did," Ferguson groused to a prison doctor. "How come he is getting better treatment?"

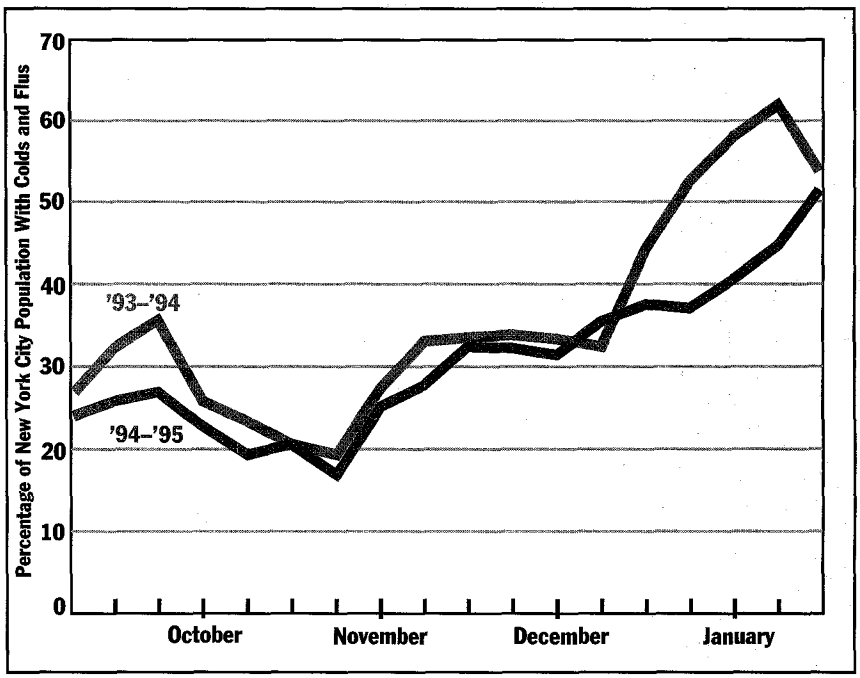
Since his arrest, he has constantly whined about various maladies, from kidney stones to severe headaches that produce fits of vomiting. In March, soon after he was beaten by five inmates, he declared he was going blind, and accused his attorneys, the court, and the D.A. of conspiring to withhold proper eye care so that he couldn't identify the real shooter. "He has been seen by far more ophthalmologists . . . than, I daresay, most citizens in Nassau County ever have seen in their lives," says prosecutor George Peck. Indeed, he reads law books, jogs, plays basketball, and watched the TV in his cell until he smashed it during one of his not infrequent snits.

Prison doctors have been amazed by

HEALTH

4 Million Runny Noses

"Work through it" is Rudy Giuliani's advice for New Yorkers who catch cold, perhaps because the mayor has been sniffle-free this winter. Others have not been so lucky. According to the Centers for Disease Control, the city is in the midst of a near-epidemic outbreak of Shangdong, a particularly nasty strain of the influenza-A virus. There's good news, though: According to Surveillance Data, a firm that tracks illnesses for pharmaceutical companies, the actual number of people suffering from common colds, regular old flu, and respiratory ailments has generally been down from last year. Also, as to the Shangdong, Dr. Ilya Spigland, who tracks the flu in New York for the CDC, says, "I think it's starting to peter out." TOM ROSTON



Photographs: top left, Dick Yarwood/*Newsday;* center left, Robert Fitzgerald/Globe Photos.

the way Ferguson was able to memorize data from medical textbooks. Similarly, his newly appointed advisers were stunned by how well he picked up the style and demeanor of a defense attorney, "better than some real attorneys," says his legal adviser Kuby. "He knows he's in a court of law. He doesn't think he's in a Martian cabaret. But sanity is not simply knowing the difference between the judge and a grapefruit. He cannot assist in his own defense in any meaningful way."

The trial has had a calming effect on Ferguson, however. He is more focused, less complaining. Playing attorney has given him a legitimate channel for his paranoia, says Poussaint. "Every time Ferguson gets up in court, it's an exercise in madness," Kuby says. "What the judge can't do is say this is crazy, because if he says this is crazy, all of a sudden the pinball machine goes *cachunk, cachunk,* lights flash, and the game is over. So the judge has to sit there and pretend it's all rational. Who's crazier, Colin Ferguson or the people who are sitting around and pretending that this is sane?"

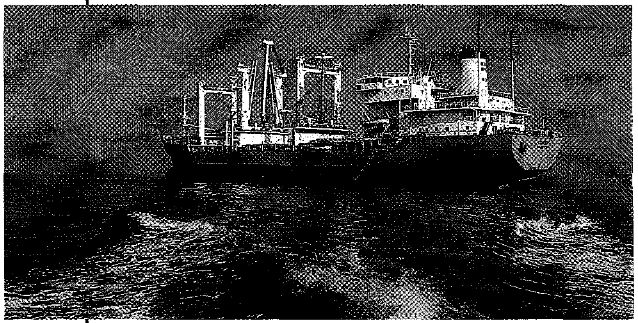
Nevertheless, Ferguson has passed three competency tests with flying colors. A prosecution psychiatrist said that while his is a paranoid personality, Ferguson is not psychotic and knew exactly what he was doing on the train. "Remember that he went out to Long Island because he didn't want to embarrass David Dinkins," Poussaint says. "His behavior was so deliberate and planned that an insanity plea was not going to hold up." Ferguson himself realized that fact, asserting, not without some logic, that his lawyers' black-rage defense would flop in lily-white Nassau County.

Meanwhile, Ferguson's auto-defense has also touched off a legal controversy. While he has the constitutional right to act as his own attorney, Kuby warns that Ferguson will make enough errors to compel an appellate court to reverse a guilty verdict. Stephen Gillers, a professor at NYU Law School, says an appellate court would not be predisposed to an appeal by Ferguson, however. "If you're determined to be competent, and you insist foolishly on representing yourself and you make a lot of mistakes, you have to accept responsibility for the consequences of your errors," Gillers says. "You have no constitutional right not to be an ass."

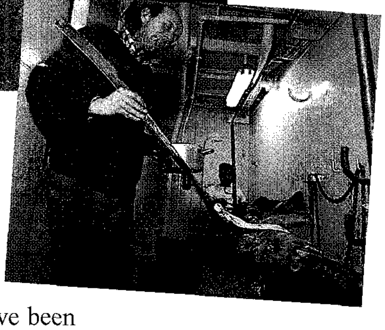
ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

International

SERBS AT SEA



From top: the *Lovćen;* Captain Dusan Kasic makes a birthday wish; electrician Soch Dragan bastes pig.



A SMALL LAUNCH PULLS UP beside the gray-green hull of the *Lovćen,* the cargo ship without a country.

The Reverend Jean Smith, a port-of-New York chaplain, walks up the gangplank bearing a chocolate cake. It's Captain Dusan Kasic's birthday. "For me?" the unshaven, sack-eyed captain asks. He's embarrassed. *"Bah."*

The captain takes another drag from his Gold Coast cigarette. "Thank you."

Smith unrolls a homemade poster: SRECNA NOVA GODINA. Happy New Year.

It's Friday the thirteenth, the Eastern Orthodox New Year's Eve, and Kasic and his crew of eleven are stranded off the coast of Brooklyn—7,000 miles away from a home that doesn't even exist anymore but used to be called Yugoslavia. Because of United Nations economic sanctions, they've been unable to dock here, or in any country, and the ship's owner is unwilling to return home without moneymaking cargo. They've been sitting out in the Bay Ridge Flats Anchorage for nearly two years.

Most of the crew is celebrating, after a fashion, belowdecks in a room the size of a closet. Dressed in Levi's or sweatpants, their big bellies bulging under T-shirts, they take turns basting and rotating a large pig on a spit. (Every three months, food is delivered to the ship through a Wall Street agent hired by the *Lovćen*'s owner.) The captain offers his visitors a choice of whiskey, Donald Duck orange juice, or the crew's cherished Coca-Cola. In the background is a blackboard with "03.08.1992" written on it and an anchor drawn underneath, to mark the day they unloaded their last cargo. The next day the Coast Guard stripped them of their registry papers.

"We are seamen," says Kasic, who has an Eastern European flair for poetic brooding. "We like to go port to port. This is like being a vulture in one building. This vessel looks like it died."

Kasic takes a drag of his cigarette and gazes out the window at the nearby Statue of Liberty, floating in the fog on the Hudson.

"Every morning when I wake, I see Liberty," he says, melodramatically. "But I do not have liberty."

Soon the crew members are pulling out snapshots of their kids and wives back home. "We are together here like family now," says Kasic. "But sometimes we get on each other's nerve."

Krcic Mevljudin, the sole Muslim onboard, is lucky enough to have family in Brooklyn. "He's a Muslim, but he's with us," says the captain. "That's the way we are. Family. Never mind nationality." The chief cook, a very large man with a ladle, nods.

Mevljudin explains that his brother runs a pizzeria on East 68th Street in Manhattan. Using hand gestures, he describes taking a launch to shore, getting on the F train, tunneling underground, coming back aboveground, asking directions. He visits his brother every two weeks, but often feels guilty, since the other men have no one to visit.

Second engineeer Nikola Cuckovic, 29, one of the only single guys onboard, likes to walk around Manhattan. "I want to look at historic," he says, stretching his arms out. "Here I can see high building, many people. But New York is expensive."

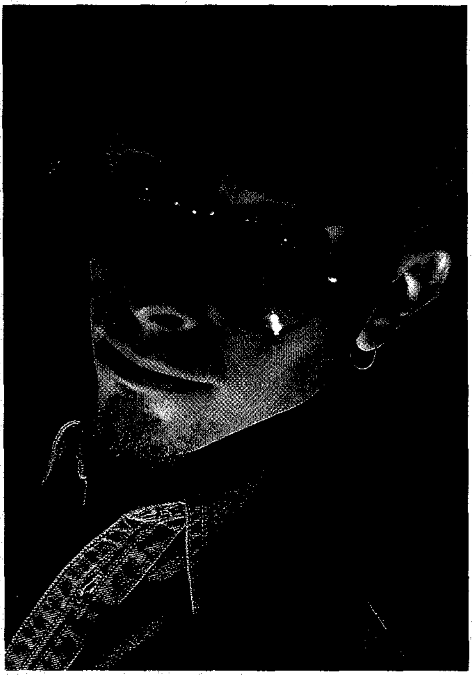
"No money," Mevljudin pipes in, "no

Photographs by Philip Greenberg (3).

Return of the Geek King

‘YOU AREN’T GOING TO DO THE POLITICALLY CORRECT thing, are you?” Phiber Optik asks a producer from Channel 2 News. “When the Washington *Post* was here, they were doing this painfully long camera shot and they said I couldn’t smoke.”

Tonight, Optik, a.k.a. Queens’ own Mark Abene, ex-con, the hacker Mozart, will get everything he wants. Eight weeks ago, the slight, bespectacled, goateed 22-year-old computer pirate finished a ten-month sentence at Pennsylvania’s Schuylkill County Prison for (a) committing such affronts to the national order as using a rickety Radio Shack TRS-80 to break into and screw around on networks run by, in his casual list, “oh, Southwestern Bell, NYNEX, TRW, British Telecom, Bank of America, Pentagon contractors . . .” and, alone among his compatriots, (b) having the effrontery to brag about it to the press.



Optik returned to freedom quietly, but for tonight’s Phiberphest ’95, there’s been a steady stream of photographers and reporters up the four flights to the cozy, equipment-crammed West Village apartment of Stacy Horn, founder of the funky online service Echo and Optik’s employer. The star’s girlfriend and de facto manager, Cathy, frets over the receding likelihood of her boyfriend’s prompt arrival at the party following the press availability.

“MARK,” reads the scrawled note taped to a computer, “the show starts at 8:30 and those people are going to be performing their hearts out for you. You CANNOT be late!” But Mark, expounding for TV, exhibits a techie’s obliviousness to time. “The judge said he was sentencing me as a symbol,” Phiber Optik says, “to send a message that what I did was wrong and will not be tolerated. But judging by the mail I got while I was in prison and the mood of people I’m seeing now that I’m out, that message was not received.”

FLASHBULBS AND MINICAMS ASSAULT THE CAR THAT HAS BORNE Phiber Optik to Irving Plaza. He peers out at the swarm and smiles as he opens the door. “And here we go.”

It takes him fifteen minutes to make his way through the adoring mob into the club, and once inside, 60 seconds to find the bar, where he lights a butt and orders a Jägermeister as his friends materialize around him. “I just followed the lights,” a young woman says, kissing his cheek.

“Do you know if Razor is around tonight?” he asks one young man. “What happened to you New Year’s Eve?” he asks another.

“We went to the rave,” the guy says.

“I know, but——”

“Oh, you mean at the rave. . . .”

Phiber’s drink is mostly gone. “It’s going to be a long night,” the friend cautions. “Start slow.”

The best-looking people in the club are the journalists, an indication of just how high the dweeb factor is. The throng of pasty Echoids rings the floor like high-school freshmen warily scoping a shiny basketball-court abyss at the fall dance.

“There’s a lot of women here tonight,” one guy notes nervously. “A disproportionate amount.”

But in the club’s dark corners, certain nondescript young men huddle quietly, balefully eyeing the giddy female Echoids and trying to match each to her online handle. These are the true hackers, shadowy habitués of cyberspace: fervent adolescents hunched over laptops, surfing the data streams of the Baby Bells and the federal government. They represent a grave threat to the security of the Infobahn, and they know it. And they know the Feds know it; that’s why the FBI landed so hard on Phiber Optik. So tonight, sure, they’re willing to indulge the media, but only, as one 19-year-old outlaw says, on “deep, deep background. No names—and I plan to keep it that way.”

His friend—call him Guru—observes the shutterbugs with droll suspicion. “We don’t have enough pictures of ourselves in FBI files,” he says. “Why not fatten our dossier?”

“I’m used to never meeting any of these people in person,” says Deep Background. “The majority of this community has never met.”

“In real time,” Guru amends.

IT’S PAST TEN. SLEEK, PRETTY NIGHT CRAWLERS trickle in; the room smells of marijuana. A band called Angst Family Robinson cranks onstage, and the Echoids are getting drunk and silly. Four hours with no letup, and Phiber Optik’s still hyper, still glowing. Photographers jostle for position while he reclines on a couch before a red velvet curtain. “Cathy’s pissed,” he says, his cigarette listing near the fabric. “Everybody keeps taking pictures.”

Across the balcony, sixties-era East Village fixture Adam Alexander and his artist wife, Leslie, the Echo conference host known as Mrs. Hippie Queen, observe the guest of honor with distaste. “This is nerd culture,” Adam says with a flip of his long, long white hair.

But his is the voice of the past. Ten feet away, flashbulbs pop.

“The thing I find ironic,” Phiber Optik said earlier, during the ride over, “is that now the media for the most part want to be my friend.” Then he laughed. “I’m really touched, because when I was first indicted, I was the scum of the earth.”

MICHAEL KRANTZ

Photographs by Nina Berman/Sipa (2).

honey."

Cuckovic laughs, then reverts to his normal depressed look when asked if he's made any friends in New York. "You are my friend," he says.

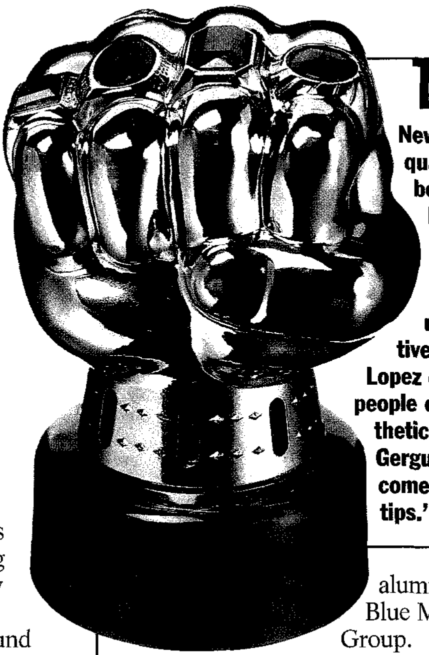
Nervous that their guests are preparing to leave, the crew shuttles them over to the color television to watch a videotape of a Yugoslavian children's concert—a program they've seen surely hundreds of times.

"I'm trying to get cable," the captain says, perhaps meaning a satellite dish. "I have electrician friend. He will install it to us."

Three weeks after Christmas, the decorations—cheap satin balls on a fake tree—hang in the dining cabin as the crew smiles longingly at the TV screen. On the walls, they've sprayed canned snow around color photos of Montenegro, a land of palm trees and green mountains. In the fake snow is etched a peace sign.

"Very soon in New Year this ship will be moving," says the captain. "New Year will be better." He takes another dramatic drag. "It must be."

Helene Stapinski



PRODUCTS

The Sweet Smell of Fist

New Yorkers who still haven't figured out the Crown, the quasi-religious plastic air freshener mounted to the dashboards of countless cabs, will not know what to make of the Fist. Just out this month, the shiny, gold, defiantly fragrant four-inch fist may catch on fast, an informal survey of cabbies suggests. "It's a very attractive piece, certainly quite appealing," says Ramesh Bhadia. "It's a symbol of unity and force, a good punch. It's probably a good protective device." "No, it's not very good for self-defense," Felix Lopez disagrees, "but I might use it anyway; it could scare some people off." Other cabdrivers appreciate the fist more for its aesthetic value. "It's quite luxurious, a nice design," says Sherif Gerguis. "People will have something to talk about when they come in my cab, and if it has a nice smell, it'll bring some good tips."

Rob La Franco

Film

REAPING YOUR DAY JOB

THERE THEY WERE, THE CREW FROM NEW York's toniest caterer, Glorious Food, slacking off. There they were in the lobby of Angelika 57, not scurrying—actually wolfing down food, leaving to grab a quick smoke outside. But hey, it was their party. For a change, the waiters and bartenders and cooks toasted themselves, as the stars of *Picasso Would Have Made a Glorious Waiter.* "What would've made this really perfect," said one waiter, "was hiring a bunch of society ladies to walk around serving us from silver trays."

The 35-minute seriocomic documentary is the work of brothers Adam and Jonathan Schell, producer–prep cook and director–waiter, respectively. But the Schells may soon be dropping their hyphenates: *Picasso* has been accepted by the Sundance Film Festival, which runs through January 29.

The film makes stars of several other current and former Glorious Food servers, among them a concert pianist–maintenance man, a performance artist–percolation supervisor, a Rita Hayworth impersonator–waitress, and—perhaps the caterer's most celebrated alumni—the Blue Man Group.

"I think the film strikes a universal chord," Adam Schell says, in producer mode. "Nearly everybody, from time to time, experiences discontentment with their lives or their work. There's a feeling there everyone can relate to."

Praise from the Schells' peers ran high, though many weren't concerned with an underlying message. Comments ranged from "Now maybe people will look at us and see more than a hand holding the serving spoon" to "I really don't look that spacey in real life, do I?" and "Do you think anyone'll get work out of this?"

There were some detractors.

"They could have made room for a few more talented people," groused one woman.

Like who?

"Well . . . like me."

Jeane MacIntosh

The Law

ON ROLLERBLADING

LAST MAY, KARA SULCOV, A 29-year-old marketing manager from the Upper East Side, rented a pair of Rollerblade®—Bravoblades GLX with Automatic Braking Technology™—and went out to Dead Flats in Central Park, a stretch of asphalt near the Sheep Meadow, where, according to her attorney, "unbeknownst to her, the automatic brake was engaged. She pushes off on her right foot, the left foot skates forward, but the right foot stuck behind, so she does a *split.*" Sulcov broke her right leg in two places.

So last month Bill Groner, the attorney, held a press conference to announce Sulcov's $15 million negligence suit against Rollerblade®, Inc., and Blades East, a rental shop on East 86th Street. He got a good reception: Some TV crews were there, and it got written up in several skating trade publications.

Groner says Rollerblade® has until this week to respond to the suit, but as of last week, he had received only a two-page letter from the company's general counsel:

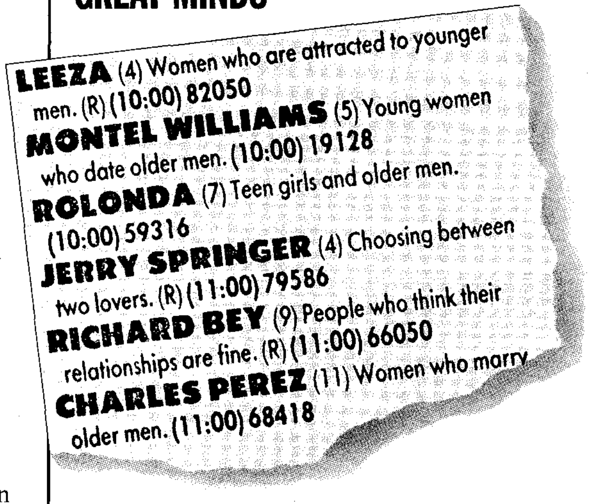
"Dear Mr. Groner," it reads. "I refer to your quote of 'many *rollerbladers* are unfamiliar with the technology the *blades* use' published in the *InLine Retailer and Industry News.* . . . Proper generic terms for the product, athlete and sport are **'in-line skates, in-line skaters** and **in-line skating.'** If you are interested in using the proper terminology when referring to the product, athlete or sport of in-line skating, enclosed are a few simple guidelines which may assist you."

"Rollerblade has a pretty thorough program for identifying folks who misuse our trademark," says Deb Grocholski, Rollerblade®'s general counsel. "It's a common thing for us to write up a letter to someone like that."

Ruth G. Davis

Television

GREAT MINDS



LEEZA (4) Women who are attracted to younger men. (R) (10:00) 82050
MONTEL WILLIAMS (5) Young women who date older men. (10:00) 19128
ROLONDA (7) Teen girls and older men. (10:00) 59316
JERRY SPRINGER (4) Choosing between two lovers. (R) (11:00) 79586
RICHARD BEY (9) People who think their relationships are fine. (R) (11:00) 66050
CHARLES PEREZ (11) Women who marry older men. (11:00) 68418

From the New York Post, *January 17.*

Photograph: top, Steve Wisbauer.

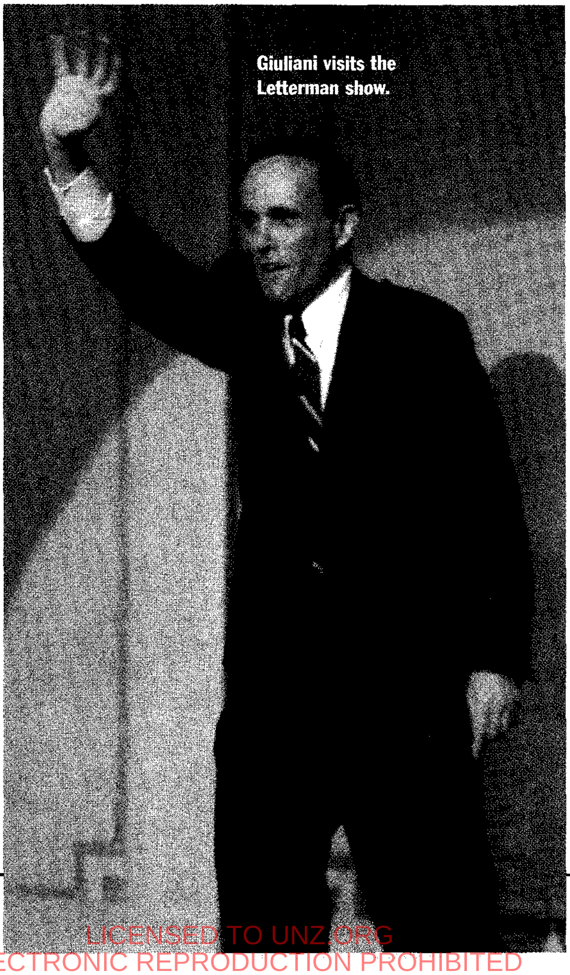
THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

Things That Make Rudy Nuts

The mayor's real Top Ten list: unfunded federal, state, and judicial mandates that push the city into the red.

WHAT A LOUSY TIME TO BE the littlest fish in the governmental food chain—especially if you're used to behaving like king of the sea. Swimming through murky waters, Rudy Giuliani can see those big-fish Republicans in Albany and Washington getting ready to whack billions from their budgets, and he knows that entitlement payments to New York are sure to be cut—the only question is, by how much. "Ten to 15 percent—probably you could manage your way through that," Giuliani mused the other day. "But if [they] were to reduce them 30, 40 percent, [they] would create an enormous amount of difficulty."

Even before those cuts hit, the city's ravenous budget gap is forcing the mayor to shut down neighborhood services—ten day-care centers here, 114 youth agencies there, with more closings to come as Giuliani plugs the current $650 million hole. So why's he smiling? Just last week, Giuliani was feeling tele-friendly enough to go on David Letterman's show and read a Top Ten list of "announcements that will make New Yorkers go nuts" ("No. 9: Tap water now available in chunky style"). Is he simply the sort of gung-ho soldier who thrives on combat rations?



Giuliani visits the Letterman show.

Photograph by AP/Wide World

Giuliani has one reason to be pleased: the pledge from both Albany and Washington to curb unfunded mandates, those expensive programs and policies imposed on the city—but not paid for—by state and federal governments and judicial decrees. Unlovely though the phrase may be, "relief from unfunded mandates" has gained enormous momentum at both state and federal levels. At heart, the crusade insists that government should subject pending legislation to cost-benefit analysis—and pick up the tab if it wants to pass the law. Carrying out that proposition isn't so easy: The first bill on the Senate floor this term, for example, is a flawed mandate-relief measure that could cripple the federal government's ability to govern. The state legislature is sure to take up the matter as well, and the city's Law Department has helpfully drawn up a model bill for Albany's consideration.

There's reason to fear the mad rush to do away with unfunded mandates (the Bill of Rights and the ban on ocean dumping, for instance, are both unfunded federal mandates), and sensible Democrats like John Kerry are working on some subtle amendments to buffer the Senate bill. But the drive to rein in charge-card federalism is grounded in sound political philosophy and grave fiscal need. City corporation counsel Paul Crotty likens the mandates to Mickey's broom in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." "They start out with the best intentions," he says, "and then get completely out of hand." And for Giuliani, who prizes control above all else, the mandates are every bit as galling as getting bossed around by a broomstick. No wonder the prospect of losing them lights up his skies.

"Much of our structural deficit is created by these mandates," says Giuliani. "They make up two thirds of our total spending, and they don't give us the flexibility we need to manage our affairs. What we're asking for is the freedom to make our own decisions—to make choices within the democratic process that's closest to the people. And if we're given that, we can manage our way through these budget reductions."

Managing through is Rudyspeak for "budget cut"—make no mistake, he wants relief from mandates so he can slash programs and thus expenditures. That's frightening to those who recall that many mandates sprang into being because the city was screwing something up. So which mandates—federal, state, and judicial—does Giuliani hate most? *New York* (with a little help from the city Law Department and the mayor's Office of Operations) has compiled a list of the Top Ten mandates that make Rudy nuts.

☐ **No. 10: Prison mandates.** Because of a judicial consent decree, the Department of Correction must provide inmates with free daily newspapers in English and Spanish. Cost: $200,000 a year.

☐ **No. 9: More prison mandates.** Another consent decree says that Correction has to wash the windows in each city prison four times a year. The city claims it spends $400,000 a year to comply with this one (but if that's true, why do so many windows at Rikers Island look as if they haven't been touched since the Beame administration?). Correction must also grant inmates access to a law library, staffed with legal assistants and typists, for ten hours each week. The night hours alone cost $637,000 a year.

☐ **No. 8: Judicial micromanagement.** New York's failed foster-care system lets children die, and twenty years of judicial decree have done nothing to change that. The courts have made great strides, however, in regulating the supply of toilet paper and soap to foster homes.

☐ **No. 7: The Wicks Law.** This chestnut enacted by the state legislature in 1912 requires local government to hire four separate contractors for most public-works projects. Every mayor since Robert F. Wagner has tried to get the thing repealed, but Wicks lives—adding 13 percent to city construction costs.

☐ **No. 6: All those pesky, un-sound-biteable mandates Rudy can't even count.** How many *are* there, anyway? Mario Cuomo's Office of Mandate Relief (1990–1992) tallied 1,700 state and federal mandates. Last year, the *Times* uncovered 3,200 of them from the state alone.

☐ **No. 5: Court facilities.** By state law, the city must build, maintain, and operate courthouses for the state judiciary. The annual operations-and-maintenance cost is $27 million, of which the state pays only about $3.5 million. In the next fifteen years, the city is obliged to build nineteen new court buildings—and renovate fifteen more—at a cost of $2.1 *billion.*

☐ **No. 4: Tort liability.** When someone sues the city, state law requires the city to defend itself before a *jury* in state or federal court—not before a *judge* in the Court of Claims (where the state defends itself). New York juries remain wildly generous: Tort claims against the city cost $268 million last year.

☐ **No. 3: Education.** State and judicial mandates keep education costs astronomical. Most onerous is a 1979 consent decree called *Jose P* v. *Ambach,* which governs the special-education program. Thanks to *Jose P,* the city's Board of Ed now spends $2 billion—25 percent of its annual budget—on special education for 12 percent of its students.

☐ **No. 2: Public assistance.** Giuliani regards the entire Home Relief program, which costs the city $600 million a year, as a partially unfunded state mandate. He's hoping that George Pataki will do away with mandated welfare payments to able-bodied men.

☐ **No. 1: Medicaid.** New York is the only state in America that requires its cities to pay a major chunk (almost 40 percent) of its Medicaid bill. As federal legislators created new (unfunded) Medicaid benefit categories in the eighties, the city's Medicaid costs grew from $1 billion in 1983 to $2.4 billion last year. That last number, incidentally, is the size of the city's budget gap for next year.

Other mandates—environmental safeguards, air- and water-quality standards—cost the city dearly as well. Without a lot of them, however, New York couldn't sustain human life. In mid-January, Giuliani's press secretary argued that the administration doesn't need state and federal monitoring: "If we're left alone, we'll do the job." As proof, she pointed out that the city tests its drinking water without being told to. That week, *New York* published a troubling exposé called "How Safe Is Our Water?" and two former water officials charged that the city has been skewing those tests. The federal government, of course, is pushing for a $6 billion unfunded mandate called water filtration.

Your choice: unfunded mandate, or chunky tap water? ■

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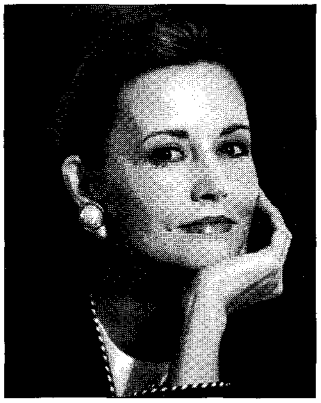

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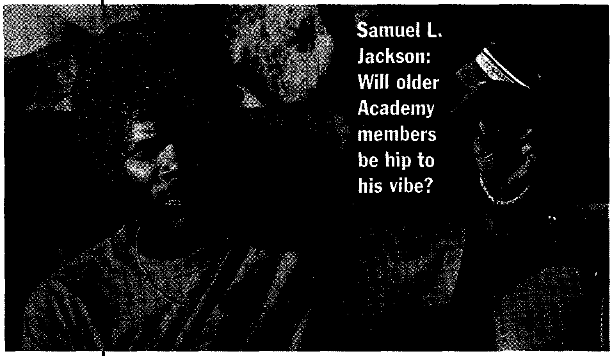
DESIGNER PREVIEWS

THE BIG PICTURE WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Anything but *Gump*

Among Hollywood machers, *it may be the most reviled best-loved movie ever. But come Oscar time, who'll have the chops to cut down 'Forrest'?*

IN THE EVENT THAT LOS ANGELES manages to survive until February 14, there will be Academy Award nominations this year. What follows is an early report from the combat zone. Get ready—expect blood on the moon. And please remember two things: (1) The Oscars are *an industry award,* that industry being motion pictures, headquartered Out There. If the industry were automobiles and the city were Detroit, our Japanese peers would not fare well. (Nor should they.) (2) *There is no "best."* Tolstoy never won the Nobel Prize. Bach was ignored and unknown for a century after his death. And when movie critics give their ten-best lists, they may cite historical precedent, they may pretend erudition—all b.s. They just liked one movie better than another.


Samuel L. Jackson: Will older Academy members be hip to his vibe?

Often the Best Picture award is a one-on-one contest—*Schindler's List* vs. *The Piano; GoodFellas* vs. *Dances With Wolves.* Occasionally, three break on top and stay there: *Bonnie and Clyde* against *The Graduate* against *In the Heat of the Night.* Sometimes four have a shot: *Chinatown, The Conversation, Godfather II,* and *Lenny* battled in 1974. And there is the occasional vintage year. How would you like to have picked from these five 1982 nominees: *E.T.* and *Gandhi* and *Missing* and *Tootsie* and *The Verdict*?

Nineteen ninety-five has no such Oscar abundance. But it has something at least as rare. Did people in Hollywood bitch about *It's a Wonderful Life*? Don't think so. Did Judy visiting Oz make people's teeth ache? Odds against. Who hated *Singin' in the Rain*? No hands raised.

But *Forrest Gump,* the clear front-runner and one of the greatest financial successes in history, is turning out to be the most loathed best-loved film *ever.*

The first indications came last August, when a studio executive going over the Christmas films, already suspected to be a weak bunch, said, "Look at this junk. Christ, *Forrest Gump* could win the Oscar." And then he paused before adding gratefully, "Thank God for *Quiz Show.*"

Quiz Show had everything. A famous, Oscar-winning director, Robert Redford, at the peak of his form. Brilliant actors—Fiennes and Turturro and Scofield. But more than anything else, it was a Potential Oscar Winner because it dealt with issues dear to the hearts of the cultural elite, it was quote-unquote important, it described a moment when America lost its quote-unquote innocence.

And a fine film *Quiz Show* was. Splendid reviews, endless positive hype. And sadly, it died.

Ordinary people did not like it. And remember our first law: Disappointing box office never makes a good industry standard-bearer. So scratch *Quiz Show* as a *Gump* killer. (Though it'll surely get many nominations.)

Two other hopefuls expired at the same time. *Ed Wood,* Tim Burton's finest film yet, drew no one to whom he was not related into the theaters. And *The Shawshank Redemption,* with its off-putting title, went the way of *Quiz Show,* although it might still get nominations. For me, *Shawshank* was easily the dramatic movie of the year and featured the best male performance, by Morgan Freeman. He won't win. Nor will any of my other acting choices: Linda Fiorentino for *The Last Seduction* (actress)—which has been ruled ineligible in any case, because it first showed on HBO—Robin Wright for *Gump* (supporting actress); and Martin Landau for *Ed Wood* (supporting actor). Does that make me wrong? Check rule No. 2. There is no "best." It doesn't make me right either (though secretly I know I am).

Nell was the next Great White Hope. "I'm hearing really good things," one honcho said in early fall. "No one's seen it, but the word is great." Could it beat *Gump*? "Fingers crossed," came the reply.

After it opened, the honcho said this: "Loved her, hated it." Could it beat *Gump*? "It's got a better chance than *Love Affair,*" was his glum response. Pause. Then, his voice brightening: "I'm hearing really good things about *Nobody's Fool.*"

Hanks as Gump

This time, the word was true. *Nobody's Fool* and *Little Women* became the best-reviewed movies of the holiday season. But were they dragon slayers? "Think about it: What is *Little Women*? The fifth remake of that material? When did the Academy ever vote for a remake? And *Nobody's Fool* is so small. I know *Marty* was small, and it won, but that was 40 years ago. I think they'll both get nominated and Ryder may win and Newman may win, but God—*Gump* is still up there."

Before we get to the final four contenders, it's time to talk to some *Gump* haters and try to understand their passion.

"Frankly, I hate it because it is such a huge hit," says the first. "If it had done $30 million at the box, I would have been mildly dyspeptic. If it had done $3 million, I would have beamed. But it did *$300 million,* and I hate all movies that do that kind of business—because I've never had one."

Said a second honcho, "Of course envy is involved. But that's too easy. Look—this year the media have been all over us because of what they perceive as lack of quality. They claim we're making stupid, mindless movies. And here comes *Forrest Gump,* which *glorifies* stupidity."

The third highly placed insid-

Linda Fiorentino: Year's best ineligible actress.

Photographs: top, Phillip Caruso/Paramount Pictures; center, Linda R. Chen/Miramax.

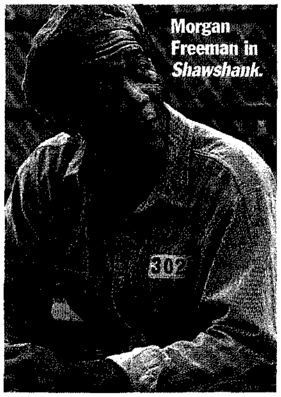
er nailed it. "Look at its most famous line. The truth is that if you open a box of chocolates, you know *exactly* what you're going to get. Ask anybody at Russell Stover. No question *Gump* is a brilliant piece of filmmaking. But the fact is, the country is getting dumber, and this movie celebrates that. Don't you get it, Goldman? We are in the movie business, and *this movie does not serve us well!"*

The first of the four movies that remain to be considered is *The Lion King.* Its strength is simply this: It may end up the most commercially successful film ever. Weakness: "It's an animated film. You think *actors* are going to vote for a fucking *drawing?* Next case."

Four Weddings and a Funeral. Many strengths: great reviews, great word of mouth, fresh, different, the most brilliant screenplay of the year (by Richard Curtis), the explosion of Hugh Grant, a surprise hit in America, a phenomenon in the rest of the world. Weakness: "It's a comedy. That kills it. You know and I know comedy is much harder to pull off than drama, but the Academy doesn't see it that way. I think *Annie Hall* was the last comedy winner, and that was in the seventies."

Pulp Fiction. Strengths: Let's put it this way—try to find a weakness. It won at Cannes. It killed them at the New York Film Festival. It has done wonderful business. (If *Quiz Show* had been as successful, it would have been the favorite.) It has put John Travolta back on top, and the Academy loves comebacks. It has a remarkable performance by Samuel L. Jackson that could win in either acting category. It has a remarkable screenplay by Quentin Tarantino. It has wonderful direction by Quentin Tarantino. It has the critics scrambling to find new and even more fabulously glorious adjectives.

And . . . and . . . and—it has a creation myth worthy of *Forrest Gump.*



Morgan Freeman in *Shawshank.*

Because as everyone knows, *Forrest Gump* is your standard Hollywood extravaganza, a megastar vehicle for Tom Hanks beloved and embraced by all the major studios, while *Pulp Fiction* is an art-house flower that somehow, with pluck and luck, fought through the cracks in the sidewalk and saw the sky. A most unusual David, if you will, fighting your ho-hum Goliath.

Like many myths, this one has a loose connection to reality.

Winston Groom's novel *Forrest Gump* was published and optioned for films in 1985, and the movie was released in 1994. They didn't wait nine years because they *wanted* to. The fact is, nobody much understood the notion of history as viewed by a sweet idiot savant—too uncommercial. Screenplays were written and discarded. The picture was put in turnaround by one studio and picked up by Paramount. It wasn't until 1992 that Eric Roth delivered the script that finally galvanized the project and for which he will win the Oscar, the one lock, say I, in the entire event. So, *Forrest Gump* has been unbeloved for about a decade.

But people sure dug *Pulp Fiction*—the script was optioned *before* it was even written. The excellence of Tarantino's earlier *Reservoir Dogs* was enough to attract top producers. The only reason Miramax, a leading distributor of art films, got it was that TriStar, which has been undergoing some kind of a cold streak, had it, read it, and turned it down. And Tarantino, who may know more about movies than anybody, wanted to do a commercial film for his second directing effort.

Doesn't *Pulp Fiction* have any Achilles heel? Sure. The age of the Academy members. "When I go to an Academy screening," explained one power, "I always feel like I'm the youngest one there, and I'm 60. And of course, *Pulp Fiction* is very violent, which they don't ordinarily like. But when the nominations come out, if it does better than expected, then maybe the voters are trying to be 'with it' this year. And if that happens, it might win. But I think most of us will be shocked if *Gump* doesn't take it. The reality is, it should, when you take everything into consideration. I'm betting that it will—but last year, I bet on *The Piano."* (Last year, of course, *Schindler's List* won Best Picture.)

My own feelings? I agree with one leading agent who explained, "*Dumb and Dumber* is a stupid movie about stupid people. *Forrest Gump* is a very smart movie. And it isn't about dumbness at all. It's a Capra film—it's about *innocence.* I wish more people were willing to see it that way."

I sat through *Pulp Fiction* and *Forrest Gump* knowing nothing in advance about either film, and I found them wonderfully similar: They took me to places where I hadn't been and I hadn't expected to go. Cheers to them both.

Now for the fourth movie that needs mentioning: *Hoop Dreams.* If it wins (and it won't), Newt Gingrich will not be happy. But for me, it's the movie experience of the decade. Of course, we're only halfway through. And being movie fans, we are all desperate optimists. Miracles may lie in store these next five years. Wonders may unfold before us. Who knows, if we live long enough, Jim Carrey could even have a hit. ■

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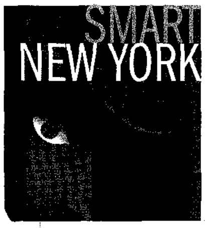
Smart City

New Yorkers talk faster, tip better, and self-promote more artfully than any other animals in captivity. But are they *smart*? Depends on what you mean by the word. An urban etymology by Luc Sante

SMART WAS A VERB BEFORE IT BECAME AN ADJECTIVE, and despite the nuances acquired over time, a brief but stinging pain remains. Take Maxwell Smart, bumbling Agent 86—not only does his every initiative result in injury but thinking itself seems to raise a bump on his noggin. To the Brits, the word means "modish" and contains a flick of the lash at those of us who don't qualify. A smart set is a collection of gilded specimens so relentlessly *with it* their mere presence can induce toothache. To Americans, *smart* connotes intelligence, but of a particular kind. Consider the shades of meaning used to convey activity in some individual's gray matter: There's *bright,* a chamber-of-commerce sort of assessment—bright young men and women learn early on to color inside the lines and apply that skill wherever independent thought is considered unnecessary. You wouldn't call a poet or a heretic *bright.* There's *clever,* encompassing facility at anagrams, aphorisms, charades, and Pictionary, as well as other people's skills at Sanskrit prosody or quantum physics. *Brilliant* may be an augmented form of *clever,* especially if the subject is a member of one's own family. It can also indicate cheap flash. *Brainy* applies exclusively to drones.

Smart, on the other hand, denotes an active and engaged intelligence. *Smart* finds expression in the world and does not fritter itself away on trivia. The *Oxford English Dictionary* traces the evolution of its various meanings from the eleventh-century "inflicting or causing pain" through "sharp, severe, cutting, acrimonious," "brisk or vigorous," "pert, forward, impudent," and up to the current "capable, adept, quick at devising, learning, looking after oneself or one's own interests." The smart customer slices through murk and chatter like a ten-inch chef's knife. Smart people see through scams, translate palaver into words of one syllable, cut authority down to size, and keep their counsel on things that matter.

Smartness has its liabilities, many of them expressed by the Americanisms *smarty-pants* and *smart aleck*—a 1951 *Dictionary of Americanisms* cites this last usage from a 1909 novel by one F. Calhoun: "You 'bout the smart Alexist jack-rabbit they is." Whoever Aleck was, he assumed he was smarter than he was and felt free to correct one and all. The smart aleck makes no distinctions. Everything is rubbish and every mystery of the cosmos awaits a punchline, generally supplied by him. He exemplifies the marriage of a fit brain and a stunted heart—sooner or later the brain gets shrunk down to *clever,* and is mostly useful for word games.



Unlike intelligence, which connotes disinterested speculation, smartness is practical and therefore democratic. It is the intelligence potentially available to all, not the province of a specialized elite. At its most populist, *smartness* becomes *smarts.* It is native cunning, not book learning, that propels your classic street urchin from hovel to penthouse, from petty theft to large-scale fixing. In the seventies it was called *street smarts,* but then the term was picked up and devalued by smart-aleck journalists, so that by the mid-eighties every predator with an M.B.A. was said to have street smarts, even if he or she had never lived in a house without a lawn. Despite the moratorium on its use, it is essential in describing the ability not to attract attention in the wrong neighborhood or to know where to cadge an inspection sticker for your rattletrap of a car.

There is often something extralegal about New York smarts. This is one of our city's oldest traditions—not entrenched corruption or grand larceny; merely the cutting of corners. One epitome of local cunning anatomized in the late thirties by the great reporter Meyer Berger was the Broadway chiseler, a type that flourished in the small-time hotels around Times Square and hung out in groups on selected corners—so specialized that "Southern chiselers . . . gravitate toward Forty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue; the New England brothers . . . meet in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-sixth Street." The chiseler's day began with breakfast, obtained by switching checks at a diner; lunch was similarly effected, the check walked out on in the noonday rush. Cigarettes, chewing gum, and toiletries were abstracted from vending machines by means of slugs; ditto subway fare; telephone calls were made by means of pennies coated with salt, which made the coins thick enough to pass for nickels. For dinner, the chiseler selected a banquet—a college reunion or civic association, perhaps—from among the dozens listed in newspaper society columns. (He would already have showered and shaved at the Athletic Club, gaining access through the back door.) If the evening was young, he might then catch a show, entering after the first intermission with the smokers. His only real expenses were lodging and clothes, all-important in his line. He raised the scratch for these through occasional stints as a movie extra or a shill. His life was carefree.

The chiseler was a creature of the urban forest, as capable of extracting survival from the materials at hand as one of James Fenimore Cooper's primal woodsmen. And he did it with panache. That was not a quality shared by everyone in the historical pageant of freeloading. For a couple of centuries, bohemians and tramps lived on the city's socioeconomic margins, exploiting its gaps and appropriating its castoffs. They didn't really enjoy themselves all that much—bohemians actually did live in leaky garrets and die of consumption; tramps rotated between street, mission, and jail and died of exposure. The hippie version of this discipline was equally taxing, in its way; as Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* (1968) explains it, it involved snagging unsold fish at the Fulton Market, day-old bread from Rapaport's, free beer by touring the old Ruppert brewery, and free meals by showing up at bar mitzvahs and telling people, "I'm Marvin's

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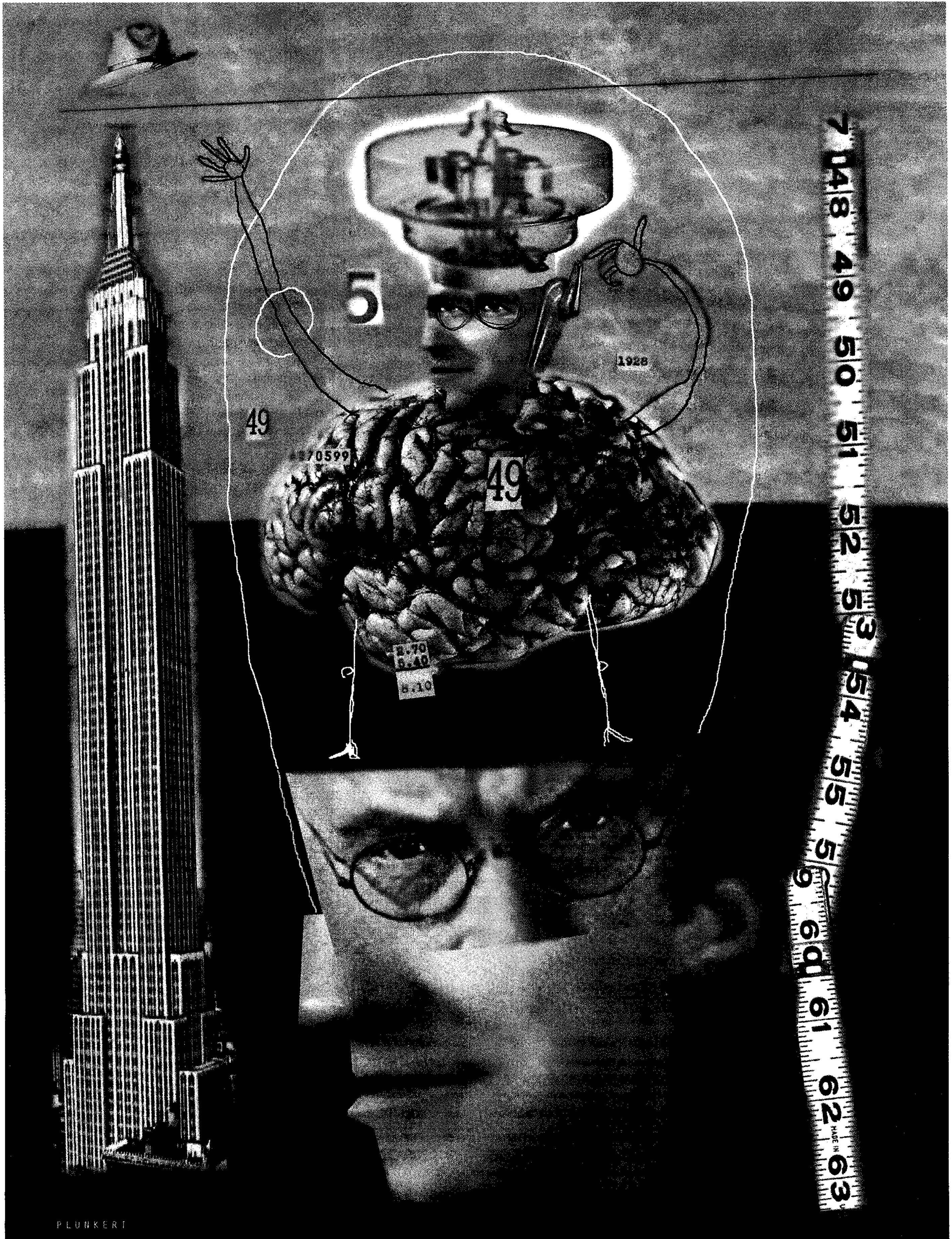
FOR *NEW YORK*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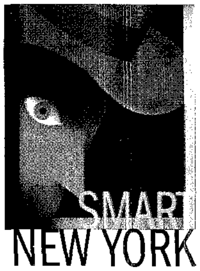


brother." Still, the luftmensch's calling remains part of the quintessence of New York smarts, requiring the stamina to be perpetually *on* and a full command of urban arcana and improvisational skills. This style may have become nearly impossible to maintain, since such fat of the land as remains tends to be kept under guard, but there are still people who manage to thrive on freebies and bonhomie. The big difference is they tend to have money to begin with.

Today, the principle of New York smarts has come to stand for an ability to close deals—in the real-estate market, in the ladies'-knits department, at Sony, or on a lonely stretch of Pitkin Avenue in Brownsville. Whether ontogenetic or phylogenetic, rapacious or benevolent, small-time or world-class, smarts involves fast thinking, good memory, adaptability, nerve, and a feel for the moment. Its aptitude test is administered by daily life, and you receive your grade when you're dead.

INTELLIGENCE, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS AMORPHOUS, WHICH is probably why people are always trying to measure it. Chances are, you've read at least one of the 10,000 debates concerning that recent repellent book on IQ, so there is no need to get into the wherefores, let alone the whys. Chances are even better that you've taken some sort of intelligence test at some point in your life, so you're aware that these purportedly scientific instruments are in fact ways of passing time that would not be out of place on Cappy Dick's Fun Page. Don is an inch taller than Harry; Don lives in the green house; Martha has six freckles, and Peggy has eight. Whiskers are to a cat what blank is to an oyster. Which word does not belong: *goulash, gumbo, ragout, lumbago, slumgullion.*

But to do well at puzzles and as a consequence receive assurances that you are a member of an elite—this is a high that many require as they breast the mire of adulthood, when approval, let alone highs, becomes increasingly rare. That, as best I can figure, is why people join Mensa (an organization located, incidentally, in Brooklyn). The recent scandal in which a Mensa newsletter published essays by members suggesting euthanasia for the mentally less-well-endowed illustrates that IQ is not a measure of intellectual maturity. I once saw an episode of the old *Bob Newhart Show* where Suzanne Pleshette's character becomes a member of a similar organization. At a club function, she is accosted by a man who reads her name tag and instantly repeats it backward. "I can say any name backwards," he crows. "And what is your name, sir?" "Bob." I begin to understand.

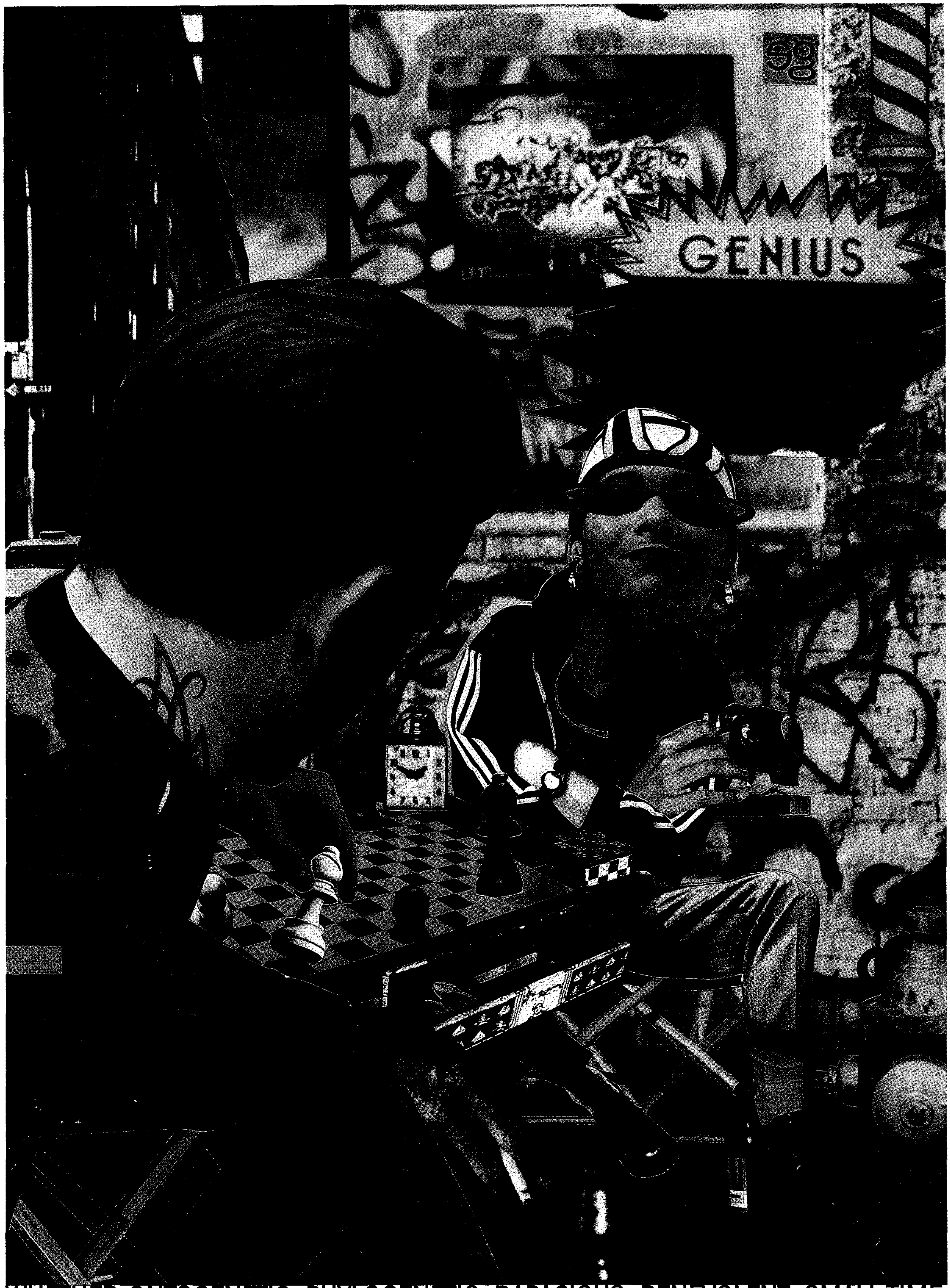
In the land of intelligence, trivialities and imponderables are inextricably linked. There is no better illustration of this truth than the weekly column in *Parade* magazine written by Marilyn vos Savant, *The Guinness Book of World Records* Hall of Fame–accredited possessor of the world's tallest IQ—228 (see "The Smartest Couple in New York," *New York* Magazine, February 6, 1989). Like "Dear Abby," her column consists of readers' questions and her answers. The questions come in two flavors, *Martha has six freckles, and Peggy has eight* and *What is truth?* To her credit, Marilyn always finds a way to dispose of the latter sort in 25 or fewer levelheaded words. But while it would seem that the former sort of question is sent in by readers who know the answers already and are trying to trip her up, and the latter by persons sublimating the anxieties they might otherwise forward to an agony column, it may be that both camps are just flailing around for the real question: What does intelligence *do*? Does it produce a mild buzz, an inner warmth, an odor of potpourri? Does it instantly divulge the square root of every telephone number as you flick through the directory? Does it generate simple and practicable insights into the problem of world hunger? Does it make every situation seem as if you were looking at it from the observation deck of the Empire State Building, the people below you the size of ants?

THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION (although E. M. Forster's "Only connect" does come to mind). Rather, there is behavior conventionally associated with high intelligence. This includes such pursuits as reading abstruse texts, bandying about many-lettered words, arguing fine points with people who share your interests, writing lengthy letters of correction to journals that have published views you deplore on subjects you understand better than anyone else now living, and attending conferences where you and your colleagues alternately drink water, sleep, and read recently scribbled exegeses into a microphone. The tribe that engages in this behavior is known as *intellectuals*, and it, too, has a long history in New York City. Arrayed in the darkened upstairs hallway are portraits of gentlemen with deep whiskers and three names, all forgotten now, who carried on this curious pursuit in the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. Many of them were concerned with apologetic theology, Lamarckian evolution, ethology, Nordic philology, the Punic Wars, the Ossian manuscripts, the poetry of Robert Southey, and other worthy topics. They were assigned to the upstairs hallway at some point in the thirties by those who came to be known as the *Partisan Review* crowd. These, in turn, earned their degrees in the CCNY cafeteria, slept in their suits in boardinghouses on Hudson Street, and sat for days on end in Nedick's disputing translations of the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844.* And now, in the nineties, shuffling sullenly into a soundproof conference chamber is a collection of folk whose Italian-designer outfits are somewhat the worse for wear. They have some difficulty talking because of their insistence on interrupting words in the middle to insert slashes and parentheses and quotation marks.

These people might be intelligent, you will say, but are they smart? Chances are good that they are, at least in the opportunistic sense, because they're in step with whatever it is that dictates generational turns of the wheel, and they and their like-minded contemporaries will gradually take over all the big desks, so that when we come around again to Lamarckian evolution or whatever the subject du jour may be, they will be too ensconced to care. One or two of them will prove to be really, really smart, in that they will deploy the latest intellectual fashion to pursue a line of inquiry that's never been pursued before, and it will bear some vaguely comestible fruit.

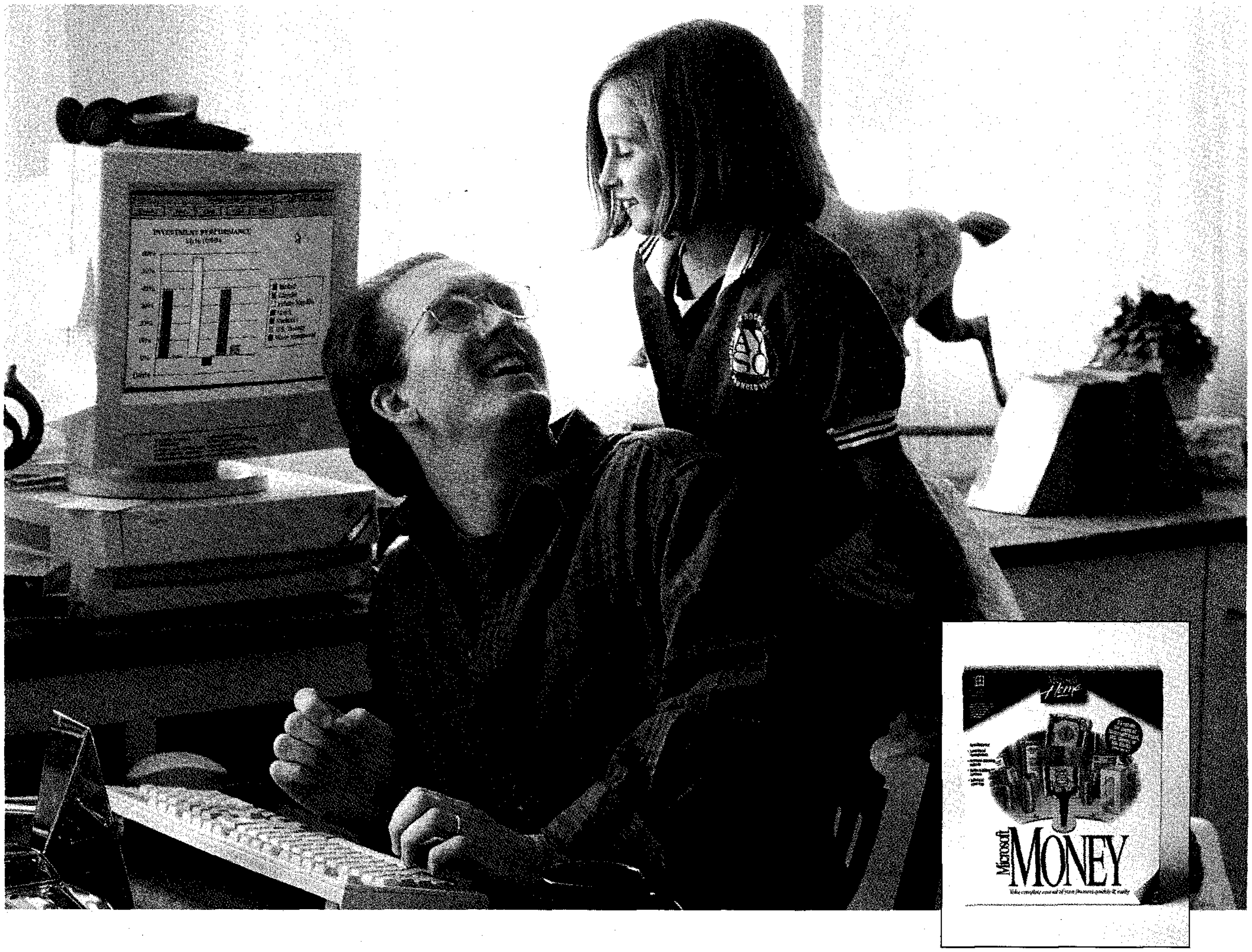
And that brings us back to that secondary meaning of *smart.* The word may signify modish in Britain, but here it possesses another implication, also connected with appearances. My wife, for example, was brought up with the knowledge that *smart* meant Claire McCardell and Peck & Peck. Katharine Hepburn was, and is, eternally smart. The word in this case signifies flair, individuality, sureness of style, integrity of design, and a certain restraint. When you think about it, this nuance does not have to be restricted to clothing. All the qualities involved can apply just as well to the way one carries oneself, physically and socially and morally and verbally and so on, and in this way the usage connects, seamlessly and pleasingly, with the sort of intelligence the word also connotes. Avoidance of cant, skepticism regarding large claims, agnosticism when it comes to popular certainties, an inclination to pare cumbersome and therefore misleading formulations down to their essential components—these traits can be found as much in one meaning as in the other. All of them are qualities no New Yorker can afford to live without. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY EDMUND GUY
FOR *NEW YORK*



WHETHER ONTOGENETIC, PHYLOGENETIC, RAPACIOUS, BENEVOLENT, SMALL-TIME, OR WORLD-CLASS, SMARTS INVOLVES NERVE AND A FEEL FOR THE MOMENT.

ME & MY MOUSE



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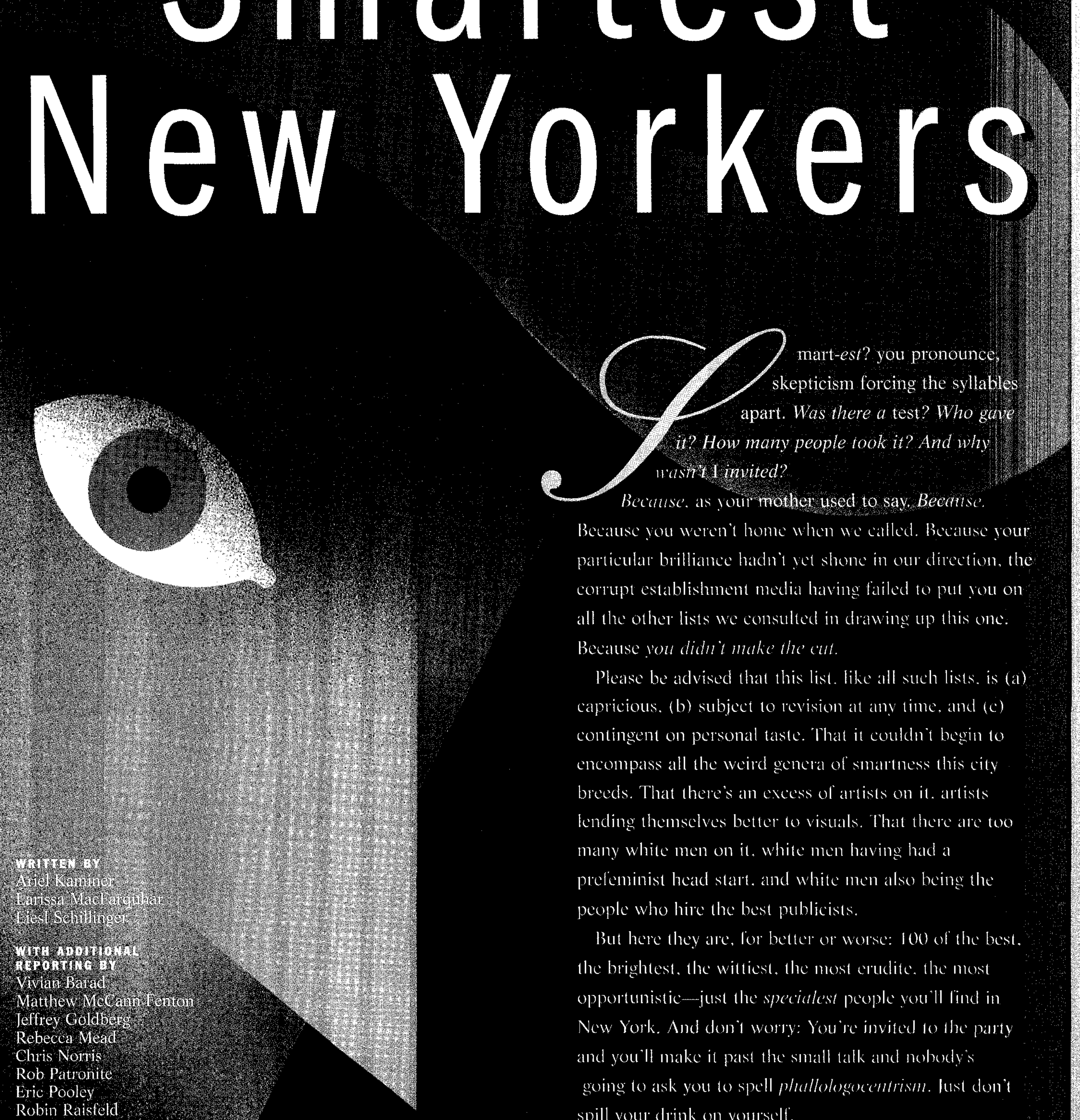
The 100 Smartest New Yorkers



Smart-*est?* you pronounce, skepticism forcing the syllables apart. *Was there a test? Who gave it? How many people took it? And why wasn't I invited?*

Because, as your mother used to say. *Because.* Because you weren't home when we called. Because your particular brilliance hadn't yet shone in our direction, the corrupt establishment media having failed to put you on all the other lists we consulted in drawing up this one. Because *you didn't make the cut.*

Please be advised that this list, like all such lists, is (a) capricious, (b) subject to revision at any time, and (c) contingent on personal taste. That it couldn't begin to encompass all the weird genera of smartness this city breeds. That there's an excess of artists on it, artists lending themselves better to visuals. That there are too many white men on it, white men having had a prefeminist head start, and white men also being the people who hire the best publicists.

But here they are, for better or worse: 100 of the best, the brightest, the wittiest, the most erudite, the most opportunistic—just the *specialest* people you'll find in New York. And don't worry: You're invited to the party and you'll make it past the small talk and nobody's going to ask you to spell *phallologocentrism*. Just don't spill your drink on yourself.

WRITTEN BY
Ariel Kaminer
Larissa MacFarquhar
Liesl Schillinger

WITH ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY
Vivian Barad
Matthew McCann Fenton
Jeffrey Goldberg
Rebecca Mead
Chris Norris
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Eric Pooley
Robin Raisfeld
Charles Runnette
Colleen Quinn
Whitney Scott
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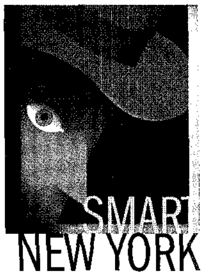
ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY ALLEN
FOR NEW YORK



Oded Aboodi

Age: 53
Occupation: De facto chief financial officer
Accomplishments: *As the right-hand man of first Steve Ross and now Gerald Levin, Oded Aboodi has masterminded Warner Communications's (and now Time Warner's) growth from a local operation into the media conglomerate that ate the planet. Many of the steps along that path involved deals of such staggering complexity that, it's said, no one but Aboodi could possibly understand them—not even the people who signed on the dotted line. Last May, in a settlement that cost him $931,077, he pleaded no contest to an SEC charge that he had personally traded Time Warner shares on inside information and disregarded "fiduciary or other duties." But who can put a price on genius? Not Time Warner. According to Aboodi's lawyer, the company's board "completed its own investigation and is comfortable" with Aboodi.*

Milton Babbitt

Age: 78
Occupation: Composer
Accomplishments: *For nearly half a century, this mathematician turned musician has terrorized concertgoers with his explorations of twelve-tone Schoenbergian "combinatorial" sets and left a powerful imprint upon his students, including (surprisingly enough) Stephen Sondheim. Though he won recognition with a Pulitzer in 1982, he is still inexorably associated with an essay published in 1958 under the title "Who Cares If You Listen?"*

"I dislike that title very much. I care very much who listens and how they listen. Here's what really happened: I gave this lecture at Tanglewood in 1957, and there was this editor of *High Fidelity* who happened to live nearby, and he insisted that I write it up, and I did, and I gave it the title of 'The Composer as Specialist.' But that wasn't provocative enough, so he imposed this other title."

Joel Benjamin

Age: 30
Occupation: Chess player
Accomplishments: *He was U.S. champion in 1987 and had been U.S. junior champion three times before that, but what* really *matters to Joel Benjamin is that he once ended a game against Gary Kasparov in a draw.*

The Chudnovsk
and their homem
supercomputer.

"Joel proceeds in some games very slowly and meticulously and lulls his opponent to sleep, then quietly eats him up. In other games, he plays sharply and attacks. They just don't know when they come in to play him which Benjamin they're going to get to play today." *—Robert Byrne, chess columnist for the New York* Times

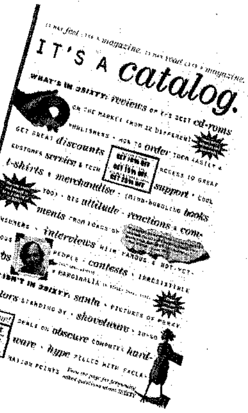
Janet Billig

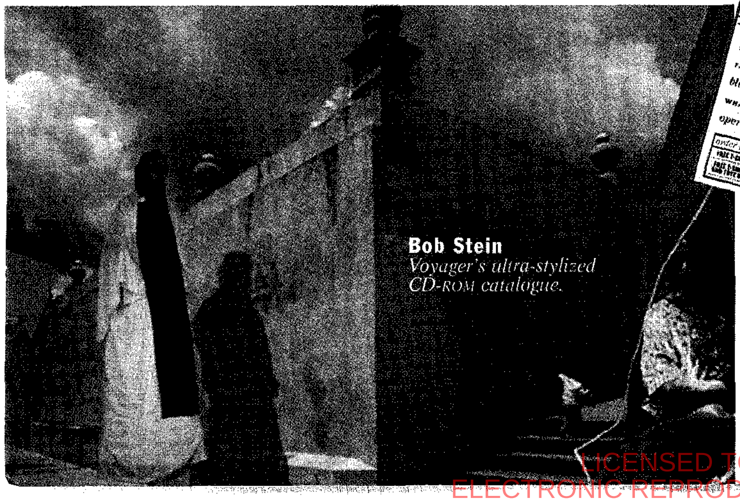
Age: 27
Occupation: Record executive
Accomplishments: *Back when it was one wildly goofy thing to do, she was looking for star potential among alternative bands. She discovered and signed Hole (pre–Kurt Cobain, that is) and Smashing Pumpkins, then managed the Breeders, Lemonheads, and Nirvana. Now the many bands that she's made famous are as fiercely loyal to her as she is to them—even in her brand-new role as senior vice president at Atlantic Records.*

"You better show Janet Billig some respect or I'm going to come up there and take off your clits and balls."*—Courtney Love, pointing to the music-industry-VIP balcony during a Hole concert at the Hollywood Palladium*

Leon Botstein

Age: 48
Occupation: Conductor, college president, and musicologist




Bob Stein
Voyager's ultra-stylized CD-ROM catalogue.

Accomplishments: *Leon Botstein is the busiest man in America. He runs Bard College, he conducts the American Symphony Orchestra, he teaches freshmen courses on modernism, he shows up on TV, he contributes historical essays on famous composers to weighty anthologies published by important presses with prestigious British names.*

Steven Brill

Age: 44
Occupation: Legal-media mogul
Accomplishments: *Sniffing out a country's predilection for a crime well told, Steven Brill founded* The American Lawyer *in 1978 at age 29. By the mid-eighties, his magazine was an industry, and in 1991, he joined forces with Time Warner, NBC, and Cablevision to bring the Menendez boys, castrating wenches, and running-back murderers safely, compellingly into your living room, seven days a week, 24 hours a day, by way of Court TV.*

Tina Brown

Age: 41
Occupation: Magazine editor
Accomplishments: *Tina Brown is the spiritual offspring of Clare Booth Luce and Andy Warhol, smart in both the Anglo and American senses. She adores proximity to fame and power but has ideas about it, too, and her natural posture is a rather magnificent straddle of high and low culture, of the genteel and the manic. She is, of course, a good editor, but a genius marketer—everybody knows, for instance, that* Vanity Fair *is for the posh (disregard the readership's barely middle-class median income), that no one reads it since she left (disregard the steady increases in circulation), that she has a brilliant commercial sense (disregard the unprofitability of all three magazines she has edited). This is more than PR; this is alchemy. We asked Brown's PR director, Maurie Perl, to comment on the nature of her boss's smarts, and she replied, "I don't think that would be appropriate for me to say."*

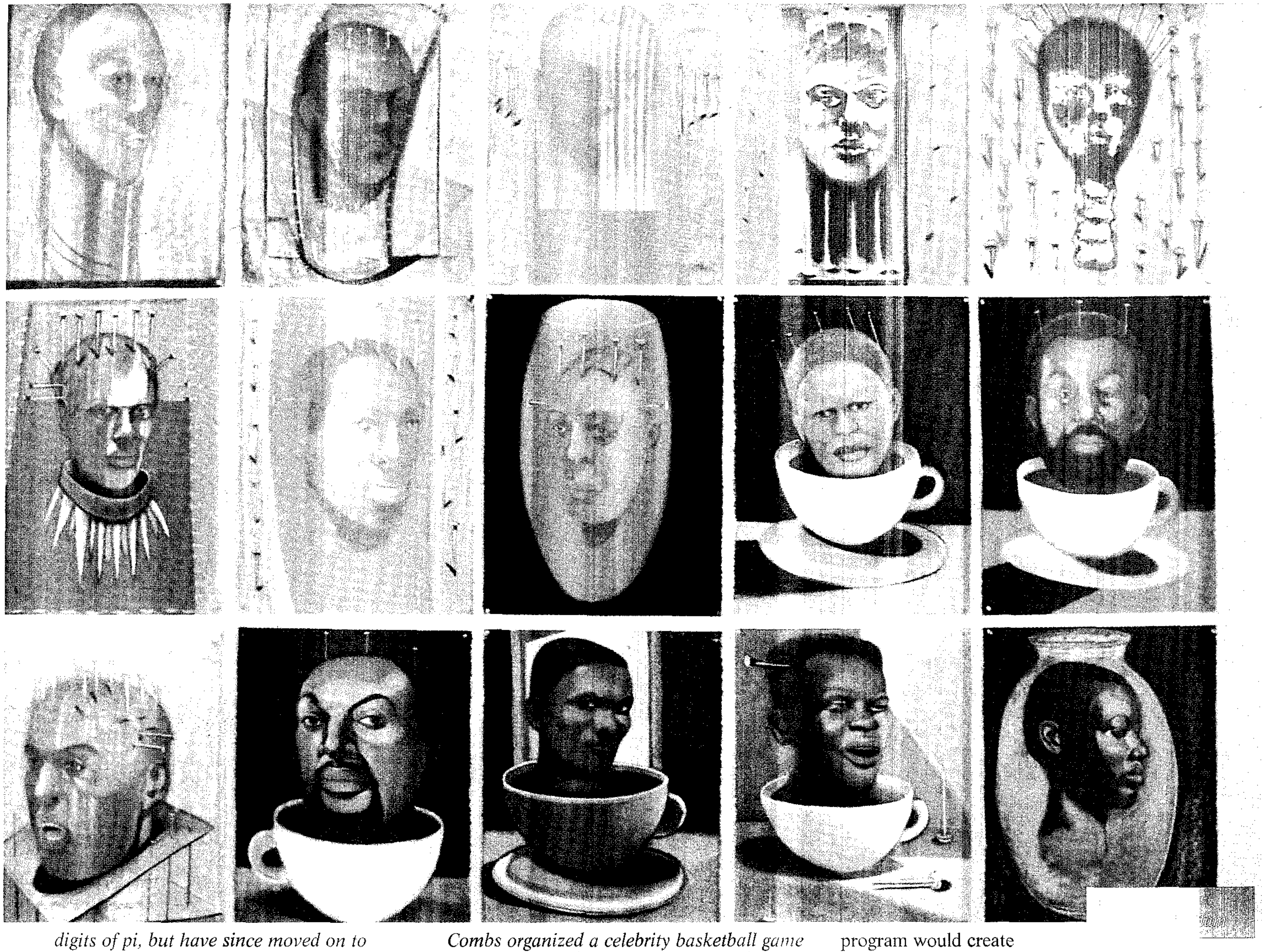
Misa Chang

Age: 53
Occupation: Restaurateur
Accomplishments: *Here's how Empire Szechuan Gourmet founder Misa Chang wrecked your life:* She came up with the idea of shoving menus under the door. *She also knows enough to apply postmodern theories of appropriation to menu composition, incorporating all culinary competitors—from Thai noodles to sushi—into E.S.G.'s now only nominally western-provincial-Chinese cuisine.*

Gregory and David Volfovich Chudnovsky

Ages: 42 and 48
Occupation: Mathematicians
Accomplishments: *The Chudnovsky brothers do their calculations on a supercomputer in Gregory's apartment in Morningside Heights that's one of the most powerful computers in the world. They have calculated billions of*

Photographs: top center, Frank Veronsky; top right; Yvonne Hemsey/Gamma-Liaison; center, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison.



digits of pi, but have since moved on to something with a more obvious purpose.

"At the moment, Gregory and I are trying to design an inexpensive device that will enable everybody to manipulate graphics on their desktop computers and produce special effects much more complicated than those in movies like *Terminator 2* and *Roger Rabbit*."

Claire Cohen

Age: 60

Occupation: ~~-~~Bond guru

Accomplishments: *Hiring Claire Cohen to create a municipal-bonds department gave Fitch Investors Service instant credibility: She almost single-handedly established the small company as a player in bond ratings—a field that had previously been owned by Moody's and Standard & Poor's. Her reputation is built on her ability to see the flesh-and-blood community beyond the spreadsheet. Arguing for a longer-term vision of creditworthiness, for example, she alone stuck by a high rating for Massachusetts through its troubles in the late eighties, even as her colleagues leapt at the chance to devalue it—and thereby significantly sped the state's economic recovery.*

Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs

Age: 24

Occupation: Record-company president

Accomplishments: *Not since Brian Epstein talked the Beatles out of leather has anyone shown such flair for styling pop stars. Not since Marion Barry has anyone shown such chutzpa, such comeback skills. In 1991, Sean Combs organized a celebrity basketball game at City College that infamously turned into a stampede and killed nine people. As the then-19-year-old director of A&R at Uptown Records, Combs image-mongered and produced albums for Jodeci—a medium-selling R&B group from North Carolina—and Mary J. Blige, an unknown soul singer from the Bronx. Both records went double platinum. When Combs got fired, he took his company, Bad Boy Entertainment, out on his own and produced debut albums by two of his artists: Notorious B.I.G. and Craig Mack. B.I.G.'s album is gold and on the way to platinum, and Mack's "Flava in Ya Ear" single is already there.*

Barry Commoner

Age: 77

Occupation: Environmentalist and biologist

Accomplishments: *Barry Commoner is the quintessential unreconstructed green lefty, as valuable as he is annoying to have around. He believes, no doubt correctly, that private enterprise cannot be relied upon to do the environmental thing, and, more dubiously, that if we are going to save the planet, the people must institute "social governance of production."*

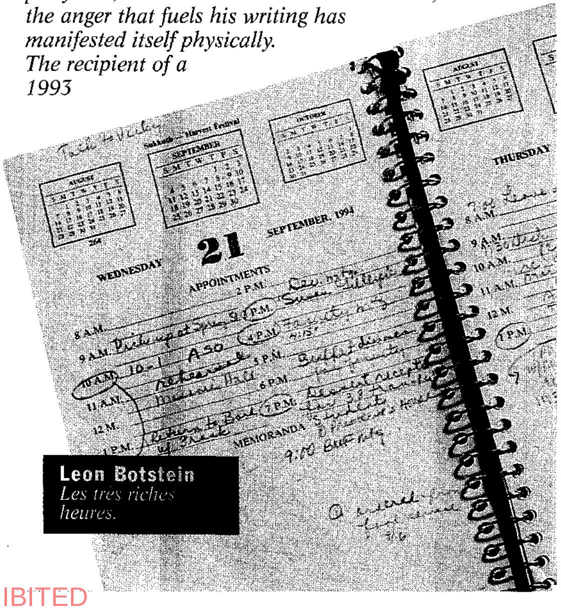
"Giuliani regards recycling as a fringe—a nice thing to do—but recycling is actually an opportunity for the city to save money, expand its economy, and raise its tax base. My center did a study about a year ago which showed that a full-scale recycling program would create 20,000 new jobs, a $1 billion ripple effect on the economy each year, and $50 million in new tax revenues annually."

Stanley Crouch

Age: 49

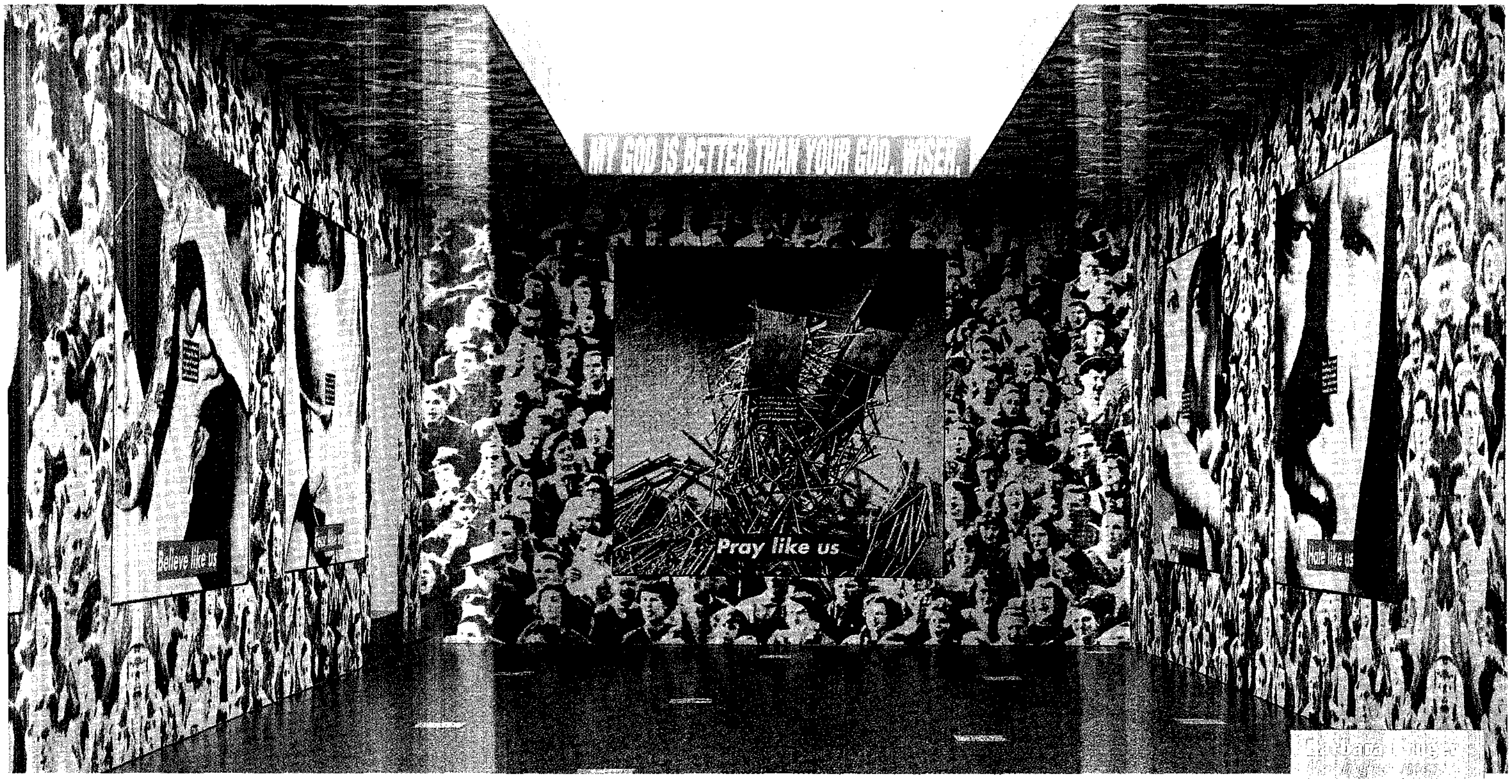
Occupation: Writer

Accomplishments: *Stanley Crouch has managed to enrage just about everyone who's read his incisive cultural criticism (in* The Village Voice *and* The New Republic, *and collected in* Notes of a Hanging Judge*), and that's just fine with him. He calls himself a radical pragmatist, which mostly means that he refuses to toe any party line, and in at least one heated debate, the anger that fuels his writing has manifested itself physically. The recipient of a 1993*



Leon Botstein
Les très riches heures.

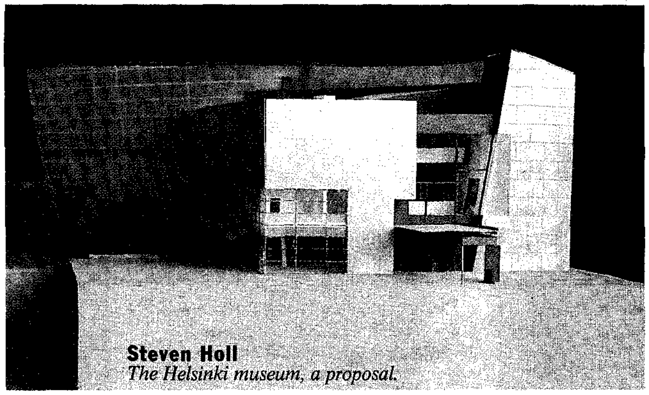
Photographs: top, Emelio Cruz; bottom left, Dan Howell/Retna; bottom right, Peter Mauney.



Barbara Kruger [illegible]

MacArthur "genius" grant, he is now spending most of his time writing and thinking about jazz, especially as it's played at Lincoln Center, where he co-founded and is now artistic director of the jazz program.

"The improvising jazz band is a model of heightened sensitivity. Its members use their individual imaginations to create relationships in motion that seek musical logic, emotion, and the charismatic momentum known as swing. Consequently, the jazz band is a prophetic metaphor for the team effort the brilliant economist Lester Thurow knows America must develop to become a strong competitor in our new information age."



Steven Holl
The Helsinki museum, a proposal.

Emilio Cruz
Age: 55
Occupation: Artist
Accomplishments: *Emilio Cruz isn't always easy to get. He calls rock critics "the lumpen bourgeoisie," and he utters cosmic biological explanations for why he pours beeswax directly onto canvas that have something to do with the figures being translucent and their being a metaphor for our all being connected. But he has also been called an American Francis Bacon.*

Alfonse D'Amato
Age: 57
Occupation: Senator
Accomplishments: *Once upon a time, being a politician repeatedly investigated for corruption was a dog of a job. These days, it seems, it's tough for a pol even to get yelled at in this town. In his eerily unself-conscious Whitewater tirades, our junior senator has established himself as the nation's standard-bearer for ethics in government. Not convinced? Consider last November. If you blinked, you missed one of the swiftest power consolidations on record, when the Republicans took the Senate and a wholly owned D'Amato subsidiary took New York's governorship. Now that he's head of the Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committees, this improbable creature is suddenly in possession of New York State and—still—up to his armpits in the highly profitable business of political patronage. He isn't pretty; he may not be honest; he isn't eloquent or even slick;* smart, *in a peculiarly old-fashioned urban sense, is the only explanation left.*

Don DesJarlais
Age: 49
Occupation: Epidemiologist
Accomplishments: *In 1985, Don DesJarlais was one of the first to state publicly what is now perfectly obvious: that distributing clean needles to addicts would slow the spread of* AIDS. *By 1989—when New York was finally letting him launch his Syringe Exchange Evaluation project—he'd already helped set up needle trade-in and bleaching centers in other cities around the country and in Europe and Asia. The results of the New York study came out this fall, and they're deeply unsurprising: Needle-exchange programs reduce infection rates, and they do not attract new drug users.*

Joan
Age: 60
Occupation: Writer
Accomplishments: *Joan Didion is a breathtaking if somewhat monochromatic lyricist who can make a can of tuna sound like Revelations. She is not to everyone's taste, but she has done with unblinking realism for her native California what Garcia Marquez did dreamily for Colombia: created a mythology of place so compelling that even someone who knows its flaws gets carried away.*

Philip Dusenberry
Age: 58
Occupation: Advertising executive
Accomplishments: *Philip Dusenberry dropped out of college when his baseball scholarship was canceled but seems to have missed nothing save that extracurricular* je ne sais quoi *that turns many students into Democrats. He did ads for Ronald Reagan and has worked for G.E., Dupont, and Pepsi. Separately from BBDO, where he recently demoted himself from CEO and chairman to just chairman, he made the "Life—What a Beautiful Choice" commercials that were so extraordinarily, creepily effective.*

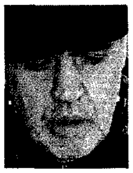
Arthur Finkelstein
Age: 49
Occupation: Campaign strategist
Accomplishments: *Arthur Finkelstein is the genius who transformed George Pataki from a lifeless rich guy with no ideas into a lifeless governor with no ideas. He has also been in charge of 24 successful U.S. Senate campaigns—more than any other consultant in American history.*

Molly Friedrich
Age: 42
Occupation: Literary agent
Accomplishments: *Molly Friedrich gets fat advances for writers' writers such as Sue Grafton, Jane Smiley, and Terry*

Photographs: top, courtesy of the Mary Boone Gallery; center right, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; center left, courtesy of Steven Holl Architects; bottom, Carol Halebian/Gamma-Liaison.

McMillan ($2.6 million for Waiting to Exhale's *paperback rights) and worries that she seems smarter than she is because she "spend[s] a lot of time feeding on other people's ideas."*

"People in the book business don't want to be writers: We want to be *around* writers. I tried writing a novel once—everybody has. I gave the first four pages to my husband, and he said, 'You know, you have an abortion and a miscarriage and a divorce here already—can you top this?' And I thought, *That's it, I'm out."*



Vincent "Chin" Gigante

Age: 66
Occupation: Unclear
Accomplishments: *As the head of the Genovese crime family, he is credited with keeping the organization the strongest mob clan extant—and keeping it snitch-free. As a fixture in the Village, he is famous for wandering through the streets wearing a robe and slippers, mumbling. A retired NYPD detective tells of the night about twenty years ago when he saw "Chin" leave his apartment, dressed for a night on the town. When he realized he was being tailed, he ducked into the Triangle Club and re-emerged sporting the* non compos mentis *look again. Method actor or raving lunatic? Either way, when he was brought up on charges of murder and racketeering, he was found incompetent to stand trial—and returned, authorities say, to run his piece of the Mafia.*

Ronald Goldstock

Age: 50
Occupation: Crime fighter
Accomplishments: *The latest of Ronald Goldstock's radical strategies for fighting corruption is "private-sector inspectors general"—court-appointed, privately funded, in-house watchdogs for problem companies and unions.*

"Traditional policing is about failure. It's about catching criminals after a crime is committed. Community policing is not only about removing the incorrigibles from society but also about designing ways to prevent crime from happening in the first place. If a company is discovered laundering money, the prosecutor can offer the company the opportunity to hire a private-sector inspector general, who will help the company design controls and create a code of ethics. It's like having a cop around, but a cop who is interested in keeping the company from failure, not one who is waiting to catch the company when it fails."

Robert Gottlieb

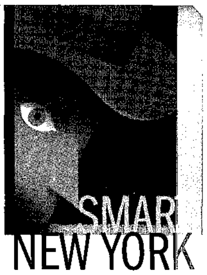
Age: 63
Occupation: Editor
Accomplishments: *Gottlieb has been editor-in-chief of, variously, Simon & Schuster, Knopf, and* The New Yorker, *and is a man of whom* New York Times Book Review *editor Charles McGrath once said, "Bob makes me look like someone who's just got his first library card."*

Eleanor Gould

Age: 77
Occupation: Grammarian
Accomplishments: *It was nearly 50 years ago that Miss Gould (almost never Eleanor) sent a letter to the courtly and diffident William Shawn, then managing editor of* The New Yorker, *in which she noted two errors in his magazine, "both, oddly, having to do with the word* different,*" she says. Swallowing his pride, Mr. Shawn brought her on board, and since then Miss Gould has unsparingly examined almost every sentence published in the magazine, banishing the grammatical crimes of indirection, misplaced modifiers, and the dread* lapsus linguae.

Q: *As you know, the question of which third-person pronoun to use with* everyone/everybody *is one of the bigger bones of contention among copy editors. What would you do with the following sentence and its ilk? "Everyone there—Lillian, Kenny, Clay, Justine—was having the time of his life."*

A: "What I do is try to sneak away and avoid [such sentences]. There are various ways of doing that. In the sentence about 'everyone there,' one could say (depending on tone and context), 'All present—Lillian [etc.]—were having the time of their lives,' or maybe make it 'Lillian [etc.] and everyone else there were . . . their lives,' or 'Lillian [etc.] were having . . . and so was everyone else.' It seems to me a weird form of self-torture to *write* a sentence like the original and try to squeeze a correct pronoun into an impossible place."

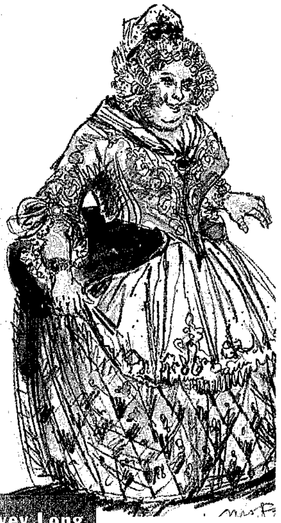


James Grant

Age: 42
Occupation: Editor and proprietor of *Grant's Interest Rate Observer*
Accomplishments: *Wall Street's wittiest, most lovably recherché bear, James Grant advocates the return of the gold standard—but he reports so hard and writes so well and has predicted with such Cassandra-like accuracy so many other financial curiosities, he's almost got us convinced.*

Steven Holl

Age: 47
Occupation: Architect
Accomplishments: *Steven Holl, who in the eighties single-handedly published an influential little architectural review called* Pamphlet Architecture, *once built a house in which space was supposed to look like time—"a study in the parallels between music and architecture." Hey, we don't take his class at Columbia, but we do know the house he recently finished in Dallas is an ism-free mindblower, and the Museum of Modern Art in Helsinki—which he's designed to "open into a perspective which overlaps with another perspective" and capture multiple sources of light in a dark, dark city—sounds like a decent place to put up a show.*



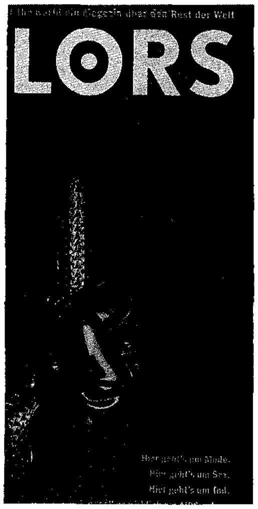
William Ivey Long
A costume for A Christmas Carol.

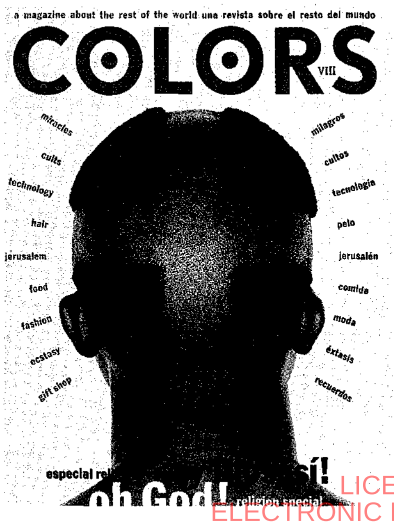
Anne Hollander

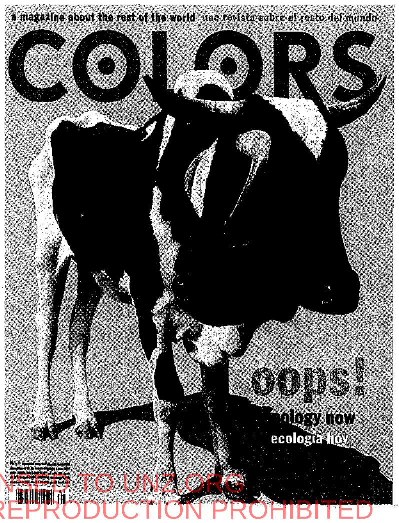
Age: 64
Occupation: Fashion scholar
Accomplishments: *Anne Hollander's most recent book,* Sex & Suits *(Knopf, 1994), describes the aesthetic and sensual pleasures of men's fashions, but she's got a remarkable grasp of the entire history of Western outer- and underwear, masculine and feminine. We figured she was the only woman in New York who could answer the question of the season: What is the significance of thigh-high stockings?*

"Thigh-highs have no significance. They look good: That's their significance. Thigh-highs go with short skirts. They are related to leggings and thigh-high boots in the sense that something has to come up from the ground

Photographs: top, Gamma-Liaison.






a magazine about the rest of the world una revista sobre el resto del mundo
COLORS
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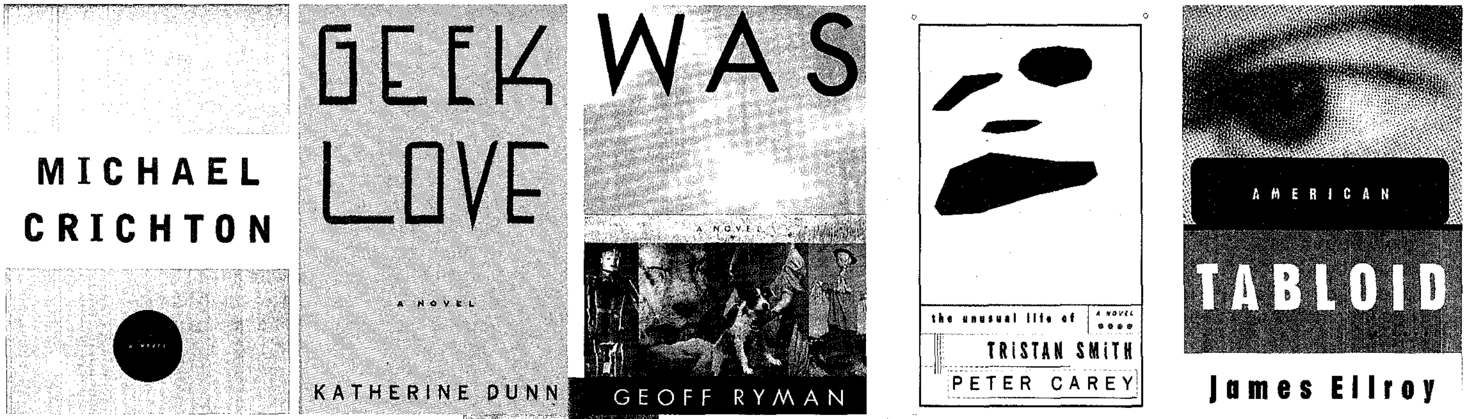
ecology now
ecologia hoy

COLORS
attitudes
POWER

Tibor Kalman

The international language of design.



Chip Kidd
Proof that your publisher loves you.

because the skirt only goes down to a certain level. They are a fashion for the young and for the skinny. People whose thighs are wonderful, lush, pulpy, secret thighs (which used to be the only kind there were) are out of luck. Thigh-highs are for people with public thighs—and public thighs are rare."

Richard Howard

Age: 65
Occupation: Poet, literary critic, and translator from the French
Accomplishments: *Translator Richard Howard changes things. He changed the conventional translation of Proust's title* Remembrance of Things Past *to* In Search of Lost Time, *and when his translation of the opening line of the book, "Time and again, I have gone to bed early" (rather than "For a long time I used to go to bed early"), appeared in the* Times, *it elicited passionate responses from* lecteurs *who begged to differ. Poet Richard Howard also wins things: He has written ten books of poetry in English and won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for* Untitled Subjects.

Robert Hughes

Age: 56
Occupation: Art and cultural critic
Accomplishments: *With* The Shock of the New, *this acute, fearless Australian* Über*-critic wrote the book on modern art—and then starred in the PBS series of the same name. Robert Hughes also wrote* The Fatal Shore *(about Australia),* Nothing If Not Critical, The Culture of Complaint *(about political correctness), and, in 1984, the following little ditty about the New York art scene:*

Close by the Hudson in MANHATTAN's town,
The iron palaces of Art glare down
On such as, wandering in the streets below,
Perambulate in glamourous SoHo . . .
When random sparks, ascending from the road,
Ignite the gas, and make the God explode!
The vast percussion shudders on the air,
Galleries totter, boutiques are laid bare,
The fiery gust of driving wind contorts
Bald-headed mannequins in leather shorts;
Pâtés and pumpkins, *chèvre* and golden beets
Crash from DELUCA's window to the streets,
The crowd of celebrants is whirl'd from sight
As PHOEBUS disappears, and all is Night.
Thus to distracted Culture justly come
The punishments of Herculaneum.

David Ives

Age: 44
Occupation: Playwright
Accomplishments: *David Ives's* All in the Timing, *currently in its second year at the John Houseman Theatre, has just been published.* Don Juan in Chicago *opens at Primary Stages in February. Vincent Canby called him "wizardly," the Outer Critics Circle gave him a playwriting award, and Paramount has him working on a movie. He is a member of the faculties of NYU and Columbia.*

David Ives's thoughts on being included on this list: "Grocery Lists. Spelling lists. Laundry lists. The very idea of lists has something inherently narrow, petty, unpoetic about it. 'List, list, O list!' cried Hamlet's father's ghost in exasperation, and I couldn't agree more. As if lists *an sich* weren't dreary enough, now we have a list of 'smartest' New Yorkers—surely high on the shortlist of dumb ideas. Where's the list of people who made up this list? Don't they have to be smarter than the people on the list to decide who's smart enough to be included? Why aren't they on it, at the top of the list? Is it smart to agree to be on such a smart-ass list in the first place? (Of course, if you refuse to be included, you're automatically on the non-list of People Not on the List.)

"Consider the roster of criminals, losers, and mediocrities associated with lists: Richard Nixon, of the enemies list; Irving Wallace, of *The Book of Lists* (zzzzzzzzzz); Senator McCarthy, of the blacklist; movie critics and suchlike, with their eternal ten-best and ten-worst lists. Consider Franz Liszt—definitely a B-list composer. Or Listerine. Or *The List of Adrian Messenger,* John Huston's worst film. Homer includes that endless list of ships in *The Iliad,* but that's where everybody goes out for popcorn. Letterman has his nightly list, but Letterman is where Homer goes out for popcorn. When ships are about to sink, they list, and if you pay list price you're a fool.

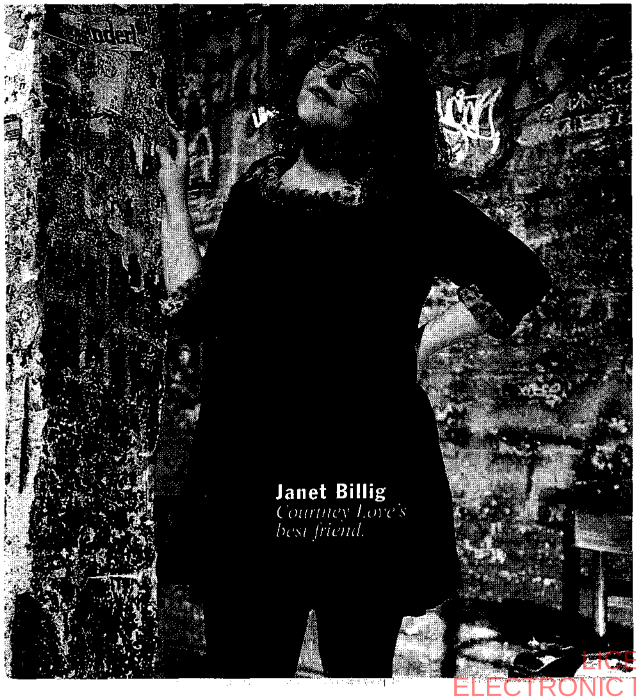
"Lists are anti-democratic, discriminatory, elitist, and sometimes the print is too small. I'm embarrassed, I'm abashed, I blush to find myself part of such a thing, which is only going to lose me more friends anyway. Most important, why did Stanley Crouch get a big picture and I didn't? What list is *he* on?"

Steve Jenkins

Age: 44
Occupation: Cheesemonger
Accomplishments: *The city's premier authority on cheese, he has shaped the cheese departments of Dean & DeLuca and Fairway and Balducci's and Murray's and mad.61 into veritable museums of the ancient art. There was a time in the life of this city when the offer of Cracker Barrel on a Ritz seemed generous; that this dark era now seems so remote is a testament to Steve Jenkins's crusade.*

Paul Tudor Jones

Age: 40
Occupation: Money manager
Accomplishments: *Did eighties Wall Street really exist, or was it merely a backdrop custom-designed to flatter Paul Tudor Jones? His outsize personality, his good-old-boy charm, and—above all—the impossibly enormous heaps of money he amassed before turning 35 seem so fundamentally a part of that particular historical moment that it's hard to remember which came first. As head of the then-tiny Tudor Investment Corp., he led the field in futures funds (500 percent return in 1984* alone*) through a combination of exhaustive, innovative mathematical projections and cocksure brazenness. Not satisfied merely to have his decade in the sun, he has re-emerged as a major force behind hedge funds, the characteristic early-nineties rich-get-richer vehicle. In addition to all the usual toys (houses, planes, boats), this run of*



Janet Billig
Courtney Love's best friend.

Photograph: bottom, Frank Veronsky.

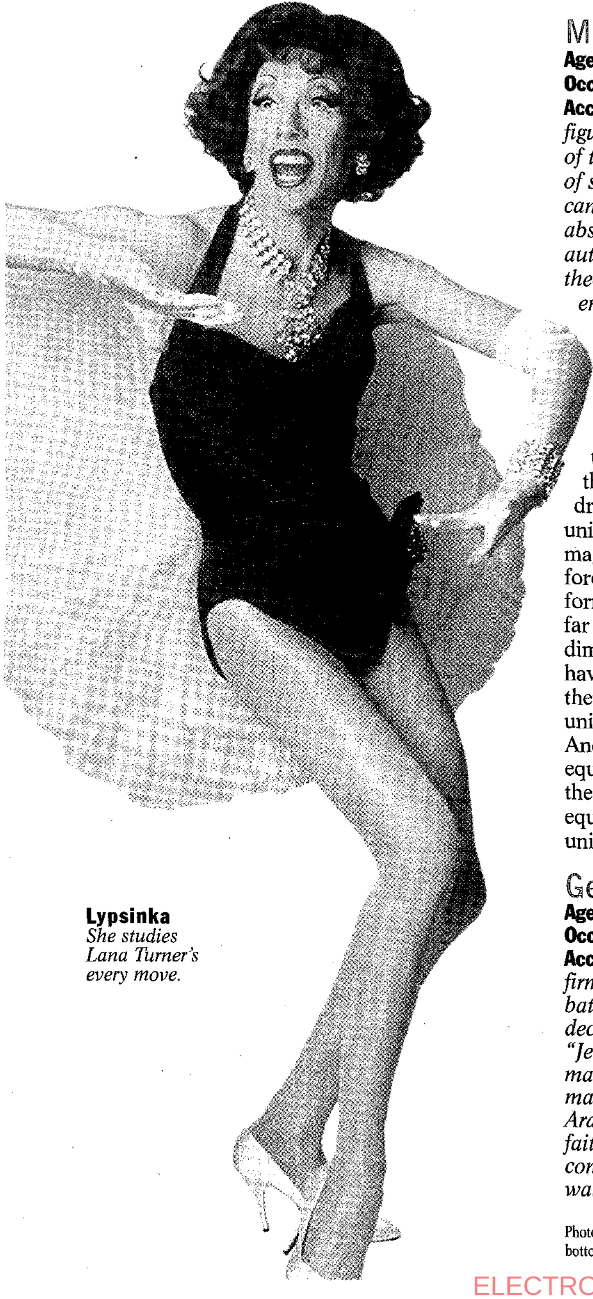
good fortune has translated into a number of long-term eleemosynary commitments—from "adopted" elementary-school classes to the wittily named Robin Hood Foundation, an annual high-stakes charity sporting event he organized for money-management funds.

Philip Johnson

Age: 88
Occupation: Architect
Accomplishments: *Philip Johnson entered architecture at 24 when, after a chance meeting, Alfred H. Barr asked him to lead the Museum of Modern Art's new architecture-and-design department—despite Johnson's confessed lack of fluency with the field. Elegant and witty and still intensely curious and acute as he approaches his tenth decade, Johnson has remained the most influential person in his profession and stayed one step ahead of his critics by making his own opportunism a cornerstone of his self-presentation. "I am a whore," he has said more than once.*

Tibor Kalman

Age: 46
Occupation: Graphic designer and editor
Accomplishments: *During his first career, which he ended abruptly in 1993, he was, with his subversive sense of humor and embrace of the all-American and homely, the most influential designer in the hemisphere, working for everyone from Talking Heads to Subaru and sending out brilliant protégés like spores to infect the rest of the world. Now, in his second career, as auteur of Benetton's giveaway* Colors *magazine, he speaks an international language that consists, in part, of photographs of pelvises covered with ice cream. "It's not that I have something against words; it's that I think young people are not reading the way they used to, so people need to figure out new ways to communicate," he explains. The pelvises appeared in an in-your-face issue devoted to* AIDS *that showed inventive ways to have sex without quite having sex and that has been distributed to every prisoner in Australia.*



Lypsinka
She studies Lana Turner's every move.

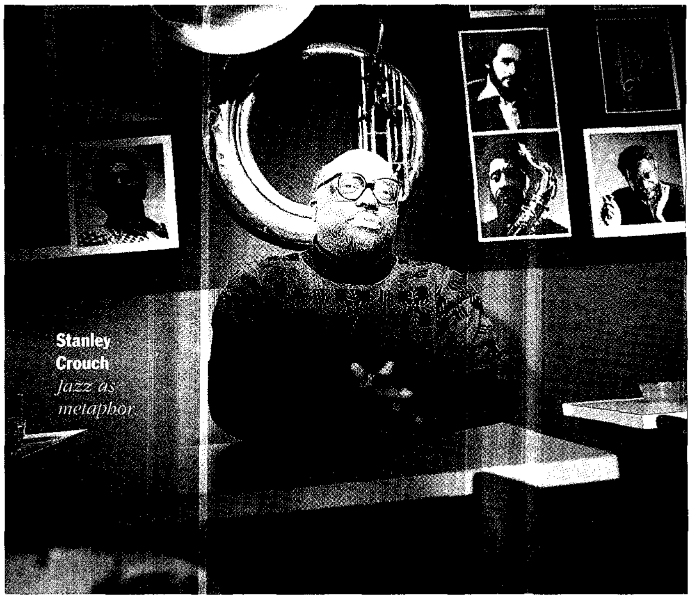
Michio Kaku

Age: 48
Occupation: Theoretical physicist
Accomplishments: *Michio Kaku may have figured out the universe. He is co-author of the one-inch equation that is the basis of superstring theory—physics' leading candidate for the explanation of absolutely everything. He is also the author of* Hyperspace, *a popularization of theoretical physics that includes the index entry "God: cosmological proof of, ontological proof of, teleological proof of."*

"The Gospel according to Saint John says, 'In the beginning was the word.' Well, physicists are beginning to ask, What *is* the word? Many of us think that it's something like Einstein's dream: an equation one inch long that unites all physical phenomena—electricity, magnetism, the nuclear force, the weak force, and gravity. Einstein tried to formulate this equation, but he didn't go far enough. He gave us the fourth dimension, but now we realize that we have to go to ten and 26 dimensions for there to be enough room to complete the unification process that Einstein began. And the hope is that the one-inch equation I wrote down in 1974 will pave the way for the ultimate one-inch equation that describes the entire universe."

Gershon Kekst

Age: 60
Occupation: Public-relations consultant
Accomplishments: *As president of a PR firm for companies embroiled in takeover battles, Kekst made his name two decades ago when he came up with the "Jewish Dentist Defense" for Sterndent, a manufacturer of dental equipment. Kekst made an issue of an unfriendly suitor's Arab investors; no doubt dentists of every faith flooded the company with complaints; and Sterndent successfully warded off the takeover bid. Since then, Kekst & Company has been involved in many takeovers and near takeovers of major consequence, including Time Inc.'s merger with Warner Communications in 1989. Kekst is so popular with predators and prey alike that in 1993, he represented both Viacom and Paramount when they were still separate companies.*



Stanley Crouch
Jazz as metaphor

Chip Kidd

Age: 30
Occupation: Book-jacket designer
Accomplishments: *Knopf hired the 22-year-old Chip Kidd to make it hipper; he did, and now every author wants Kidd as a designer—if only as proof of a publisher's love. Kidd did the jackets for Michael Crichton's* Disclosure *and for Cormac McCarthy's* The Crossing. *More recently, he came up with the disturbingly Monroe-esque cover for M. G. Lord's* Forever Barbie, *whose back flap features a single backlit Barbie leg above the author's head.*

Henry Kissinger

Age: 71
Occupation: International consultant
Accomplishments: *This machinating, secretive, and arguably amoral Nixon aide did more than any national-security adviser before him to inflate the role of the National Security Council and minimize the importance of the State Department—and then, of course, became secretary of State.*

"Napoleon said of him that he confused policy with intrigue."

"Methods of almost nonchalant manipulation he had learned in his youth."

"[He was] devious, because the very certainty of his convictions made him extremely flexible in his choice of means."—*Quotes from Kissinger's 1954 doctoral dissertation, on the subject of Prince Klemens von Metternich*

Roger Kline

Age: 49
Occupation: Management consultant
Accomplishments: *Managing to become the head of the New York office of McKinsey & Company, one of the world's top management-consulting firms.*

Roger Kline declined to be

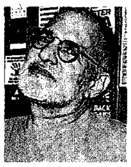
SMART NEW YORK

Photographs: top left, Luca Vignelli; top right, Frank Veronsky; bottom left, Albert Sanchez; bottom right, Steve Sands/Outline.

interviewed for this project. "The true management consultant doesn't seek publicity for himself. The glory goes to the client. And at McKinsey, if any glory goes to the consultant at all, it goes to the entire firm, not just one person. McKinsey has made an art form out of avoiding publicity, and that has won them more and better publicity than they could possibly land through traditional methods."*—David Lord, editor of* Executive Recruiter News *and* Consultants News

Larry Kramer

Age: 59
Occupation: Writer and gay activist
Accomplishments: *Larry Kramer is best known as the guy who founded ACT-UP—the gay protest group that invented an in-your-face style of activism that resembles guerrilla theater—and co-founded GMHC, an AIDS-relief organization. Recently, though, he decided he'd rather be remembered as a writer, and retreated to work on a novel that, unfinished, already runs to a couple thousand pages.*



"We are living in a golden age of gay theater, but gay novels are boring. Lesbian fiction, with the exception of one or two writers like Dorothy Allison and Rita Mae Brown, is practically nonexistent as a reputable genre. There are good small novels—meaning miniature, not petty—but nobody thinks *big.* I'm not talking James Michener; I'm talking Tolstoy. I don't know why this is. Perhaps it's because we're all so obsessed and terrified by how fast time is flowing through our fingers that the time it takes to write a long novel scares people who know they may not be able to finish."

Madonna
An academic subdiscipline.

Barbara Kruger

Age: 49
Occupation: Artist
Accomplishments: *Is it possible to cross from the highest of high art to the lowest of low art and back again unscathed, as every cartoonist, ad guy, story exec, and flack has dreamed of doing at one moment or other? If it is, nobody's done it like Barbara Kruger—only to have to put up with words like* overfamiliar *in every, say, fifth review. No sooner have her bold white-on-red slogans made it onto postcards than she's moved on to book covers, magazine covers (featuring Howard Stern!), and even ads for—ideology be damned—*The Economist. *All while writing or co-editing very serious books with titles that obey the strictest of academic formulas: phrase, colon, plus three big ideas.*

James LaRossa

Age: 63
Occupation: Criminal-defense lawyer
Accomplishments: *James LaRossa once looked like a guy on his way to a job as some don's in-house counsel, but then his main client was mowed down in front of a steakhouse in a Chicago-style hit. "When [Paul] Castellano was killed, some say, [LaRossa] lost that major part of his business to [Bruce] Cutler and [Gerald] Shargel," says former Manhattan prosecutor Michael Cherkasky, now a director at a corporate-security firm. Now that the mob's on the decline and LaRossa has diversified into other fields—pols accused of corruption (Meade Esposito, Mario Biaggi) and employees of banks accused of fraud, both national (Drexel Burnham Lambert) and international (the Bank of Commerce and Credit International, or BCCI)—he's sitting very, very pretty.*

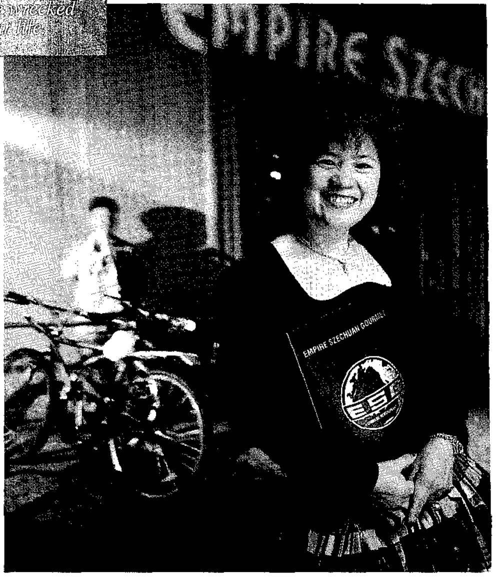
Q: *Is there anyone you wouldn't defend?*

A: "I'd have a hard time representing someone who opened fire on commuters on the Long Island Railroad. From what I know about the case, I think it's going to turn out to have been a crime of racial hatred. That's sinful."

Ralph Lauren

Age: 55
Occupation: Designer
Accomplishments: *It doesn't matter if Ralph Lauren's designs are too perfect and tidy to capture the trust-fund-chill-out look they aspire to: $3.7 billion in 1993 says people like them like that. Lauren has come a long way since he started the four-inch-wide-tie craze in 1967. He has effectively reinvented the profession, refining his "lifestyle" marketing approach from its shaky beginnings into the virtually unerring, unbelievably profitable machine it is today. Still, Lauren , a* New Yorker, *is too anxious to take success for granted. "I am copied by everyone in the world," he says. "To be a classic in this day and age is a real challenge."*

Misa Chang.
She wrecked your life.



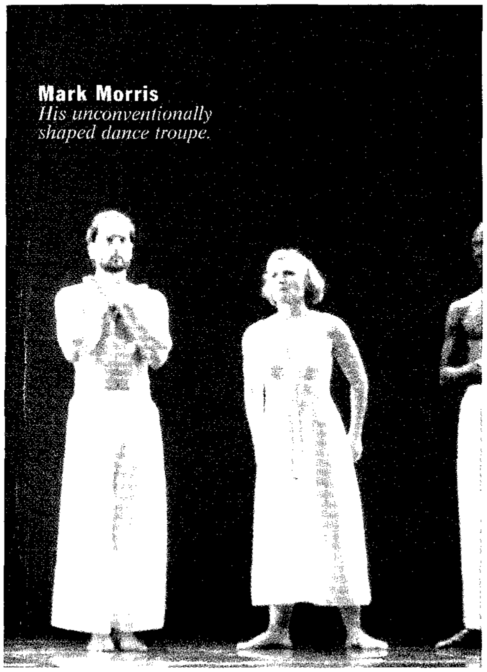
Joseph Lelyveld

Age: 57
Occupation: Executive editor of the New York Times
Accomplishments: *He's shy, he won a Pulitzer Prize for a book about South Africa that damned what one reviewer called that country's "logic of lunacy," he's a very graceful writer, the staff actually likes him—what's this guy doing running the* Times? *Making it as sharp, as rigorous, and as humane as he is, we hope.*

Frederick P. Lenz

Age: 44
Occupation: Guru
Accomplishments: *As proprietor of the cult Advanced Systerms, Inc., Lenz has attracted a devoted band of followers who support his*

Photographs: top center, Tom Brazil, top left, Catherine McGann/Outline: bottom left, Michael Putland/Retna; bottom center, Gerardo Somoza/Outline: bottom right, Frank Veronsky.



Mark Morris
His unconventionally shaped dance troupe.

lavish way of life. Lenz's first shot at name recognition came through a high-class media blitz for his spiritual retreats; the second came when a "student" alleged that her (solo) retreat involved rape at gunpoint. Lenz, who says he's Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu, preaches the information highway and a long slew of expensive computer courses as the path to enlightenment. Critics call it all a cunning flimflam by which he earns several million a year, but Lenz protests: "I'm a Buddhist, and I can't do stuff like that. I'd fry."

David Letterman

Age: 47
Occupation: Talk-show host
Accomplishment: *He's* Dave.

Leon Levy

Age: 69
Occupation: Financier
Accomplishments: *Credited with pioneering the leveraged buyout before the phrase even existed, Levy helped build Oppenheimer & Company in the sixties and seventies, then sold it (along with his partners) in 1982 for $163 million. It was resold eight years later for $157 million. Levy promptly teamed up with one of his Oppenheimer brethren to found Odyssey Partners, which has averaged 20 percent returns for more than ten years. A former employee claims he once told him: "This is the greatest business in the world. Where else can you get paid for making money for yourself?" Another businessman who knows him says the somewhat donnish Levy reads the tax codes of foreign countries to divine national character. He keeps a splendid collection of antiquities in his apartment. And he is worth an estimated $300 million.*

Skip Lievsay

Age: 41
Occupation: Sound designer
Accomplishments: *Lievsay has found and mixed background sound for every Coen-brothers film, for Scorsese, for Spike Lee, and for Jonathan Demme. He personally engineered your sub-acoustic terror as you watched Jodie Foster descend into the basement from hell in* Silence of the Lambs *and heard her breathing underscored by the keening of wolves, the metallic shriek of an oil rig, and the wiry jangle of guitar feedback. Lievsay has also inserted countless pig squeals into movie explosion scenes: "For some reason, that seems to match pretty well." Sounds Lievsay loves? Barrel whacks—"It's when we hit a giant steel oil drum. We put that noise in whenever you have a flashbulb flash on the screen"—and jet-bys: "There's one at the very end of* The Last Temptation of Christ, *when the cross tilts back and he screams, 'Father, why have you forsaken me?' " And a sound he loathes? Talking: "We call it 'miles.' It's when there's supposed to be someone on the other end of the phone. We go into a booth and make these sounds like the adults in* Peanuts.*"*

Arthur Liman

Age: 62
Occupation: Lawyer
Accomplishments: *Arthur Liman's hair has been likened to spaghetti and strips of bacon,* The American Lawyer *thinks he's self-righteous, and he has an unpleasant tendency to bully publishers on behalf of clients such as Michael Milken and William Paley, but what does he care? He's one of the most famous lawyers in America. He interrogated Oliver North, Richard Secord, and John Poindexter in the Iran-*contra *hearings, and has represented everyone from Ronald Perelman to the owners of Studio 54. And on top of all that, says one of his partners at Paul Weiss, "he has the most amazing ability to come into a case I've been working on for months, wade through a mountain of documents in a few hours, synthesize it all, and cut directly to the heart of the case legally and tactically."*

Martin Lipton

Age: 63
Occupation: Corporate lawyer
Accomplishments: *Martin Lipton of Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz has been called the Elvis of mergers-and-acquisitions law—not old, fat Elvis but the Elvis who made a mint while he could do no wrong. Lipton was* the *anti-takeover lawyer of the eighties, and spent the decade negotiating deals worth billions and making millions for himself. He is known for his invention of the "poison pill" defense for hostile tender offers, which allows a target company's board of directors to make its stock suddenly prohibitively expensive and thus buy time to look for a friendlier buyer.*

William Ivey Long

Age: 47
Occupation: Costume designer
Accomplishments: *What Dr. Seuss does for rhymes, Long does for costumes, splashing and mixing them into a vibrant jumble until they do something very strange and fetching. Long won a Tony and an Outer Critics Circle award for his costumes for* Crazy for You *and a Drama Desk Award for* Guys and Dolls. *For the Gershwin musical, he tried to paint the "decadent sterility of an Art Deco age in New York slap-dash-bam against the red-blooded West." Of* Guys and Dolls, *he says, "We told it through color, so you not only saw it with your eyes but felt it right through the carotenoid thingy!"*

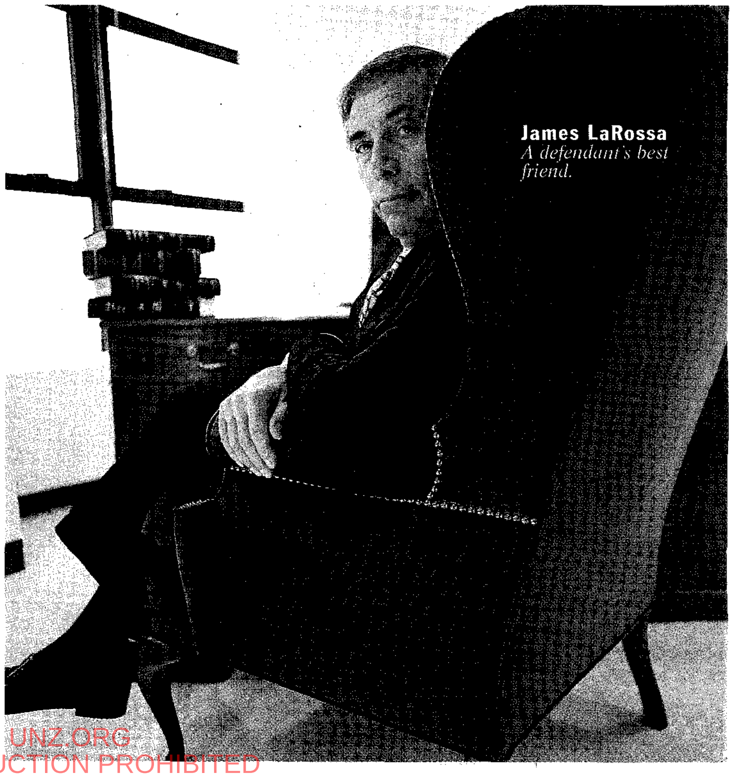
Lypsinka (a.k.a. John Epperson)

Age: "Are you kidding?"
Occupation: Drag queen
Accomplishments: *"My last New York performance made me feel like Lena Horne or Bette Midler or Liza Minnelli; it was such a great audience—they just screamed for every bat of my eyelashes. And then there was the time that Thierry Mugler called me and asked me to be in his Paris runway show, and then on the other line Anna Wintour came and asked me to come to a party for Karl Lagerfeld."*

Madonna

Age: 36
Occupation: Cultural phenomenon
Accomplishments: *Her continual musical, theatrical, and quasi-pornographic self-reinventions aside, Madonna has pulled off a less-heralded but no-less-amazing trick—she's transformed herself into the subject of an entire academic subdiscipline.*

"The decoded and recoded desire at work in Madonna's artifacts shifts over the duration of her career from a revolutionary potential to a non-revolutionary potential. The borderline-narcissistic subjectivity in the revolutionary phase takes the following logic: the underlying borderline condition, founded on transgressive gender and cultural decoding, is recoded by taking up the narcissistic phallic position of dominator and controller of the Other in order to sell the Madonna of the early Madonna look. The non-revolutionary desire in the inverted narcissistic-borderline subjectivity, which emerged in 1986 in *The Immaculate Collection* and continued throughout *Truth or Dare* and *Sex*, works in the following manner: based on the foundation of a majority capitalist, Madonna displays the position of a



James LaRossa
A defendant's best friend.

Photographs: center right, Gamma-Liaison; bottom right, Frank Veronsky.

narcissistic recoder who takes scarcity and lack as the founding desire to utilize borderline decoding to scramble and split off gender images and sexuality in order to sell both as commodities, and as a means to re-substantiate a position of power."—*D. Lynn O'Brien Hallstein of Ohio State University, in the abstract of her Ph.D. dissertation,* Transforming Feminist Rhetorical Theory and Schizoanalysis: A Collaboration Between Feminist Rhetorical Theory and Schizoanalytic Theory

Janet Malcolm

Age: 60
Occupation: Journalist
Accomplishments: *Janet Malcolm's work is everything journalists think journalism should be and everything most non-journalists wish it were not. She doesn't impart news; she crafts cerebral works of art out of information. Malcolm is the first to admit that a journalist who publishes nothing but the truth is still a sinner.*

Jack Maple

Age: 42
Occupation: Deputy police commissioner
Accomplishments: *Jack Maple's that self-consciously dapper fellow—homburg, double-breasted blazer, bow tie, white spats—who hovers two paces behind police chief William Bratton. As the man in charge of crime-control strategies, he's the principal architect of five new NYPD strategies to combat drugs, illegal guns, youth crime, family violence, and sundry other encroachments on our quality of life—and for reasons pundits have yet to pin down, the strategies seem to be working. New York City came close to dropping out of the top 50 high-crime cities in America. (Topeka has a worse record.) Overall felonies in New York were down 12 percent last year; robberies dropped by 15.5 percent; homicides were down 19 percent. That's one less murder per day.*

Kurt Masur

Age: 67
Occupation: Conductor
Accomplishments: *Former Leipzigian Kurt Masur was the stodgy choice to succeed charismatic Zubin Mehta as conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Masur was German and didn't know much about American music, but he was German and had a reputation for working hard. Many of his musicians take blood-pressure medicine to deal with the stress, but he's getting great reviews. He has opened his programs to several American composers, including Carl Ruggles, Charles Ives, Wallingford Riegger, and Henry Brant, and he is now reconciled with New York. He claims to believe that symphonies can end urban violence and says, "When I first came, I felt very lonely, but then I realized that everyone else is lonely, too."*

Brian and Keith McNally

Ages: 45 and 37
Occupation: Restaurateurs
Accomplishments: *Brian's the outgoing host; Keith's the shy aesthete. Together and separately, they are blessed with the Midas touch when it comes to restaurant hyper-voguishness. Plus, the food is mostly very good. And somehow they manage to stay friends even with enemies.*

THE McNALLY BROTHERS

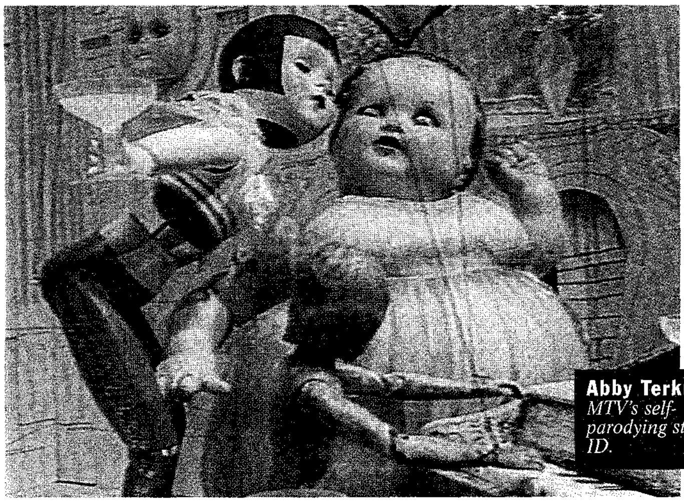
ODEON
1980

BRIAN
Indochine
1984
Canal Bar
1987
Jerry's
1987
150 Wooster
1989
"44"
1991

KEITH
Cafe Luxembourg
1983
Nell's
1986
Lucky Strike
1989
End of the Night
(film) 1990

Deborah Willen Meier

Age: 63
Occupation: *Education reformer*
Accomplishments: *"This is not an* I *story. It is an* us *story," says Debbie Meier. Given that she pretty much originated the idea of starting little schools inside bigger schools that were run by the people who teach at them and send their children to them, that's not entirely a statement of false modesty. Principals across New York City and the nation now attempt to replicate Meier's empowering innovations; and even if she publicly refuses to accept credit for it all, the MacArthur Foundation gave it to her anyway, in 1987.*



Abby Terkuhle
MTV's self-parodying station ID.

Robert Merton

Age: 84
Occupation: Sociologist
Accomplishments: *Robert Merton just became the first sociologist of science to get a medal from the National Science Foundation. If any non-scientist studying scientists was going to get an NSF medal it was Merton, partly because he founded the sociology of science, but mostly because he's respectful about it. He confines himself to studying scientists' behavior, the way an ichthyologist studies fish; his heirs go further and argue that scientists don't grasp how their behavior affects the knowledge they produce. Merton is known in marketing circles as the inventor of the focus group, and in etymological ones as the author of the term* self-fulfilling prophecy.

Jesse Sheidlower
Word wrangler

Robert Michels

Age: 58
Occupation: Medical-school administrator
Accomplishments: *Robert Michels was head of psychiatry at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center from 1974 to 1991 and is now dean of Cornell Medical College.*

"Psychiatry's biggest problem is its lack of federal funding for basic research. Drug companies sponsor research on specific drugs, but the neuroscientific research that discovers new categories of drugs takes place largely in academic and federal research institutes, which depend on federal funding. It's as though, 50 years ago, we had decided to build more and more iron lungs but failed to develop a polio vaccine."

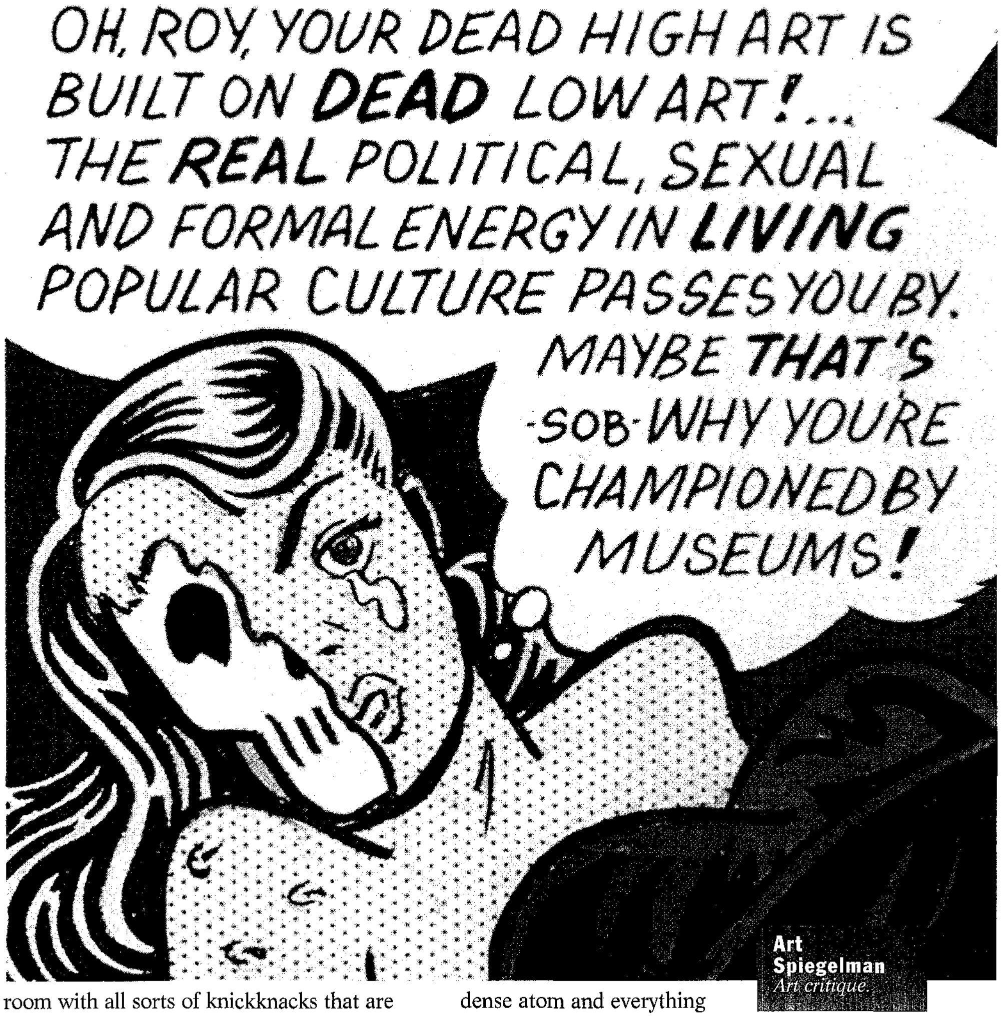
Mark Morris

Age: 38
Occupation: Dancer and choreographer
Accomplishments: Daily News *critic and Mark Morris biographer Joan Acocella calls Morris a classical choreographer, in the sense that he is motivated solely by music. Now that his days as generously subsidized king of Brussels's Monnaie theater are over, Morris lives off his MacArthur genius grant. Morris specializes in dancers whose bodies don't fit the ballet norm. "We have big butts," he says.*

Walter Mosley

Age: 43
Occupation: Novelist
Accomplishments: *Four years and four novels ago, Walter Mosley was an insider's favorite: a darling of hip literati and mystery buffs. But the popularity of his Easy Rawlins detective series grows and grows; these days, even Bill Clinton drops Mosley's name. Ed Soja, chairman of UCLA's Department of Urban Planning, recently described Mosley's* White Butterfly *as some of the best critical human geography around—it gives, he said, "a very vivid picture of an urban landscape that's extremely important to making sense of the Watts riots, 1992's riots, and today's events."*

Photographs: top left, J.P. Forden/Sygma; top right, Patrick Harbron; bottom, courtesy of MTV.


OH, ROY, YOUR DEAD HIGH ART IS BUILT ON DEAD LOW ART!... THE REAL POLITICAL, SEXUAL AND FORMAL ENERGY IN LIVING POPULAR CULTURE PASSES YOU BY. MAYBE THAT'S -SOB- WHY YOU'RE CHAMPIONED BY MUSEUMS!

Art Spiegelman
Art critique.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Age: 67
Occupation: Senator

Accomplishments: *From his ranking (albeit newly minoritized) seat on the Senate Finance Committee, the actually intellectual half of our senatorial smart team (see D'Amato) still has the power to flunk Bill Clinton. He called Clinton's welfare reform "boob bait for the Bubbas," and his lone senior Democrat's "Yep" on the question of whether there should be a special prosecutor for Whitewater sure looked like an F. Then there are his genteelly contrarian social notions, most famously about the disintegrating underclass family. "Ah, SPEE-ci-ation!" mocked Al Sharpton four months ago, damning Moynihan's penchant for gilding erudite and interesting ideas in undiplomatic (but erudite and interesting) language.*

Robert Mundell

Age: 62
Occupation: Economist
Accomplishments: *Robert Mundell is the co-author of supply-side theory, a conservative idealist whose ideas are, at least, consistent.*

Mundell's recommendations for Newt Gingrich:
(1) Reduce the capital-gains tax from 28 percent to 15 percent to compensate for inflation and encourage risk-taking.
(2) Lower the top federal income-tax rate to 25 percent.
(3) Lower the top corporate income tax from 35 percent to 20 percent because it's a double taxation—companies pay a 35 percent tax at the corporate level, then shareholders pay personal income tax on the 65 percent that's left.
(4) Reassert U.S. leadership of the international monetary system by persuading other countries to anchor their currencies to the dollar.

Todd Oldham

Age: 33
Occupation: Fashion designer
Accomplishments: *Todd Oldham's clients appear regularly on Mr. Blackwell's "Worst Dressed List," and a picture of Susan Sarandon wearing an Oldham inspired the caption "Would You Be Caught Dead in This Outfit?" Meanwhile, his virtually unwearable clothes are getting pricier and pricier. In other words, he's neo-Warholian: camp, shrewd, social—but* nice.

Phiber Optik (a.k.a. Mark Abene)

Age: 22
Occupation: Hacker
Accomplishments: *See "Gotham," page 28*

Dan O'Sullivan

Age: 33
Occupation: Interactive-media producer

Accomplishments: *Dan O'Sullivan created cult cable-TV hits* Dan's Apartment *and* Yorb, *shows in which viewers directed the (minimal) action over the phone. He now teaches in NYU's Interactive Telecommunications Program.*

Q: *What are you working on now?*
A: "A network Jungian sandbox. That's, like, a room with all sorts of knickknacks that are supposed to have archetypal significance. A therapist leaves you alone for a while, and what you have made says something about you. So my thing is sort of like that, except there is no therapist, just people constructing these worlds and intersecting with other people's worlds. Everyone has a CD-ROM full of these archetypally significant objects, and they dial into a central place over a modem. You sort of dream your way into a location that other people have dreamed themselves into."

Cynthia Ozick

Age: 66
Occupation: Fiction writer and playwright
Accomplishments: Trust, The Pagan Rabbi, Bloodshed and Three Novellas, Levitation, The Cannibal Galaxy, Art & Ardor, The Shawl, The Messiah of Stockholm. *Cynthia Ozick is adapting the short story and novella published together as* The Shawl *into a play of the same name, which should be produced in New York sometime this spring:*

"Writing a novel is analogous to the theory of the expanding universe, the big bang, because the form stimulates widening out and out and out: You have firmament widening into firmament, you have all the space in the world. But a play is exactly the opposite, like a black hole: The fullness of the universe gets pulled back down into a single compact, dense atom and everything converges into that atom."

Katha Pollitt

Age: 45
Occupation: Writer
Accomplishments: *If it weren't for that irritating rhetorical tic of adducing political positions from personal evidence,* ***and that unfortunate moment when she got herself*** *dubbed a "national treasure" by Naomi Wolf in a letter to* The New Yorker, *Katha Pollitt would be perfect, insofar as any ideologue can be perfect. She's thrillingly precise, and a necessary mix of two things usually (and wrongly) held to be incompatible: ardent feminism and actual wit.*

Todd Oldham
Neo-Warholian nice guy.

Photographs:top left, Erik Freeland/Matrix; top right, Art Spiegelman; bottom right, Bob Berg/Retna.

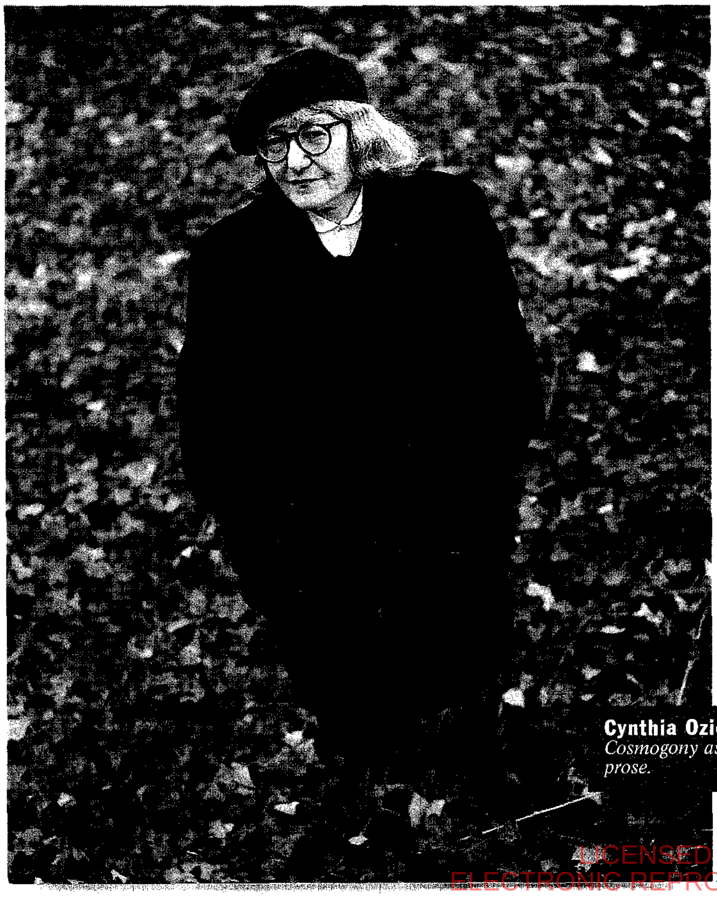
Thomas Pynchon

Age: 57
Occupation: Novelist
Accomplishments: *In the past three years, Thomas Pynchon has created three major works: the introduction to a posthumous collection of Donald Barthelme's prose scraps (1992); an essay for* The New York Times Book Review *on sloth (1993); and the liner notes to a Spike Jones CD (1994). Each of these was greeted with the obsessive dissection that accompanied his screaming, sprawling, encyclopedic, canonical, ostentatiously intelligent 1973* Gravity's Rainbow.

Tracy Quan

Age: Fortyish—"I've lied about my age for so long I can't tell you the truth now."
Occupation: Writer and prostitute
Accomplishments: *Tracy Quan writes for such magazines as* Puritan *and* Lingua Franca *and the cyberzine* Urban Desires, *works with* PONY *(Prostitutes of New York), and is a Paglia-esque postfeminist who finds Catharine MacKinnon extremely annoying.*

"Maybe I'm dreaming, but I think prostitution will be decriminalized in my lifetime, partly because the successful prostitutes are becoming political. They didn't used to be, because they thought politics was frumpy: They looked at political types and couldn't relate to them at all, because prostitutes want to be attractive. But nowadays, the movement has some fairly decent-looking working girls. Some of the European activists are really gorgeous."



Cynthia Ozick
Cosmogony as prose.

Allen Questrom

Age: 53
Occupation: Retailer
Accomplishments: *Last year, Allen Questrom pulled off what was called by* Business Week *"the greatest stealth attack in the history of retailing," forcing resistant Macy's to become one with his Federated Department Stores, Inc. He's thought to be positively Fred Astaire–ish in* Women's Wear Daily *circles, and is large-spirited (and smart) enough to hire an old rival—Michael Gould—to be the CEO of Bloomingdale's.*

Judith Regan

Age: 42
Occupation: Book editor turned multimedia impresario
Accomplishments: *When Judith Regan was an editor at Simon & Schuster, her taste for trash, her outrageous personality, and her unapologetic lust for mega-best-sellers won her almost as much publicity as her most famous authors, who include Rush Limbaugh, Howard Stern, and Douglas Coupland. Now she heads her own imprint at HarperCollins, where she will handle book, movie, and TV projects—all, of course, at once, and all, of course, linked.*

A dream a reporter had shortly after she profiled Judith Regan: "I was in a crowded theater lobby, waiting for the beginning of a performance. I was standing on a balcony, and below me in the throng I saw Judith. I was afraid of being seen by her, but inevitably, she looked up and caught my eye, and then started toward the balcony. I knew, viscerally, that she was going to climb up and push me over the edge."

Dennis Rivera

Age: 44
Occupation: Labor unionist
Accomplishments: *Since 1989, when Dennis Rivera became president of National Health and Human Services Employees Union Local 1199 (with 100,000 members, it's the nation's largest health-care workers' union), his charisma and unpredictability have become almost as widely recognizable as that damn fedora he lives in. And liberal though he may be, reverential he is not: Pragmatism, not politics, points him toward his targets—including the labor movement itself, which he has called "part of the problem."*

Gerard Roche

Age: 63
Occupation: Executive recruiter
Accomplishments: *Gerard Roche, repeatedly named North America's most accomplished headhunter by John Sibbald, author of* The New Career Makers, *has placed more than 200 executives in his career, including four presidents at CBS in sixteen years and Ramon Cortines at the New York City Board of Education, back when that job looked more like a spit over an open fire than like a career move.*

Q: *Who would you recruit to be president of the United States?*

A: "Jack Welch of General Electric would make a great president. So would Larry Bossidy at AlliedSignal and George Fisher at Kodak. But I don't think any of these guys could get elected. So I'd go for Colin Powell, because he could do the job *and* he could get elected."

Elizabeth Barlow Rogers

Age: 58
Occupation: Central Park administrator
Accomplishments: *Fifteen years ago, when Elizabeth Barlow Rogers was appointed to be its first private administrator, Central Park was a mess. Instead of trying to wring a few extra dollars out of an overstretched budget, Rogers came up with a new way of privately financing a public institution: As head of the park* and *president of the then-brand-new Central Park Conservancy, she packed the board with the likes of the late Iphigene Sulzberger and Evelyn Lauder. The Conservancy now generates 60 percent of the park's funding, and the park—so recently the symbol of the city's decline—is once again its showpiece.*

Sonny Rollins

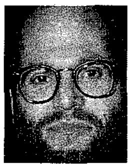
Age: 64

Occupation: Tenor saxophonist
Accomplishments: *Sonny Rollins is routinely called the greatest improviser in jazz, and casual listeners may wonder why—only his late-fifties recordings (*Saxophone Colossus, Way Out West*) do him justice. He has a relentless imagination, and when you see him onstage—eyes clenched and horn aloft, lost in a flood of melodic ideas and witty pop-song snatches—you think: the very essence of jazz.*

Paul Roossin

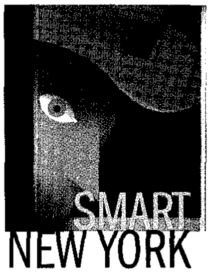
Age: 38
Occupation: Computer scientist
Accomplishments: *Paul Roossin tries to get computers to recognize voices at IBM's T. J. Watson Research Lab in Westchester, though the machines haven't got the hang of funny foreign words yet (*Bosnian Serbs *comes out "buzzing Serbs";* Boris Yeltsin, *either "Boris Elephant" or "Boris Telephone"). Before Roossin went into computer research, he studied the neurobiology of balance, testing such basic puzzles as "why a cat lands on its feet when you throw it out the window. We did laboratory equivalents of that. We certainly know the organizations in the brain that are responsible for them, because when you would smash them or suck them out, the cats wouldn't land on their feet when you threw them out the window."*

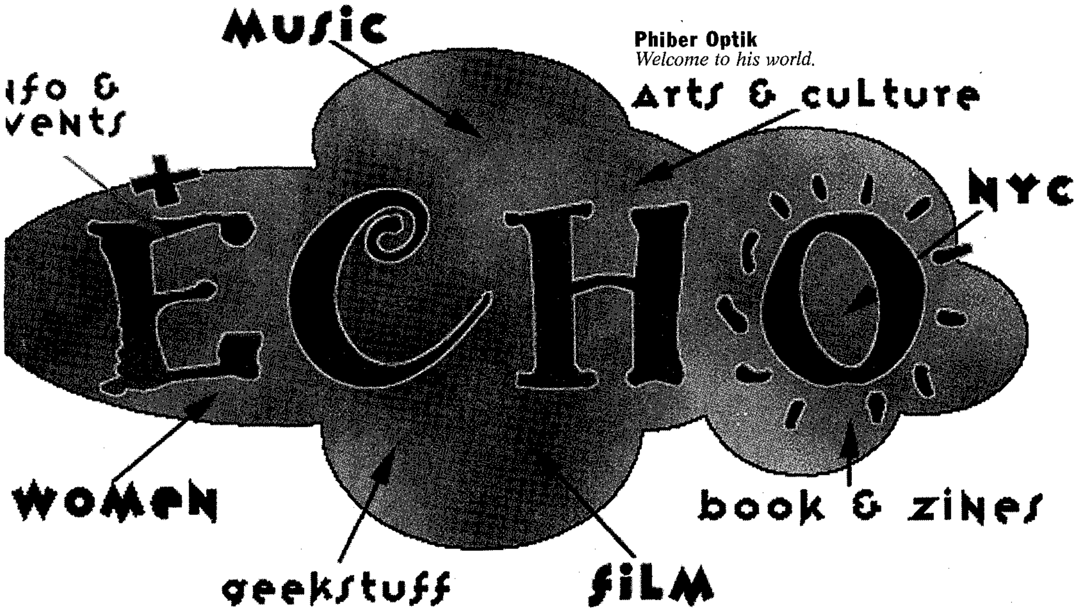
Scott Rudin



Age: 36
Occupation: Movie and theater producer
Accomplishments: *The best cocaine in the world would turn a person,*

Photographs: top left, Stanley Moss; top right, Cynthia Larson; center, Gene Martin/Retna; bottom left, Frank Veronsky; bottom right, Steve Granitz/Retna.





Phiber Optik
Welcome to his world.

in that person's dreams, into Scott Rudin. Rudin thinks he's the smartest person in Hollywood, became Fox's production head at 27, is one of the only Hollywood producers who reads, tortures his assistants, will pay $90,000 for a joke, has no social life, plays (with writer and sometime employee Paul Rudnick) a game called Stupid Jews (whoever thinks of the stupidest Jew wins), has learned to play the press expertly (see?), and dreams his blood is vinaigrette.

His results:
1990—*Flatliners, Pacific Heights*
1991—*Regarding Henry, Little Man Tate, The Addams Family*
1992—*White Sands, Sister Act, Jennifer Eight*
1993—*Life With Mikey, The Firm, Searching for Bobby Fischer, Sister Act 2, Addams Family Values*
1994—*Nobody's Fool, I.Q., Passion* (the Sondheim musical)
1995—Movies: *Sabrina, The Alienist, Marvin's Room, Up Close and Personal;* plays: *Les Parents Terribles, Hamlet*

Oliver Sacks

Age: 61
Occupation: Neurologist and author
Accomplishments: *Any neurologist can write a paper, but it took Oliver Sacks to turn migraines, comas, memory loss, and autism into hot Hollywood scripts. To date, Sacks's books and articles on neurological disorders have prompted a Hollywood movie (*Awakenings*), a Michael Nyman opera (*The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*), a Peter Brook play in London (*The Man Who . . .*), and even a Dana Carvey–and–dog film (*Clean Slate*), which, screenwriter Robert King swears, was based on Oliver Sacks's writings.*

Saskia Sassen

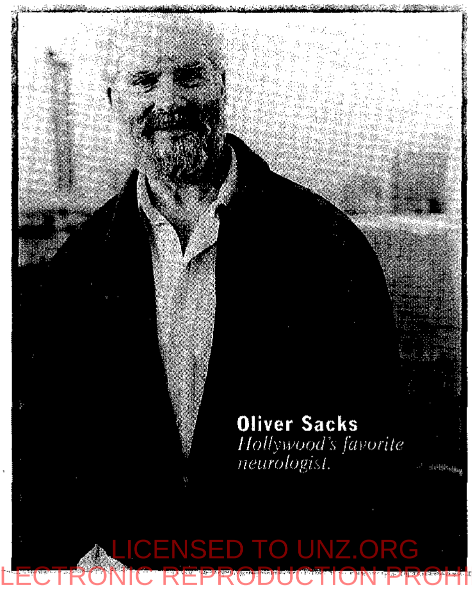
Age: 45
Occupation: Urban planner
Accomplishments: *Saskia Sassen is a lefty urban planner at Columbia who thinks everyone should be as interested in bodegas and sidewalk auto repair as fiber-optic cable and global finance. She believes that gainful employment, not the stock market, should be considered the meter of economic activity, and she's the last great bulwark against a New York version of California's Proposition 187, with a thousand arguments that immigrants are good for you.*

Sassen's recommendations for Rudy Giuliani:
(1) *Put more pressure on finance and its sister industries.* "People always say that if we tax businesses too heavily in this era of information industries and hypermobile capital, they will simply pack up and leave the city, but this isn't true. Information industries require infrastructure, and New York City has the largest concentration of fiber-optic-cable-served buildings in the world."
(2) *Keep manufacturing in New York.* "Cities cannot rely on one or two industries—they need a multiplicity of economic sectors."

Simon Schama

Age: 49
Occupation: Historian
Accomplishments: *Columbia's Simon Schama is not just an original thinker but a capital-W Writer in a field where prose is supposed to be vehicular and is usually just awful. This is why his academic books make the best-seller lists, and is also why he's regarded with such suspicion by his colleagues, who wonder if his quest for pretty sentences leads him factually astray. Schama has, in fact, written a work of fiction—*Dead Certainties*—and he dismisses footnotes as "credit-card receipts from the library." Schama dresses like an Edwardian dandy—he has been known to combine glasses, suit, and socks of three different primary colors. He has written on the seventeenth-century Netherlands, revolutionary France, and the early settlement of Israel, and has just finished* Landscape and Memory, *which discusses, among other things, the mythology of Central Park:*

"Central Park was always supposed to answer to both arcadian myths that have survived in the modern memory: the wild and the cultivated. . . . By day it is all nymphs and shepherds, cupids and *fêtes champêtres.* But at night it reverts to a more archaic place, the realm of Pelasgus where the wolf-men of Lykaon prowl, satyrs bide their time unsmiling, and feral men, hungry for wilding, postpone their music."


Oliver Sacks
Hollywood's favorite neurologist.

James Schamus

Age: 35
Occupation: Movie producer and film-theory professor
Accomplishments: *Disproving the old anti-pedagogical canard, he can, he does, and he teaches. James Schamus is what every film student hopes he's going to grow up to become but doesn't—a guy who makes great independent movies for almost no money that turn into huge critical* and *commercial successes:*

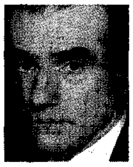
Eat Drink Man Woman, 1994 (co-writer and associate producer). Budget: $1.5 million. Gross: approximately $16 million.

The Wedding Banquet, 1993 (co-writer and producer). Budget: $750,000. Gross: approximately $30 million.

Poison, 1991 (executive producer). Budget: $250,000. Gross: approximately $1.7 million.

Swoon, 1992 (executive producer). Budget: $275,000. Gross: approximately $1.5 million.

Martin Scorsese

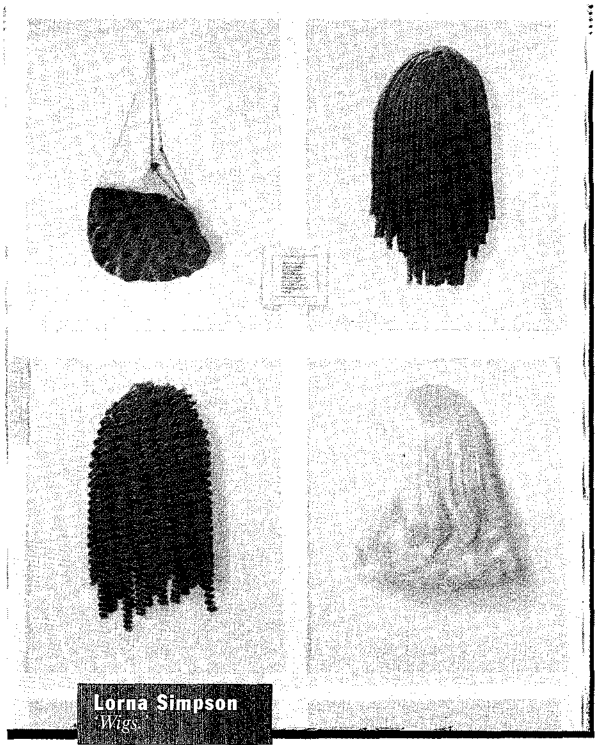


Age: 52
Occupation: Movie director
Accomplishments: *Among those who have (or ought to have) experienced the anxiety of his influence: John Avildsen, Abel Ferrara, Nick Gomez, the Hughes brothers, the Coen brothers, Norman Jewison, Philip Joanou, Spike Lee, Paul Schrader, Oliver Stone, Quentin Tarantino, Mario Van Peebles, and John Woo.*

Jesse Sheidlower

Age: 26
Occupation: Lexicographer
Accomplishments: *Ever since Jesse Sheidlower, as a Cambridge student, spotted a use of the word tool—Lord Byron's verb for having sexual intercourse—that predated the* OED*'s first citation (for a different meaning of* tool*) by thirteen years, he's been the most sought-after wordsmith of his generation. He is the new-words editor of the Random House dictionaries; discovering a dusty manuscript in a drawer, he recognized J. E. Lighter's* Historical Dictionary of American Slang *for the mother*

Photographs: top right, Robert Fox/Impact Visuals; bottom left, Joyce Ravid; bottom right, Raul Vega/Outline.


Lorna Simpson
Wigs

lode it is and took on the task of editing it.

Jesse Sheidlower's new words for 1995:

(1) **foodonym** *n.* a euphemistic term for a food substance that might upset consumers. In New Zealand, for example, marketers have renamed deer meat "cervena."

(2) **Gingrich** *v.* to deal with (policies, government organizations, or the like) in the manner of Newt Gingrich. As in "The NEA is in danger of being Gingriched."

(3) **negawatt** *n.* a kilowatt-hour of energy that has been saved by conservation measures.

(4) **outercourse** *n.* sexual activity that does not involve penetration.

Lorna Simpson

Age: 34
Occupation: Photographer
Accomplishments: *Lorna Simpson plays hide-and-seek around not just the color line but also the line between the photographic image and the written word. In response to critics who see her work as concerned only with racial categorization, she insists that her truest obsession is hair.*

Aaron Soloveichik

Age: 77
Occupation: Rabbi

Accomplishments: *Rabbi Aaron Soloveichik, scion of a legendary rabbinic dynasty, is one of the greatest living scholars of Jewish law. He teaches the most advanced rabbinical seminar at the theological seminary affiliated with New York's Yeshiva University in his spare time. As well versed in matters secular (he is also trained in U.S. law) as Semitic, he regularly weighs in on important matters of the day.*

Soloveichik's advice to Governor Pataki: "The Jewish view on the death penalty is that it should exist but it should never be used. How do you explain this apparent variance? You must return to the sources.The Torah provides the death penalty for no fewer than 36 sins. Yet the Talmud, the oral law, says that any Sanhedrin [a Jewish high court] that enacts the death penalty once in seven years is a bloody Sanhedrin. So you have the written law mandating the death penalty and the oral law saying, in effect, that you can never apply it.

"Now, the death penalty should be there for use in extraordinary situations, in extraordinary threats to the public order. And it is Governor Pataki's job to ensure order. But he must remember that as a leader, he must exhibit attributes of both the father and the mother. Governor Pataki is a nice man. But if he acts on the death penalty, he will be the leader of a bloody government."

Stephen Sondheim

Age: 64
Occupation: Composer and lyricist

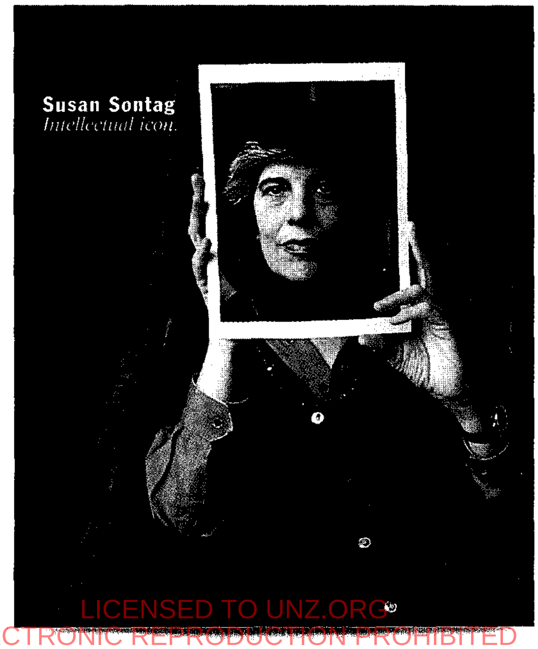
Accomplishments: *Though his formal training (by fellow smartest New Yorker Milton Babbitt; see above) was avant-garde and cerebral, Sondheim's creative gaze has roamed over subjects as diverse as imperialism, cannibalism, terrorism, Pointillism, and old-fashioned goopy love. He'll probably never run out of material—or backers who consider it a privilege to lose money on a Stephen Sondheim show.*

Susan Sontag

Age: 62
Occupation: Critic and novelist
Accomplishments: *The hair, the theatrical gestures (directing* Waiting for Godot *in Sarajevo, visiting Hanoi during the Vietnam War), the catholic choice of subjects, all make Susan Sontag seem more of an icon—the paradigmatic smart person—than an intellectual. But Sontag really* is *smart: She manages, for instance, to care about both art and ethics without believing that art must be ethical. With her best-selling books of the past decade or so, Sontag has finally become something of a commercial proposition, and she has reason to justify Mary McCarthy's irritated comment "You smile too much."*

Art Spiegelman

Age: 46
Occupation: Artist
Accomplishments: *In his graphic novels* Maus *and* Maus II, *Art Spiegelman turned* Tom and Jerry *into a Holocaust fable more affecting than* Schindler's List.


Susan Sontag
Intellectual icon.

Robert Stein

Age: 48
Occupation: CD-ROM publisher
Accomplishments: *Bob Stein calls himself a "Marxist-Leninist-Maoist" and says that Abimael Guzman Reynoso, the imprisoned leader of Peru's Shining Path, is one of his personal heroes. But his retro politics have not prevented him from hustling to build a $15 million business—the interactive-media publisher Voyager—and a relatively conservative one at that. Having realized, he says, that "the revolution was more years off than I was comfortable with," he has decided that Voyager will be his way "to re-enter the mainstream in a way I feel is acceptable." Voyager is conservative in the sense that it aspires to old-fashioned things like literary quality rather than techie eye candy; Stein would like someone to start up a* New York Times Book Review *for CD-ROMS, in whose pages his wares could be properly appreciated.*

David Stern

Age: 52
Occupation: NBA commisioner
Accomplishments: *David Stern can sell an anvil to a drowning man or a pogo stick to a kangaroo, according to Orlando Magic general manager Pat Williams. In the six years after the NBA hired him in 1978, Stern solved most of its problems; since he became commissioner in 1984, he has solved the rest of them. In the early eighties, the league was on the brink of a strike; in 1983, Stern got everyone to agree to a salary-cap profit-sharing agreement. In the early eighties, people thought basketball players were a bunch of drug addicts; in 1983, Stern instituted the unfortunately named "joint drug agreement," which allowed players to get treatment without losing their jobs but banished the unrepentant for life. In 1984, the league's revenues were $200 million and more than half of its franchises had been losing money; in 1990–'91 it pulled in more than $600 billion. Stern said his model is Disney World: "Disney has theme parks; we have arenas. They have Mickey Mouse and Goofy; our characters are named Magic and Michael."*

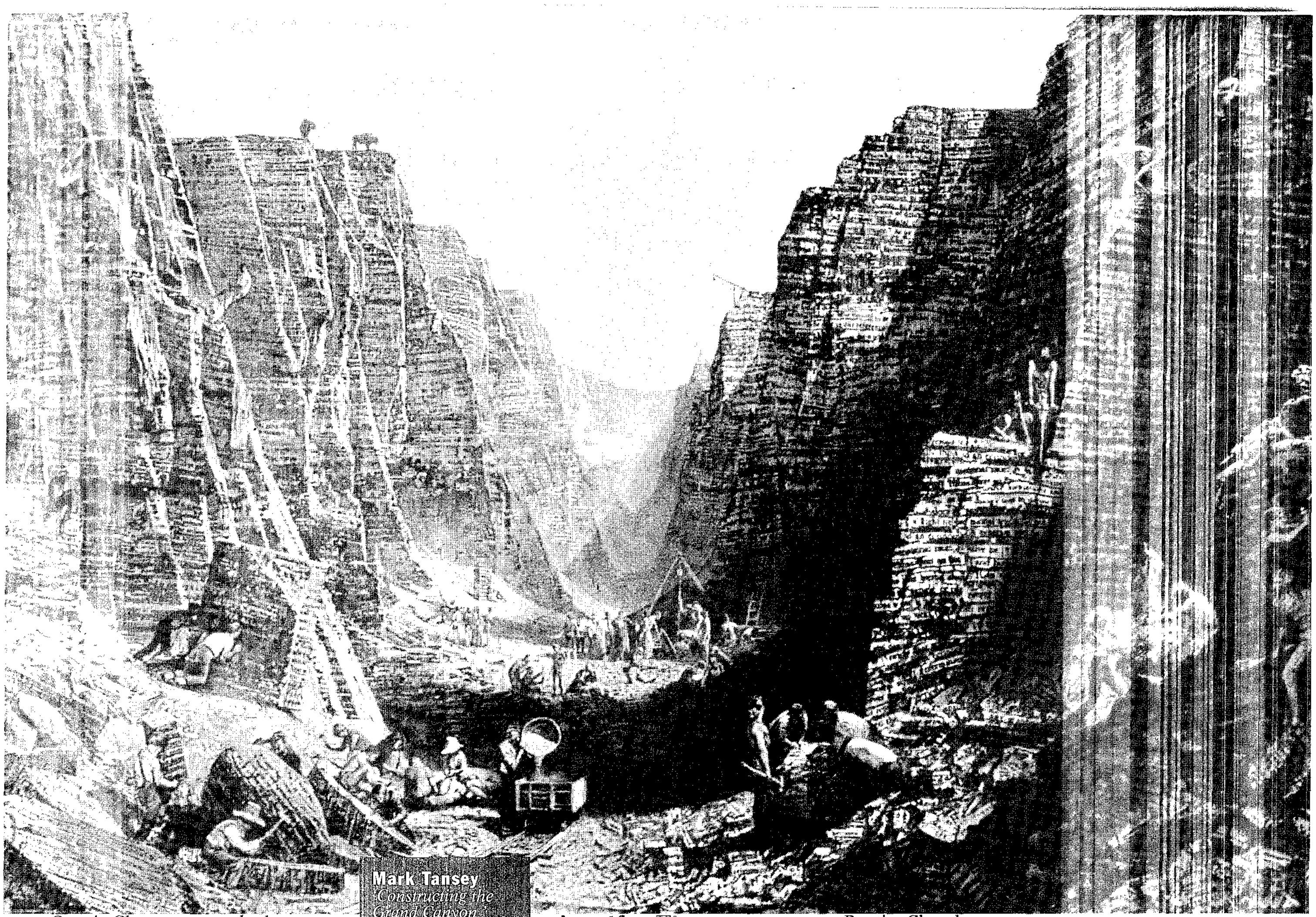
Robert Storr

Age: 45
Occupation: Curator
Accomplishment: *As a curator at the Museum of Modern Art with the fewest conventional credentials—no art-history master's, no book under the belt, just your basic painter's M.F.A.—Robert Storr has helped nudge the infamously cautious museum into adopting a riskier, more inclusive vision. His shows "Dislocations" and "Mapping" included politically challenging art, installation pieces, even work by artists who have never been invited to a Ross Bleckner party.*

Howard Stringer

Age: 52
Occupation: President of CBS Broadcast Group
Accomplishments: *Luring David Letterman with $14 million and a naughty video of*

Photographs: top left, courtesy of Rhona Hoffman Gallery; top right, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos; bottom left; Yeshiva University; bottom center, Wowe/Network/Matrix.


Mark Tansey
Constructing the Grand Canyon

Connie Chung was surely the smartest thing among many smart things Howard Stringer has done at CBS. And almost alone among corporate muckety-mucks, he makes public remarks that are often genuinely interesting.

Mark Tansey

Age: 45
Occupation: Painter
Accomplishment: *Any realist painter would admire Mark Tansey for his painterly skill, but Tansey isn't a realist, exactly. He's a painter who cribs from "the real"—everything the history of European art hands down as visual fact—by combining affectless figural representation with shards of semilegible text.*

Abby Terkuhle

Age: 40
Occupation: Creative director at MTV
Accomplishments: *You'd think the guy who produced parody commercials for* Saturday Night Live *would have sneered himself out of a job, at least in advertising, but then Abby Terkuhle discovered MTV's logo department. Now he's one of the people who have made and who keep MTV an occasionally cool, insanely lucrative brand rather than a string of monotonous four-minute ads for bands. Terkuhle likes to ridicule the channel-ID ads he churns out, spitting beer in them, blowing his nose on them, anything to keep the viewers alert and skeptical. And, oh yeah, we almost forgot, he's the reckless guy who came up with the idea of making Beavis and Butt-head music-video reviewers.*

Jennifer Tipton

Age: 57
Occupation: Theatrical-lighting designer
Accomplishments: *Jennifer Tipton talks about light as though it were sex. To her, sunglasses are like condoms ("I don't want anything between my eyes and the light"), and light is the force that brings the parts of a production together ("If the scenery and costumes don't exactly go together, light can marry them"). She's won all kinds of lighting-designer prizes, and has lighted pretty much everything interesting—from Mikhail Baryshnikov and Twyla Tharp to Robert Wilson's* Parsifal *to Peter Sellars's production of* Tannhäuser *for the Chicago Lyric Opera.*

Carl Weisbrod

Age: 50
Occupation: Urban-development entrepreneur
Accomplishments: *In the month since he became head of lower Manhattan's month-old business-improvement district, Urban Terminator Carl Weisbrod has already talked to MTA head Peter Stangl about extending commuter railroads to lower Manhattan and drawn up plans for a downtown software-industry center. In the past he has dissuaded Morgan Stanley and* UNICEF *from leaving New York, purged pornographers from Times Square, negotiated for a 30-acre city tennis center, and won the affections of Ed Koch. How? Says Weisbrod in Schwarzenegger mode, "I tolerate human error—but not* repeated *human error."*

Johnny Ray Youngblood

Age: 46
Occupation: Senior pastor, St. Paul Community Baptist Church
Accomplishment: *When Reverend Johnny Ray Youngblood came to East New York, the area was a bombed-out crime center, and his congregation numbered 84. In his twenty years at St. Paul's, he built its membership up to a boisterous 6,000, and helped to found East Brooklyn Congregations, a tireless, contentious collective of 55 churches and a synagogue dedicated to resuscitating the desolate neighborhood. Its success has been staggering: EBC has started 2,200 single-family low-income houses, with 1,200 more on the way; two public-service high schools; one of the area's only primary-health-care facilities, with another in the works; a local employment plan; tenant-organizing groups; park-reclamation programs.*

Fred Zollo

Age: 41
Occupation: Movie and theater producer
Accomplishments: *Fred Zollo has a couple of Pulitzers, scores of Tony nominations, and seven Oscar nominations, and anticipates an indefinite number of God-knows-what for* Quiz Show. *He's the sort of producer you don't laugh at when he talks about conscience—his plays and movies deal with* AIDS *(*Angels in America*), racism (*Mississippi Burning*), suicide ('*night, Mother*), greed and compromise (*Quiz Show*), and a whole bunch of things together (Eric Bogosian's* Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*).*

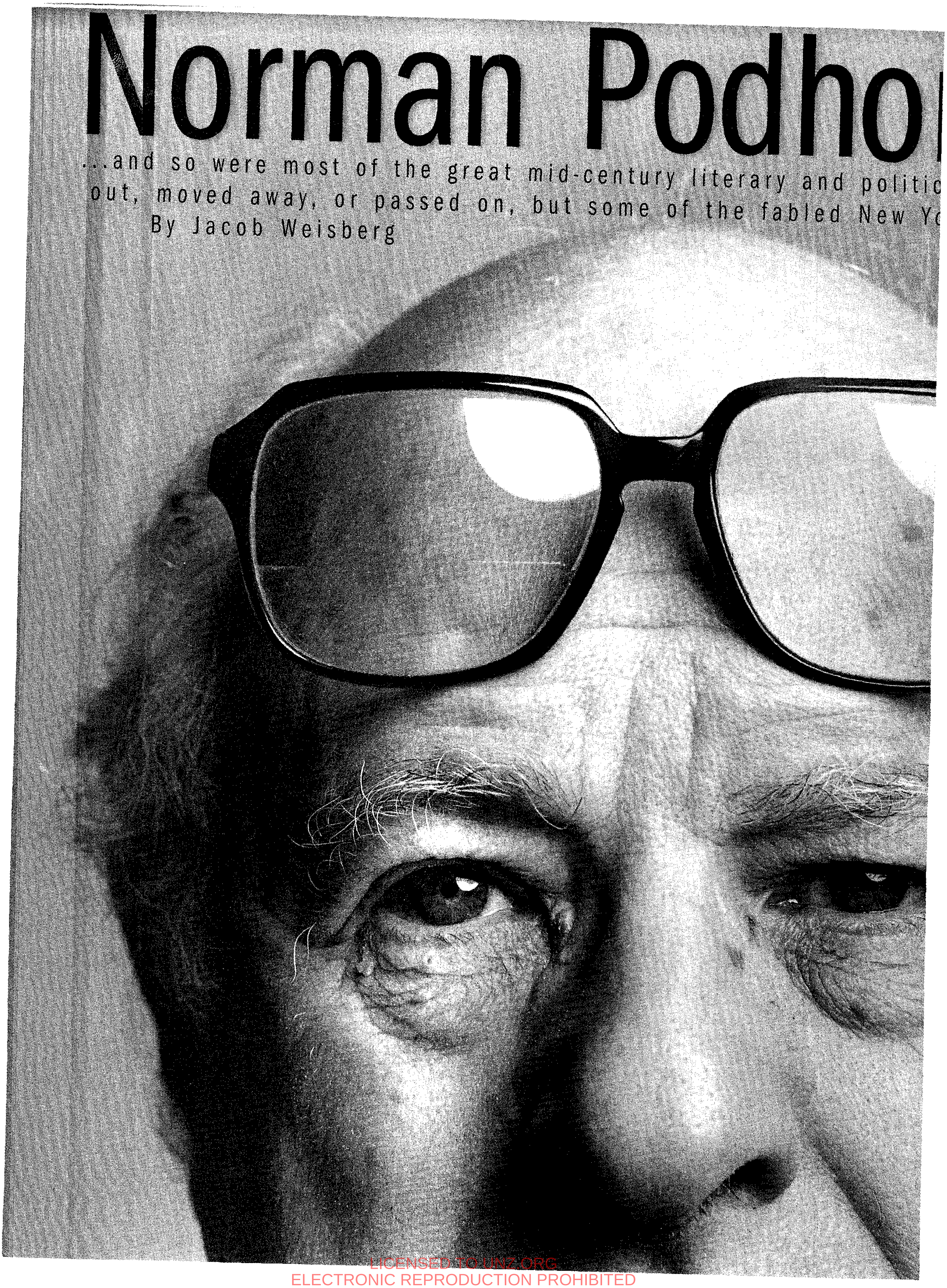
SMART NEW YORK

Photographs: top, courtesy of Marcus Gallery; bottom right, Roy Blakey.

Norman Podho

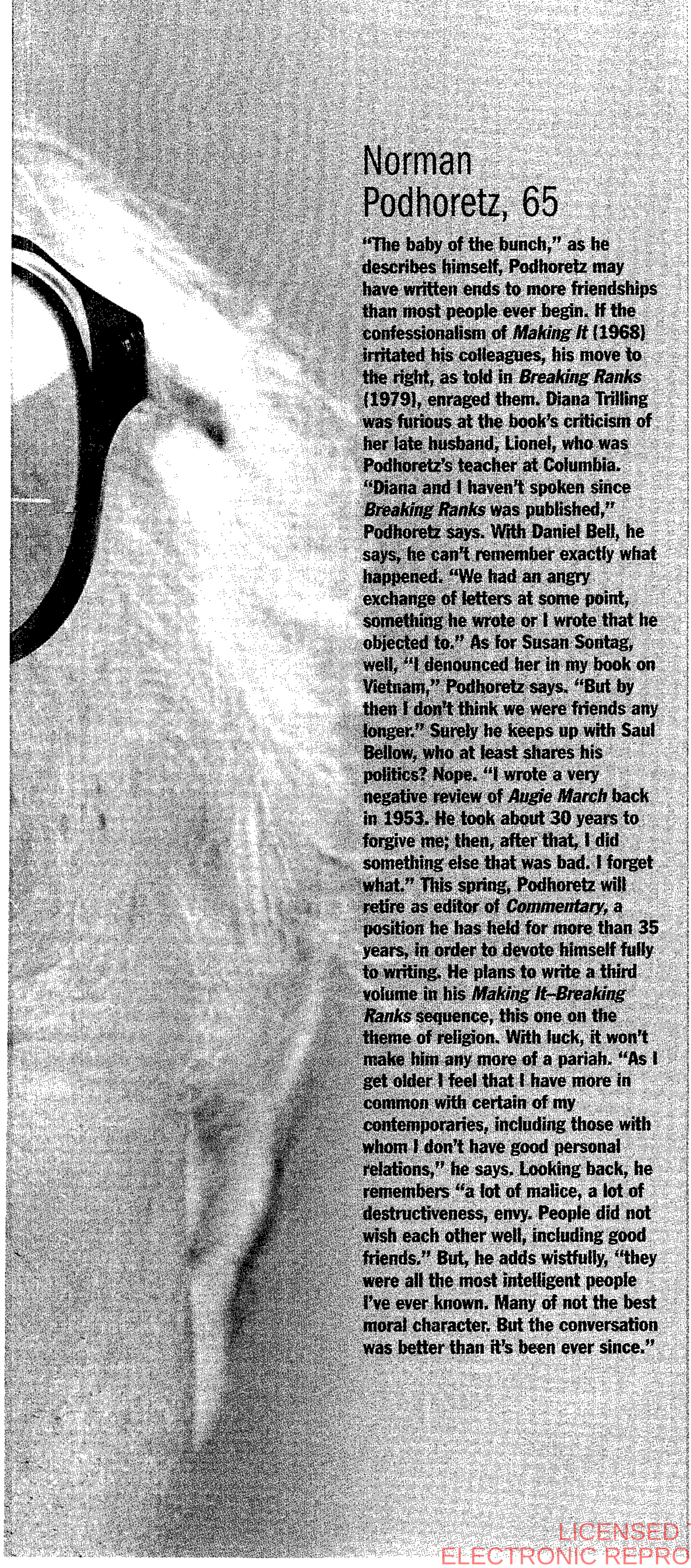
...and so were most of the great mid-century literary and politic
out, moved away, or passed on, but some of the fabled New Y

By Jacob Weisberg



etz Was Here. . .

inkers. Much of the *Partisan Review* crowd has since fallen
tellectuals are still here, and still as cantankerous as ever.



Norman Podhoretz, 65

"The baby of the bunch," as he describes himself, Podhoretz may have written ends to more friendships than most people ever begin. If the confessionalism of *Making It* (1968) irritated his colleagues, his move to the right, as told in *Breaking Ranks* (1979), enraged them. Diana Trilling was furious at the book's criticism of her late husband, Lionel, who was Podhoretz's teacher at Columbia. "Diana and I haven't spoken since *Breaking Ranks* was published," Podhoretz says. With Daniel Bell, he says, he can't remember exactly what happened. "We had an angry exchange of letters at some point, something he wrote or I wrote that he objected to." As for Susan Sontag, well, "I denounced her in my book on Vietnam," Podhoretz says. "But by then I don't think we were friends any longer." Surely he keeps up with Saul Bellow, who at least shares his politics? Nope. "I wrote a very negative review of *Augie March* back in 1953. He took about 30 years to forgive me; then, after that, I did something else that was bad. I forget what." This spring, Podhoretz will retire as editor of *Commentary*, a position he has held for more than 35 years, in order to devote himself fully to writing. He plans to write a third volume in his *Making It–Breaking Ranks* sequence, this one on the theme of religion. With luck, it won't make him any more of a pariah. "As I get older I feel that I have more in common with certain of my contemporaries, including those with whom I don't have good personal relations," he says. Looking back, he remembers "a lot of malice, a lot of destructiveness, envy. People did not wish each other well, including good friends." But, he adds wistfully, "they were all the most intelligent people I've ever known. Many of not the best moral character. But the conversation was better than it's been ever since."

THEY MAY BE THE MOST EULOGIZED CIRCLE OF thinkers, writers, and talkers in our literary history. The New York Intellectuals—that brilliant, quarrelsome bunch that made its reputation in the thirties, forties, and fifties writing for journals with circulations in the low four figures—are now revered as the "American Bloomsbury," as one admiring younger critic put it. Academic specialists, a species they always held in low esteem, churn out dozens of books and Ph.D. theses about them. Debating their legacy while lamenting their passing has itself become a cottage industry. "They have been supplanted by high-tech intellectuals, consultants and professors—anonymous souls who may be competent, and more than competent, but who do not enrich public life," Russell Jacoby complained in *The Last Intellectuals*, one of the more provocative recent elegies.

Jacoby's basic thesis is hard to dispute. There's just one problem: No one told the dinosaurs they are extinct. Certainly, they are on the verge of disappearance, reduced by the recent deaths of Clement Greenberg, Irving Howe, Mary McCarthy, Sidney Hook, William Barrett, and Ralph Ellison. Others remain in self-imposed exile from the city where they first made themselves known. Daniel Bell resides in Cambridge; Saul Bellow, in Boston; Leslie Fiedler, in Buffalo; Irving Kristol, in Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL O'NEILL
FOR *NEW YORK*

But their center of gravity remains Manhattan, where Alfred Kazin, William Phillips, Susan Sontag, Meyer Schapiro, Diana Trilling, Lionel Abel, and Norman Podhoretz still live in musty apartments filled with lifetime collections of books and papers. Their world is essentially gone. But even at their advanced ages, the survivors of the New York Intellectuals remain mentally agile, productive, and ferociously combative.

The original cluster—"the herd of independent minds," as Harold Rosenberg famously called them—drew on various sources: City College, Trotskyism, and *The New Republic* when its offices were in Chelsea rather than Washington. Most were the children of Jewish immigrants. But if there were a single definition of the New York Intellectual, it would have to be someone associated with the magazine *Partisan Review*. *PR* was founded in 1934 as the journal of the Communist Party's John Reed clubs—they shared offices on Sixth Avenue in the Village. But its fame dates from its relaunch in 1937 as a quasi-Trotskyist magazine dedicated to the avant-garde in the arts and to independent radicalism in politics.

On a lucky day you can find a copy of the old *Partisan* in a used-book shop. Almost any copy reveals why it was perhaps the finest literary journal ever published in America. The first issue of the "new" *Partisan,* which I happened upon in the Strand a few years ago, opens with Delmore Schwarz's short-story masterpiece "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" and includes Picasso's famous series of anti-Franco etchings, new poems by Wallace Stevens and James Agee, a withering attack on *The New Yorker* by Dwight Macdonald, an essay on Flaubert by Edmund Wilson, and reviews by Lionel Trilling, Mary McCarthy, Philip Rahv, and Sidney Hook. Everything holds up. Over the next two decades, *PR* introduced to America George Orwell, Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Hannah Arendt, among others. It helped make the reputation of the Abstract Expressionist painters, especially Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. Their merits were debated in *PR* and at the Cedar Tavern on University Place by their respective champions, the critics Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg. In poetry, it was a showcase for the work of Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, and John Berryman. In the fifties and sixties, still vigorous, it was the outlet of choice for Phillip Roth, Bernard Malamud, James Baldwin, Norman Mailer, and Susan Sontag.

In its heyday, this crowd lived what Diana Trilling in her wonderful memoir *The Beginning of the Journey* calls "the life of significant contention." This took the form of open-ended debates in the pages of *PR* and a few other "little magazines" such as *Commentary, Dissent,* and Dwight Macdonald's *politics.* The topics of these conflagrations ranged from whether Stalinist Russia could still be classified as a "socialist" state, to whether America should enter World War II, to the proper attitude toward McCarthyism, to Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* to the disturbances at Columbia in the sixties. These political and aesthetic disputes often became personal ones as well, leading to a long succession of hard-to-follow ruptures, reconciliations, alliances, and feuds. The drama played itself out at well-lubricated, gossipy parties of the kind well described by Norman Podhoretz in *Making It,* a book that drew the overwhelming scorn of "the Family," as he called them.

Ultimately, political differences combined with the rising cost of New York bohemianism led to the disintegration of the Family itself. The great schism was the defection of Kristol and Podhoretz to the right, which led to the rise of the neoconservative movement in the early seventies. Alfred Kazin tells a story about a visit with Kristol around this time. " 'Alfred, I'm thinking of turning right,' " Kazin recalls his saying. "And we were not in a car at the time." Today, there is no love lost between Kazin, a faithful liberal, and the neoconservatives. "I detest their politics," Kazin says. The neocons need no prompting to return the compliment. "I think Kazin's gone off the deep end himself," Podhoretz says.

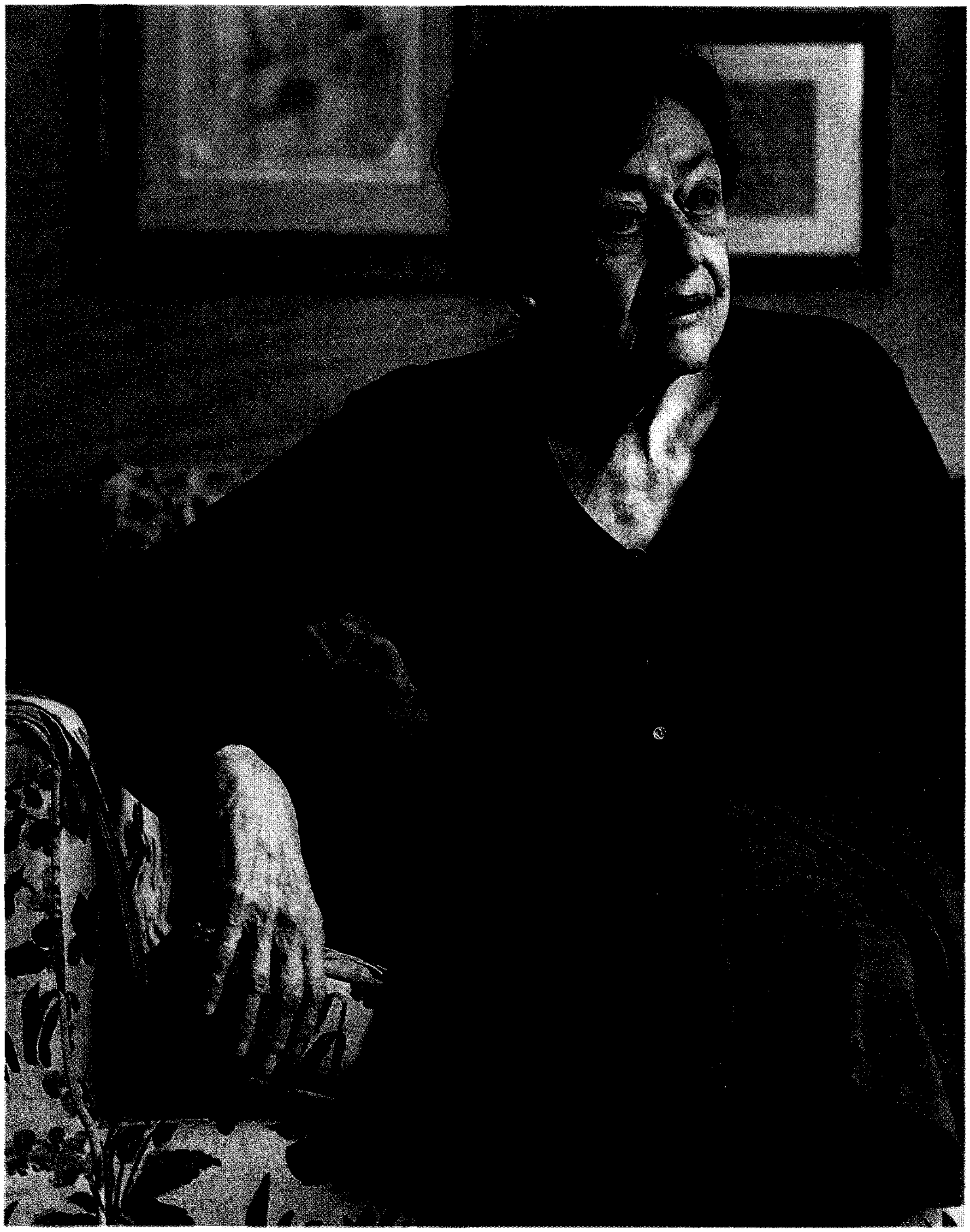
THERE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH MORE to the story than politics and economics. If public intellectuals like Kazin no longer command the broad following they once did, it may be because the common American culture itself has short-circuited. The sharp distinctions between high-, low-, and middlebrow art that the New York Intellectuals lived to carve out now seem anachronistic. The ironic sensibility, as anatomized in Susan Sontag's "Notes on Camp," was a cultural phenomenon to them, not the de rigueur pose it is today.

High seriousness may not be *completely* dead. Some see vestiges at the New York Institute for the Humanities at NYU, a round-table that pays homage to the old school. Last month, Daniel Bell visited to lecture on "The End of the Intellectual—and Why Not?" His point, swaddled in layers of erudition, and sprinkled with biblical and Bolshevik allusions, was that the intelligentsia has a less than unblemished record. In its pursuit of theoretical utopias like Christianity and Marxism, he suggested, it has often justified horrific crimes. Susan Sontag, who was asked to respond after his talk, took umbrage at the portrait. After describing Bell as a friend of 40 years with whom she had fallen out of touch, she argued that the story of intellectuals "is not a tale of dishonor at its core."

If debates like this seem to have a throw-back quality, they are real enough to those involved. "Most of us don't speak," says Podhoretz, though he wishes it weren't so. At the *PR* sixtieth-anniversary party a few months ago, Podhoretz was surprisingly generous about his old friends. But the warm buzz didn't last long. Hilton Kramer, cranky as ever, seized the occassion to denounce the long-dead Harold Rosenberg. The other intellectuals were, appropriately, furious.

Edith Kurzweil, 64, and William Phillips, 84

Last October, *Partisan Review* threw a party to celebrate one of the more amazing runs in American letters: William Phillips's 60 years as editor. All who spoke brimmed with affectionate stories about the sometimes imperious wiseacre who has run the magazine since its inception. *Partisan Review* is still published, but Phillips is the first to acknowledge that life around the magazine is nothing like it was during the days when the office was located off Union Square. "In the past, the community was largely centered in New York and we were friends," Phillips says. "Now, there is a community composed of people who write for the magazine. But they're not here, and we're not close friends. We're not constantly talking and arguing with each other in Stewart's Cafeteria the way we used to. For ten cents," he adds, "you could argue for two hours." Phillips still lives on the Upper West Side, but *PR* is no longer even technically located in New York. Like so many of its writers, it came to require university benefaction; its offices and archives are housed at Boston University. "What I miss is the feeling that when you spoke or did something, there was a community agreeing with you, that you weren't alone," Phillips says. "You were part of a common culture. That's missing." Phillips has now turned much of the operation over to Kurzweil, his companion of many years and designated successor. "If you really are an intellectual," she says, describing the magazine's continuing brief, "what you have to do is address current issues, but also be detached. We keep doing that, though the culture has changed." Kurzweil, a professor of social thought at Adelphi University on Long Island, will probably face the decision about whether to keep *PR* running once Phillips is gone. As long as he is alive, though, he won't close it. "Sometimes I feel like a horse," he says. "It keeps going."



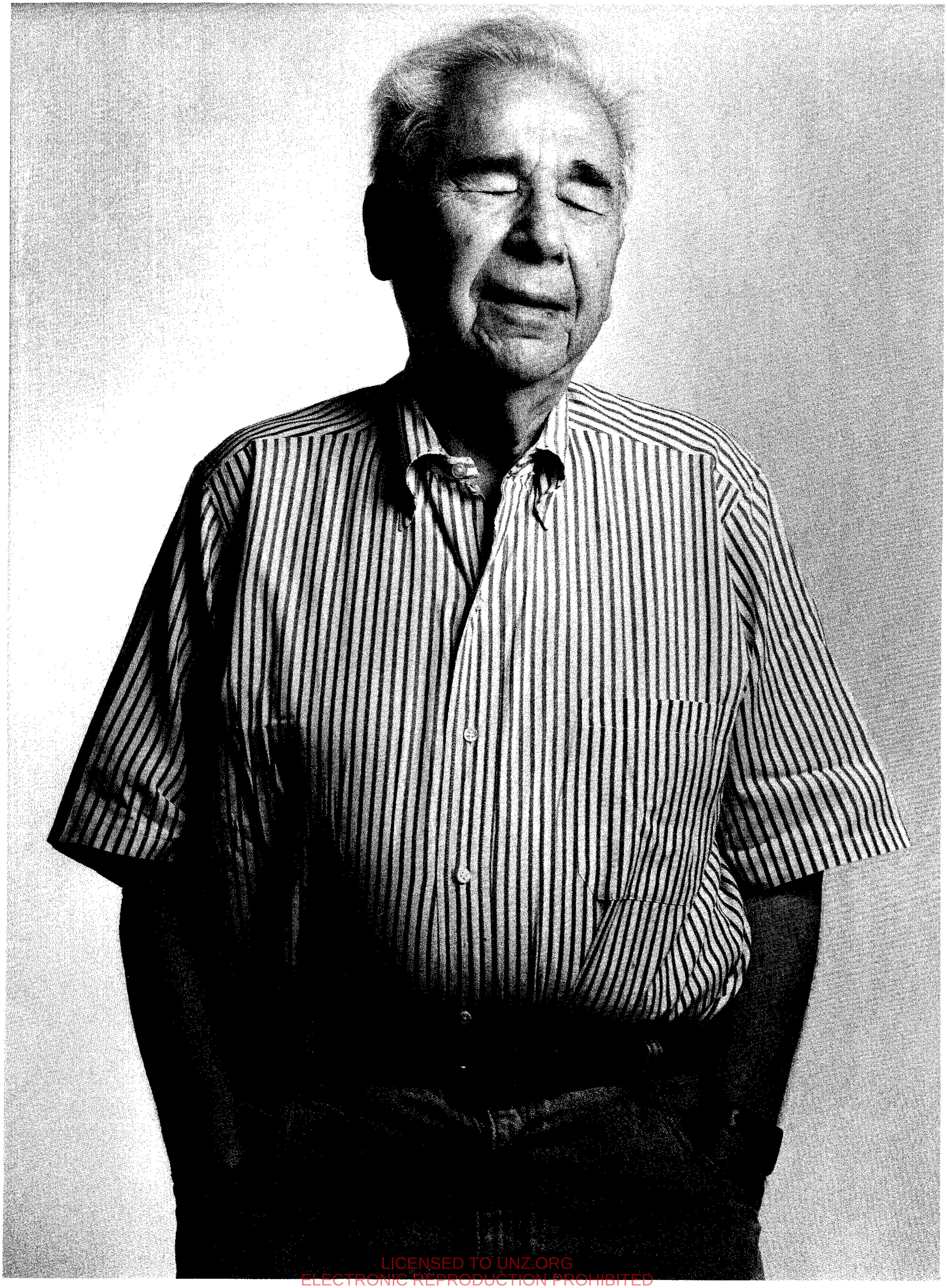
Diana Trilling, 89

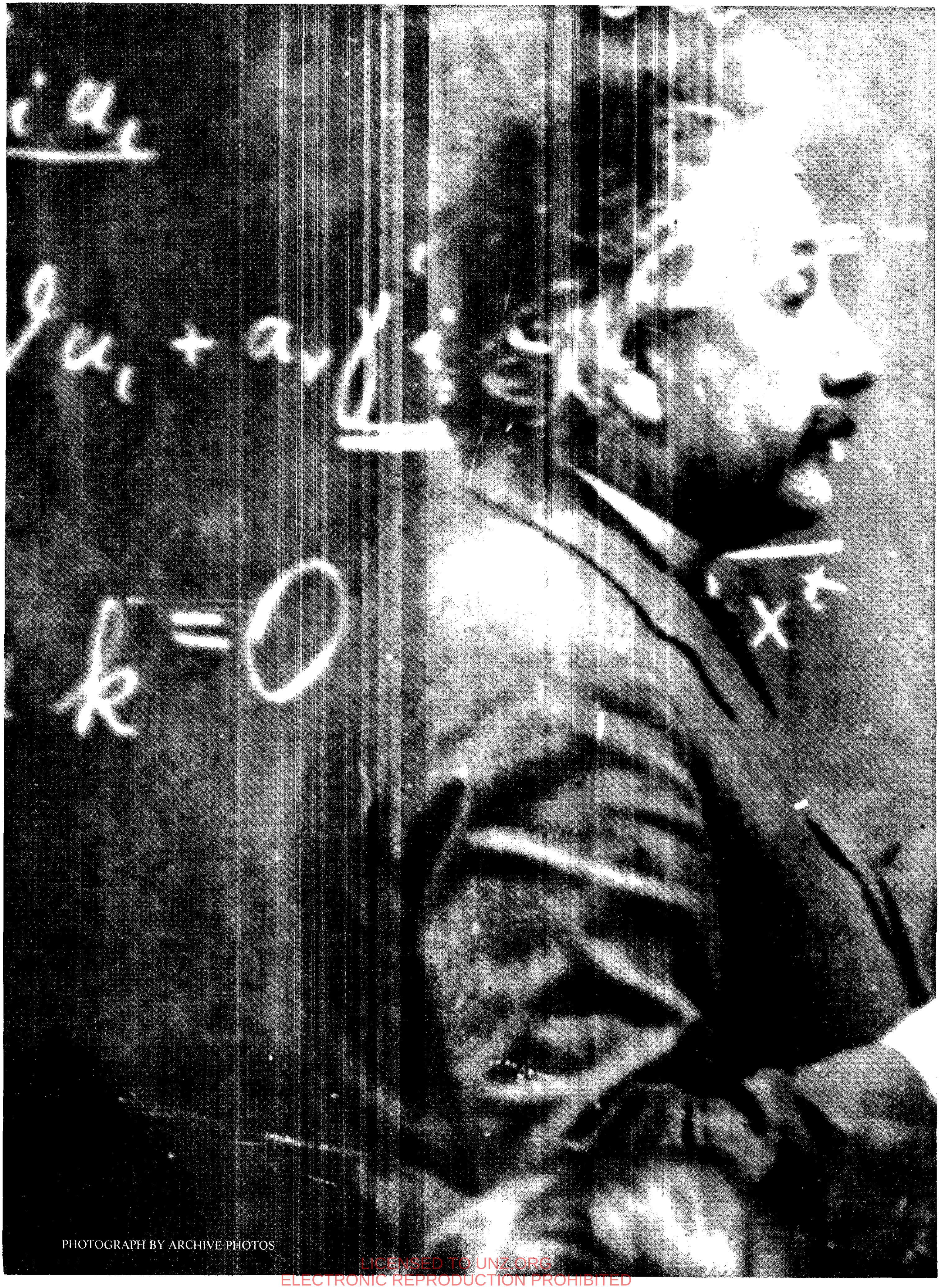
An hour spent at Mrs. Trilling's apartment on Claremont Avenue near Columbia undermines the notion that mental decline is an inevitable part of old age. Some of her best work has been done, and continues to be done, in her eighties. *The Beginning of the Journey*, Trilling's memoir of life with her late husband, Lionel, published in 1993, may be the finest of the New York Intellectual chronicles. It is a remarkable work, ruthless in its introspection and candor about others. As Trilling tells it, she once walked up to her husband at a *PR* party just in time to hear Alfred Kazin demand of him: "When are you going to dissociate yourself from that wife of yours?" Yet her book strikes an elegiac tone for "the strange difficult ungenerous unreliable unkind and not always honest people who created the world in which Lionel and I shared." Though her eyesight is failing, Trilling produces prose by dictation. Her most recent article, in the Library of Congress magazine *Civilization*, bemoans the decline of reading aloud and the poor quality of recorded books. "No one can read anymore," she says. This is part of a broader complaint about the loss of intellectual culture. "I think the life of significant contention no longer exists," she says. "We have enormous division in our society on sectarian or ideological lines. But we don't have any discourse." In academia, Trilling sees the best minds drafted into esoteric specialization, and deplores political correctness run amok. In her view, "multiculturalism is our present-day version of Stalinism—a culture of moral virtue without any thought." As for her own intellectual life, Trilling says she has "virtually no one with whom I can exchange ideas the way I did with Lionel and the whole circle of people we had around us. I feel enormously alone."

SMART NEW YORK

Alfred Kazin, 79

In 1940, Alfred Kazin was hard at work on *On Native Grounds,* the book that was to establish him as a critic. His best friend, Richard Hofstadter, was writing his Columbia dissertation, which would make his name as a historian when it was published as *Social Darwinism in American Thought.* "We'd work all morning at the New York Public Library, eat lunch at the Automat across the street, play one game of Ping-Pong—at which he'd beat me—at a pool parlor on 42nd Street. Then we'd work the rest of the day." Nearly 60 years later, he still misses that time. "I hate being my age, not just for the obvious reasons but because the spiritual world which I see around me—there isn't any," he says over a bowl of matzo-ball soup at his favorite Upper West Side coffee shop. "I miss the kind of intellectual world in which I was brought up. I am homesick for the kinds of standards and values I knew as a young writer." Despite suffering from a variety of ailments, including prostate cancer (in remission), Kazin continues to write obsessively about his two great subjects: American literature and himself. What he calls "my big, big book" about the former—the subtitle is *God and Man in American Writing*—continues to gestate. And he labors daily to distill a volume from the "millions of words" of journal entries he has kept since 1938. (Recently, he has published excerpts in the *Paris Review* and *The New Yorker.*) Nostalgia notwithstanding, Kazin has few kind words for the others on these pages, believing that they have gone too far to the right. On Phillips: "William is obsessed, like all these ex-Communists. He thinks the Communists are still around the corner. It's all nonsense." His true view of Podhoretz, once a close friend, he adds, can't be published. "It would be libelous." ■





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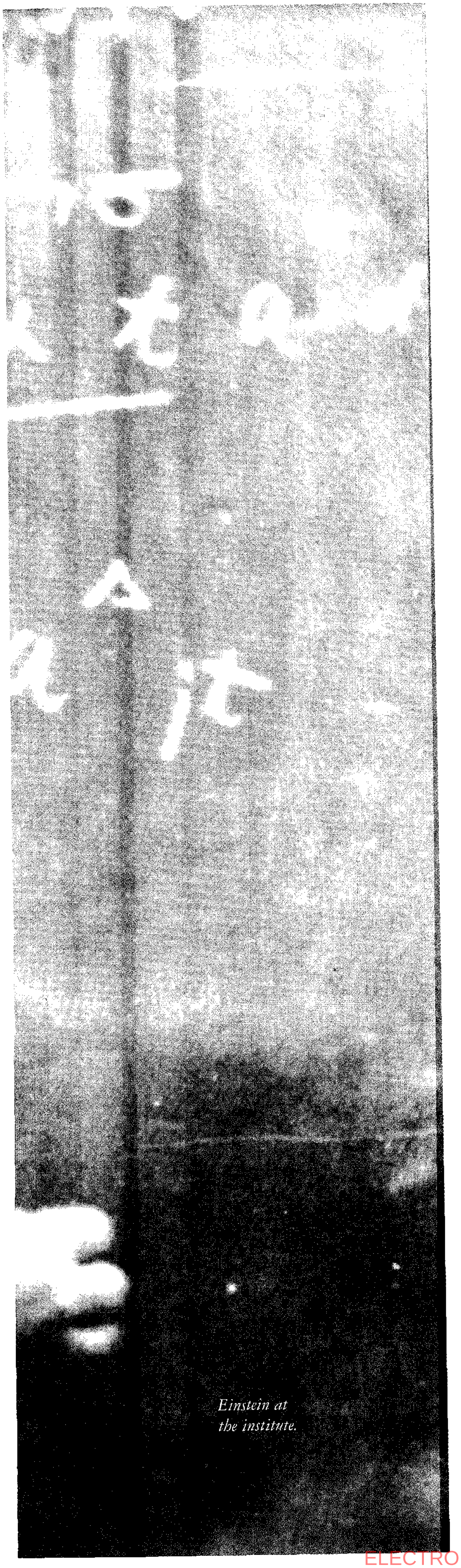
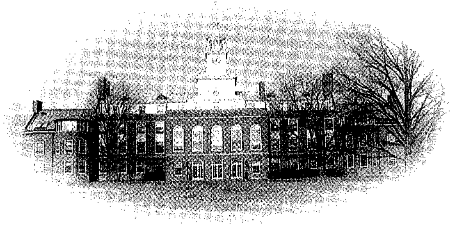


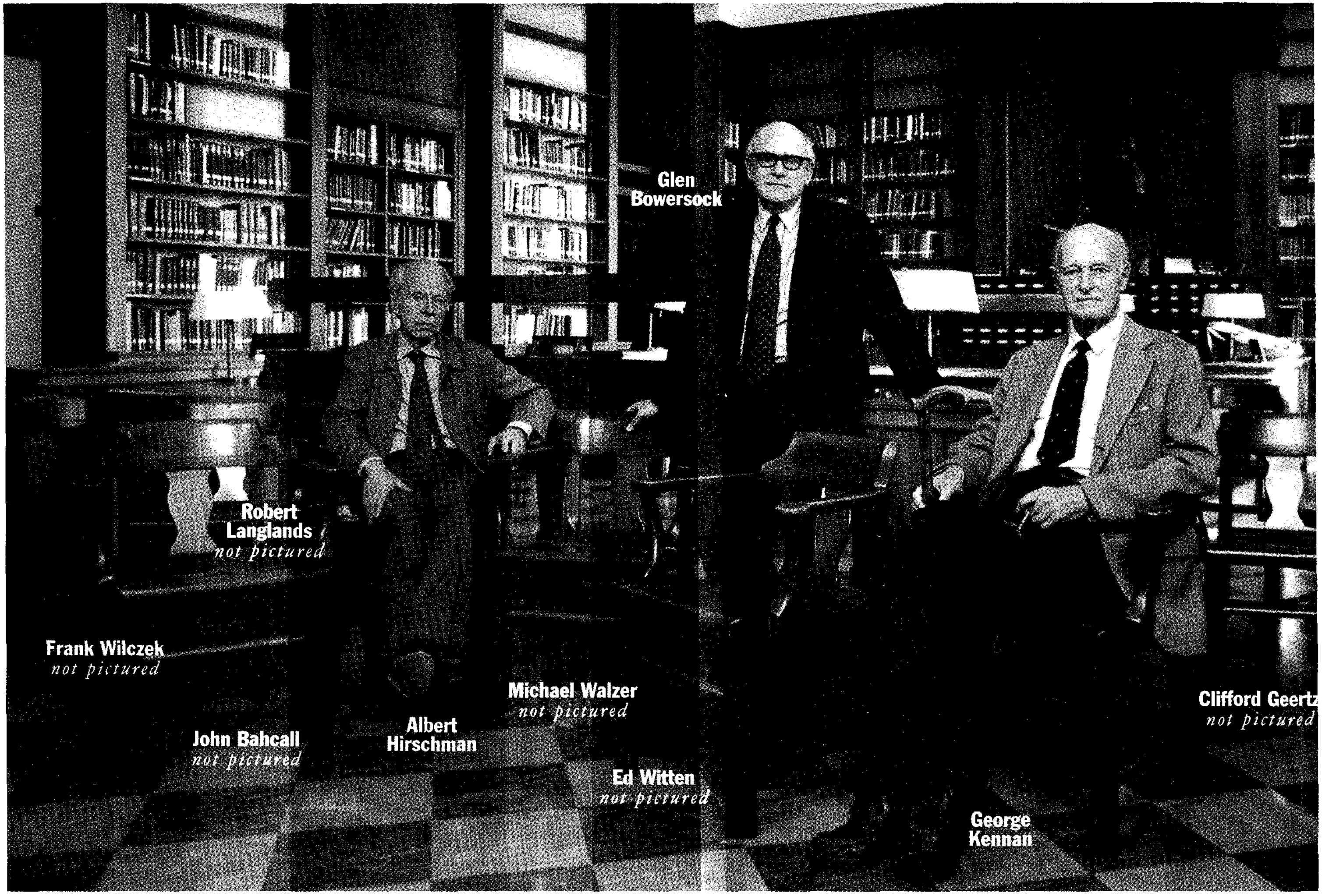
Einstein at the institute.

The Lonely Genius Club

The Institute for Advanced Study is one of history's greatest egghead assemblages. But getting the professors to talk to one another may be a problem without a solution By Adam Begley



OVER DINNER AT THE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY IN PRINCETON, an hour southwest of the city, after the stuffed squab and gratin of salsify but before the sorbets, the talk turns to Einstein. Just how great a physicist was he? At the table are three members of the institute's permanent faculty: Frank Wilczek, a 43-year-old physicist with a lively face under a bald dome who has taken up residence in Einstein's old house on Mercer Street; Robert Langlands, a bearded, 58-year-old mathematician who works in Einstein's old institute office; and Albert Hirschman, a frail economist and intellectual historian in his late seventies who has no connection to the cuddly genius at all. Wilczek, who is in the habit of making bold pronouncements and then covering them with a laugh that rides in on a



sudden gasp, argues that though Einstein was the century's greatest physicist, his discoveries were there to be made—had he not made them, somebody else would have done so soon enough. Objections erupt from every side. Langlands barks questions but reserves judgment.

Physicists describe the workings of the natural world, Wilczek continues. The various paths of discovery all lead in the same direction—to the truth about the universe. Poking at the tablecloth, he states flatly that our understanding of physical laws is nearly complete. It sounds like a somewhat astounding proposition. No one at the table is ready to refute it outright.

But Albert Hirschman breaks the silence, speaking with a European accent that threatens to become a mumble. He quotes from memory an article on Einstein written in the twenties by Charles Nordmann, a French astronomer: "In the dark forest of mystery, science is like a clearing. Man continually enlarges the circumference of the clearing, but at the same time, and thanks to those very efforts, he finds himself in contact on a growing number of points with the shadow of the unknown."

This is exactly the sort of conversation one dreams of overhearing at the Institute for Advanced Study. The nation's first and still-preeminent center for pure research, this "paradise for scholars," as its founder called it, is considered the top rung in America's intellectual ladder, a place where our most accomplished scholars—anthropologists, astronomers, philosophers, historians—can devote themselves to knowledge for knowledge's sake, freed from the tedium of grading papers, sitting on sexual-harassment committees, and listening to the drone of Ph.D. wannabes.

Boosters like to call the institute "intellectual Heaven." It would seem the perfect place for Wilczek's youthful hubris to meet Hirschman's sage humility, the perfect place for a dialogue between what novelist and research scientist C. P. Snow called "the two cultures"—that is, between scientists and literary intellectuals, wary antagonists in a long-running drama of mutual distrust and incomprehension. But at the institute, the two cultures are as estranged as ever. The dinner conversation limps to a halt—which is not really a surprise, since Wilczek, Langlands, and Hirschman are sitting together only at the request of the institute's public-relations officer, for the benefit of a visiting journalist. When it comes to the day-to-day life of the institute, freewheeling intellectual exchanges between professors in different fields happen very seldom indeed.

The institute, wrote its founder, Abraham Flexner (above), was to be a refuge from the "maelstrom of the immediate."

TAKE THE TRAIN FROM PENN STATION to Princeton Junction, then hop aboard what locals call the "dinky"—a shuttle train to downtown Princeton. No sign, no gate, pearly or otherwise, marks the entrance to the institute, but the cabdrivers know the way. It feels buried in the country, like a secluded prep school with all traces of the teenage

Photographs: top, Ted Hardin; bottom, Archive Photos.

Joan Scott
ot pictured

student body meticulously effaced.

A jumble of architectural styles gives the place an any-campus look and makes the odd absence of students seem odder. The undistinguished Georgian-style building, Fuld Hall, that houses the administration and some scholars' offices, features a common room furnished with a dozen armchairs, four couches, and a fireplace. The School of Natural Sciences is split into three boxy brick buildings, drab and utilitarian, each no more than 50 yards from Fuld Hall. Farther off, there's a brand-new math building and a matching lecture hall. In front of the math building is an outdoor blackboard that's hardly ever used. The School of Social Science and most of the historians are in a concrete-and-glass office complex attached to the dining hall, which is also concrete and glass. The library sits beside a small pond, across from the institute's 500-acre woods.

The paths between buildings are empty most of the day. There is an omnipresent hush. The 300 people who come daily to the institute—faculty, visiting members, staff—go about their business in virtual silence. Distraction has been banished, and with it any sign of vitality. Philosopher Ed Regis complained, in *Who Got Einstein's Office?,* his lighthearted 1987 history of the institute, that there's "no tension on the premises, no crackle in the air."

Modeled on Oxford's All Souls and the Collège de France in Paris, and endowed by the department-store-rich Bamberger family in 1930, the institute was designed to be a sanctuary removed from the "maelstrom of the immediate," as educational reformer Abraham Flexner put it when he founded the institute. Seclusion is costly: The Bambergers started Flexner off with $5 million, and today the institute's total endowment is around $230 million, more than Bennington's ($7 million) or Barnard's ($70 million); its 1994 operating expenses came to about $20 million.

Flexner's dream of "a free society of scholars," an idea as old as Plato, is deeply appealing to anyone educated in the liberal-arts tradition, with its optimistic faith in the meeting of minds: here, in the melting pot of nations, a chance for a thick genius stew. But that's not how it works.

"Very little synergism occurs here," says John Bahcall, an astronomer on the institute faculty since 1970. "At the institute, what you get is isolated fiefdoms of excellence." Bahcall likes to tell the story of his first faculty dinner, when he found himself seated across from Kurt Gödel, author of Gödel's Proof and possibly the greatest mathematician of this century—a man dedicated to logic and the clean certainties of mathematical abstraction. Bahcall introduced himself and mentioned that he was a physicist. Gödel replied, "I don't believe in natural science."

It's disappointing when great minds refuse to meet, when one kind of intelligence turns its back on another, but does it matter? If the institute fosters good work, should we mind that it gets done behind closed doors, in monkish solitude? Yes and no. Take away the illusion of harmonious and fruitful interchange, and the institute seems less like Heaven and more like a cold scattering of distant stars. There's no blueprint to make sense of this constellation of great intellects, no grand design, just accidents of history and quirky patterns of institutional growth.

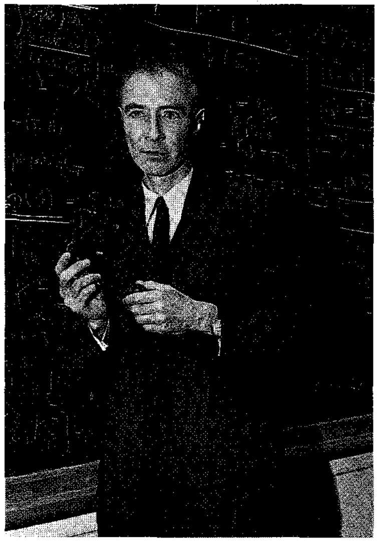
"It should be a haven," Flexner wrote, and because the establishment of the institute coincided with the rise of Nazi Germany, it became exactly that. Einstein, the first faculty member Flexner hired, was fleeing anti-Semitism. Other geniuses in exile, many from Eastern Europe, soon followed: Gödel; art historian Erwin Panofsky; John von Neumann, co-inventor of the implosion mechanism for the first atom bomb, who touched off a nasty scuffle among the faculty when he built the world's first high-speed, stored-program computer. Science at the institute was supposed to be pure theory—no labs, no vulgar machinery.

By the early thirties, the institute was already known as the Einstein Institute. It had become, in effect, a monument to genius—an equivocal legacy at best. Robert Oppenheimer, forever tagged as the father of the atom bomb, who served as the institute's director from 1947 to 1966, recorded his first impressions in a letter to his brother: "solipsistic luminaries shining in separate & helpless desolation." The charmingly disheveled, sockless, uncoiffed, and uncombed Einstein is a figure that Hollywood, without undue strain, can repackage for a romantic comedy like this winter's *I.Q.,* which was shot at the institute. But in the age of e-mail, cultural studies, and political correctness, the idea of quarantined thinkers aloof from the world, their work fueled by the miracle of inspiration, seems an anachronism, a remnant of Romantic myth. Today, the tide of opinion runs in favor of collaboration: Like it or not, we're all plugged into the grid, swept along by ambient cultural forces. What could be more suspicious in this climate than an elite composed of scholarly isolates? Throughout the land, a desperate cry goes up: *Where are our public intellectuals?* And the answer returns: *Buried in academia, every one.* And here these guys are, cocooning in their separate cells, immersed in high theory. A few institute professors who reject the mantle of genius have a name for the symptoms of elevated self-regard exhibited by their colleagues; they call it the Einstein Effect.

Not even Einstein was altogether happy here. Soon after he arrived at the institute, he described his new home to Queen Elizabeth of Belgium as "a quaint and ceremonious village of puny demigods on stilts." After Flexner tried to keep Einstein from accepting a dinner invitation with President Franklin Delano Roosevelt ("Professor Einstein has come to Princeton for the purpose of carrying on his scientific work in seclusion," Flexner wrote to the White House. "It is absolutely impossible to make any exception which would inevitably bring him into public notice"), Einstein started sending letters to friends with the return address "Concentration Camp, Princeton."

"The towering giants of yesteryear are gone," says one distinguished sociologist of science. "As

"IF EVERY ONE OF US IS SOMEWHERE FAR OUT ON ONE OF THE TWIGS OF THE TREE OF LEARNING," KENNAN SAYS, "WE'RE UNLIKELY TO HAVE MUCH IN COMMON WITH ANYONE ELSE."

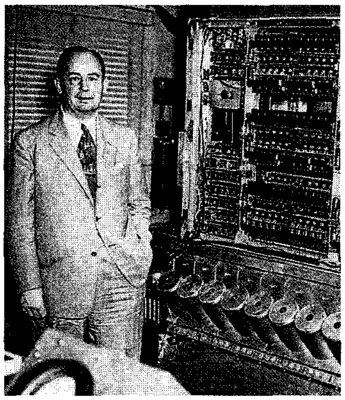


Institute director Robert Oppenheimer wrote of "solipsistic luminaries" in "helpless desolation."

Photograph by UPI/Bettmann.

The common room at Fuld Hall, the institute's administration building.

"ALL THESE GREAT FIGURES," SAYS GEERTZ OF HIS FELLOW PROFESSORS, "THEY TURN INTO BOBBY-SOXERS WHEN THEY GET NEAR MOVIE STARS."



Other scholars frowned on Dr. John von Neumann when he built a computer: a mere machine, they sniffed.

the institute has hired new people, there's been an inevitable regression toward the mean." But how do you measure the accomplishments of thinkers engaged in advanced study? Compile a bibliography? Tally the citations institute members receive in scientific and scholarly journals? Or do you list prizes bestowed? This month, 71-year-old Freeman Dyson, the institute's most eccentric physicist, will receive the Fermi Medal; and last year, 88-year-old André Weil, brother of Simone Weil and the institute's most curmudgeonly mathematician, won the Kyoto Prize. The youngsters also racked them up in '94: Frank Wilczek was awarded the Dirac Medal, and Jean Bourgain, 40, a specialist in harmonic analysis, won the Fields Medal—the equivalent, in mathematics, of a Nobel Prize. It's the same every year, a litany of new professional honors added to the institute's collective CV.

Even if the rumor of a gradual decline were widely accepted as fact, there would still be plenty of candidates eager to fill an opening. Flexner pampered his thinkers with a cushion of material ease, and the tradition of munificence continues. Every professor earns the same salary: $135,000 in 1994, a good notch above what a well-heeled university might pay a top scholar. In return, the 21 permanent faculty members are required to be in residence about six months of the year. That's it—no teaching load, no curriculum, no degrees granted.

One can't help being struck by the immense privilege conferred on faculty members. They work in huge offices, acreage university presidents could hardly conceive of. They are assisted by an abundant staff. When they retire at 70, they receive a pension instead of a salary; they hold on to their offices; the tag *emeritus* is attached to their title. Nothing else changes. Only death pries the permanent faculty from the institute.

Instead of teaching, the faculty exercises a lofty generosity: It invites roughly 160 postdoctoral scholars from around the world, some fresh from graduate school, others in mid-career, to join the institute as members, generally for one or two semesters. For professors who deplore the Einstein Effect, the business of perpetuating an exalted permanent faculty is a slightly embarrassing sideshow to the institute's core mission, which they believe to be the selection of visiting members. But if the raison d'être of today's institute is to provide unrestricted opportunity for study to a carefully chosen cohort of temporary members (culled from a yearly crop of more than 1,000), why not just hand out grants and a hot lunch and send all the permanent geniuses home?

MOST AMERICAN RESEARCH institutes are run by a small administrative staff and consist solely of visiting members. Michael Walzer, a political theorist who has been an institute professor since 1980, when he was hired away from Harvard, argues that a permanent faculty promotes "coherence and common values." That fits neatly with Walzer's communitarian agenda (he likes to correct the liberal theory of individual rights with a dose of the collective good), but it doesn't sound much like the Institute for Advanced Study.

Upstairs in Fuld Hall, in a grand wood-paneled office, is George Kennan—the 91-year-old author of the Cold War doctrine of containment and probably the institute's most celebrated living member. He has been a professor since 1950. "I've loved every bit of it," he says. And yet, when asked who on the faculty talks to whom and how often, he seems uncomfortable and bothered; his answer is uncharacteristically vague. "The problems of the institute," he says, "are harder to solve in the case of the permanent faculty than they are in the case of the temporary members."

Asked what he means, he replies that scholarship is mostly a lonely business, but that not everyone is suited to working in isolation. He shifts in his chair. A tall man with impressively erect posture, he speaks slowly, mildly. "If you pronounce the name of the institute with the accent on the word *Advanced,*" he says, "it suggests right then and there what our dilemma is: If every one of us is somewhere far out on one of the twigs of the tree of learning, we're unlikely to have much in common with anyone else."

Did Kennan mingle with scientists in the early days—with Einstein, say?

"I never went to see him," Kennan replies, more amused than regretful. "This was partly a

Photograph: top, Ted Hardin.

reflection of my youthful arrogance. I felt that I knew nothing about his subject and knew it. And Einstein knew nothing about my subject and didn't know it."

A SENSE OF COMMUNITY MIGHT BE easier to achieve if the literate and the numerate tried breaking bread together. Tea is served in the Fuld Hall common room every afternoon at 3 P.M.; a clutch of young mathematicians sometimes hovers briefly by the tray of Danish, Styrofoam cups in their hands, equations rolling off their tongues. Professors emeriti sink deep in their armchairs, sipping their tea from heavy institutional porcelain and reading through the paper. It does not seem like a spot to make new friends.

In the dining hall, the jigsaw pattern of socializing goes well beyond the simple polarity of science vs. humanities. Dinner, served twice a week, is a stately gastronomic event frequented by the Friends of the Institute, a fund-raising group largely composed of Princeton locals. Lunch, served cafeteria-style, involves limited cross-disciplinary mixing on the part of the humanities types—social scientists sitting with historians, for example—but segregation by subspecialty on the part of the "hard" scientists is strict. John Bahcall says they are atomized not just by narrow professional interests but also by a language gap. An astrophysicist hard at work on gravitational microlensing has trouble communicating with a particle physicist whose mind is on condensed matter and high-temperature superconductivity, or with a mathematician who has spent the morning wrestling with the moduli spaces of vector bundles on curves.

The jargon flows freely in a dining-hall seminar room where the social scientists—about two dozen, half of them women, many of them foreign, the young ones wearing black—gather for their own, tribal Thursday lunch. A lectern with a microphone has been set up at the head of the table. Joan Scott, the only woman currently on the institute's permanent faculty, a social historian who focuses on gender, stands up to introduce Mary Poovey, a visiting member who teaches literature at Johns Hopkins. Poovey, dressed in a short skirt and tall black leather boots, announces that she will read from a work in progress in the hope that it will generate discussion, that people will stop her in the halls and trade ideas. The aim of her project is to rethink the Enlightenment. She speaks for 40 minutes; it is an impenetrable tangle of theory talk. Within two minutes, she invokes Michel Foucault; within five minutes, signs and signifiers lose contact with the signified; within ten minutes, Michael Walzer and Albert Hirschman, sitting in the back of the room, are both gently snoozing. Karl Marx gets a mention; Hirschman opens his eyes and dutifully scribbles notes. Walzer wakes, makes origami out of his napkin, and snoozes again. In the same seminar room, on Tuesdays, the astrophysicists meet for their weekly lunch, joined by colleagues from Princeton, Rutgers, Bell Labs, and other nearby institutions. One Tuesday, John Bahcall, who has been a lead scientist with the Hubble Space Telescope program, sits surveying the long, U-shaped table crowded with some 35 astrophysicists, all of them engaged in lively shoptalk. Clanking his spoon against his soup bowl, he announces that introductions are still ongoing. Over the next hour, six young scientists, all in their twenties or thirties, identify themselves by name, institutional affiliation, academic rank, and special interest. They speak of their current projects, unleashing a seamless flow of technical terms—*galaxy dynamics, rotational velocities, photoionization.* Astronomers, it seems, don't pad their sentences with filled pauses—no ums and ahs; no tongue-tied science geeks within earshot. Bahcall clanks his spoon to squelch rogue conversation, cuts off the long-winded, and closely questions the glib. Energetic and blunt, he focuses the attention of the entire group. Nobody doodles or yawns. When at last he says "Okay, that's it for lunch," the room clears out in 30 seconds.

CLIFFORD GEERTZ, AN anthropologist who studies the cultures of Indonesia and Morocco, has been a member of the faculty for 25 years. In his forthcoming memoir, *After the Fact,* he portrays the institute as "a crossroads of controversy, artfully designed to make contentment difficult," a place plagued by "chronic discord" and "internal warfare." The strife is compounded by inertia: "If past is prologue anywhere," Geertz contends, "it is at the institute, which less transcends its crises than, reproducing its culture with a fidelity that would make the Tibetans envious, reenacts them."

With his bushy white beard, thick white hair, florid face, and big belly, Geertz hardly looks like a man given to whining. Indeed, when he sits in his gorgeous third-floor office, the institute woods crowding in at the window, he has mostly nice things to say about his job—"damn near total freedom" is his gruff summary. The bitterness on display in his memoir is partly the product of frustration: Geertz and his social-science colleagues have been trying to bridge the science divide, and until recently, the results have been disastrous. For Geertz, every faculty squabble is a depressing

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reminder of the battle royal he suffered through more than two decades ago when he nominated sociologist Robert Bellah as a permanent member of the institute faculty. A gang of mathematicians and historians, who considered Bellah's work on religion too mushy, allied to block the appointment. "As the furor mounted," Geertz writes in his memoir, "what had started out as a straightforward matter exploded, dignity be damned . . . into sheer unreason. Comity, such as it was, collapsed altogether."

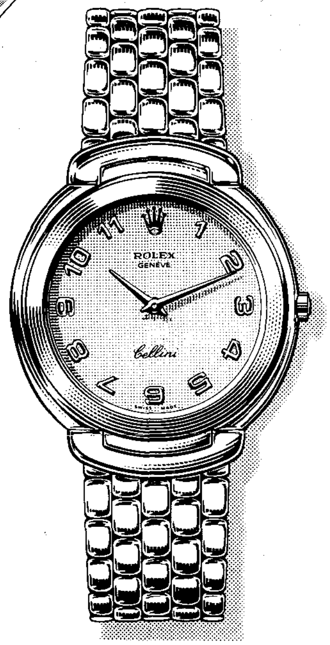
Five years ago, the social scientists proposed that Bruno Latour, a champion of what is called science studies, be made a permanent faculty member. Science studies examines scientists and their production of knowledge the way social scientists would examine any other human group under scrutiny—with no more respect and no less. The social scientists had hoped that Latour's presence at the institute would initiate a collegial dialogue between the humanists and the "hard" scientists.

The overture backfired. The physicists claimed that Latour's grasp of science was inadequate and found the prospect of enduring his dispassionate scrutiny disconcerting. Frank Wilczek was particularly incensed; he refused to become the subject of "the techniques anthropologists have used to study preliterate cultures. . . . That is clearly inappropriate in the study of modern science. You can't make sense of the endeavor without reference to what it is about." Glen Bowersock, a historian of ancient Greece and Rome, puts it more succinctly: "If some professor was going to come sit around and study what I do all day long, I'd feel a little squeamish."

SMART NEW YORK

A special faculty-review committee formed to consider the case delivered a favorable verdict on Latour, but his agitated opponents voiced objections so strenuous and angry that the board of trustees declined to act on the nomination. Latour wasn't offered the job.

Determined, the School of Social Science proposed another advocate of science studies. This time they prevailed, largely because the new candidate had scientific credentials (a doctorate in physics) and approaches his subject with an insider's sympathy. Peter Galison chairs the Harvard history-of-science department, with a joint appointment in history of science and physics, all at the tender age of 39. Galison has been invited by the trustees to become an institute professor. He isn't sure whether to accept. At the moment, he's a visiting member, camped out for the year in an empty, faculty-size office. His is usually the only open door on a long, quiet hall-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way. Polite and unassuming, with a head of curly brown hair untouched by gray, Galison looks more like a mildly rumpled graduate student than like a professor with an endowed chair at Harvard. If he were to stay at the institute, he insists, he would want to increase the communication between the humanities and the sciences. "It's important for me in my own work, as well as in my personal relations with people," he says. "There are two complementary sides of academic life, the *vita activa* and the *vita contemplativa*. Everybody—no matter where in the academic establishment—has to find some balance between the two." Galison must ask himself whether he's ready to tip toward contemplation. He might also consider the wisdom of one occasional institute lecturer, the late Richard Feynman, winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1965, who took careful note of the "poor bastards" at the institute "who had been specially selected for their tremendous brains" and yet found themselves suddenly without a new idea. No distractions, no excuses—"nothing happens." Feynman knew why: "because there's not enough real activity and challenge. You're not in contact with the experimental guys. You don't have to think how to answer questions from the students. Nothing!"

PERHAPS THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO UNEQUIVOCALLY enjoy the institute are its visiting members. Nose to the grindstone, either because they're young and this is a defining moment in their career or because they're older and deep into a project that the *vita activa* of their home university impedes, they're happily oblivious of their hosts' discomfort. Still, the complex of apartments designed by Marcel Breuer, each sparsely furnished with uncomfortable modernist furniture, suggests a chilly monasticism, an impression reinforced by the curious fact that every bed in every bedroom is single—and narrow. One scholar calls the institute "part cathedral, part tomb." Another who recently spent a semester there piled all his angular institute furniture into a spare room and went out and rented an entire suite of comfy furnishings, king-size bed included.

Real activity does occasionally galvanize the place. A pitched battle over a faculty appointment can do the trick, and so can the presence of a Hollywood film crew. *I.Q.* featured Fuld Hall as a backdrop; Walter Matthau paraded around campus last summer in his wig, a taller-than-life Einstein. "All these great figures," says Clifford Geertz, "they turn into bobby-soxers when they get near movie stars." Starstruck professors kept an eye peeled for Matthau and his co-stars, Meg Ryan and Tim Robbins. "It was so much fun," says Joan Scott. "The place acquired a kind of vitality, this whole electric feeling." ■

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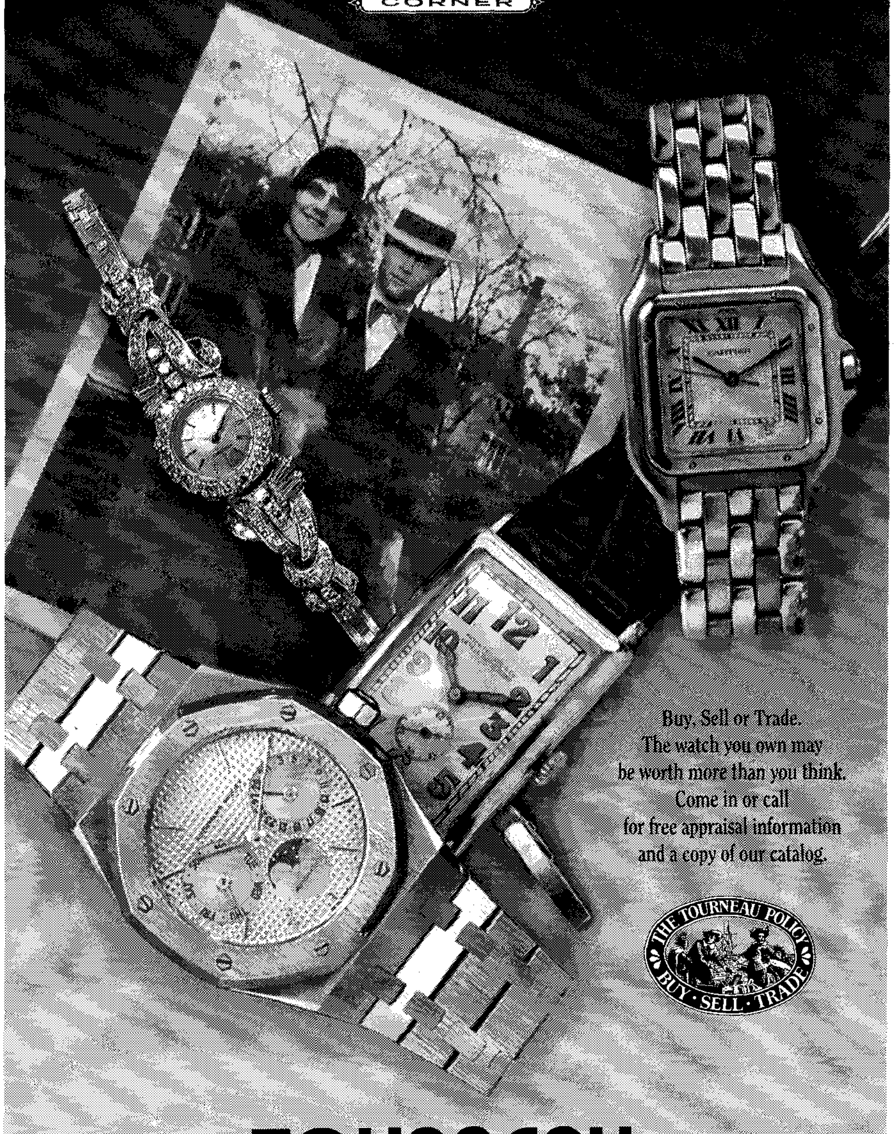

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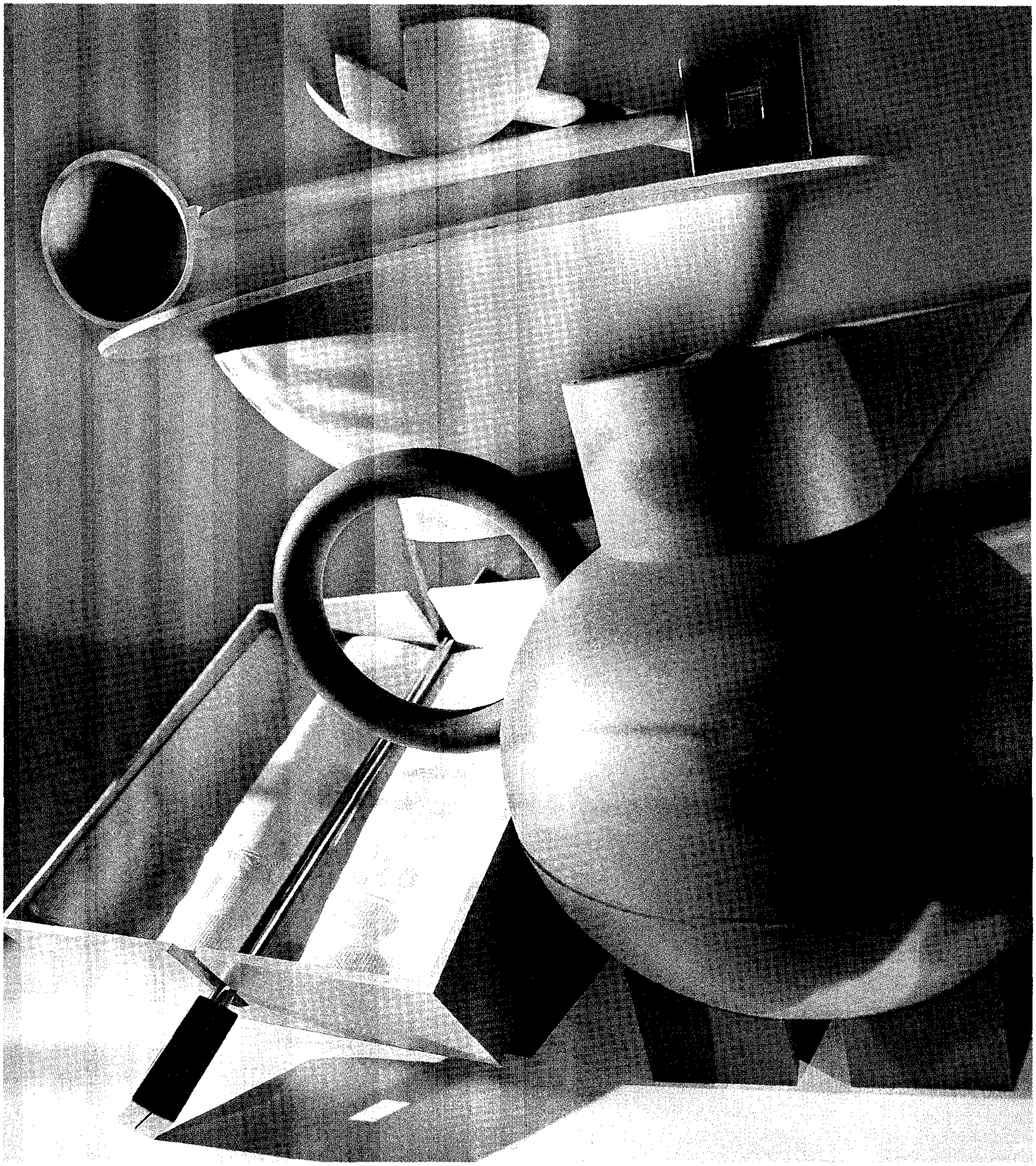


Circle and the Square

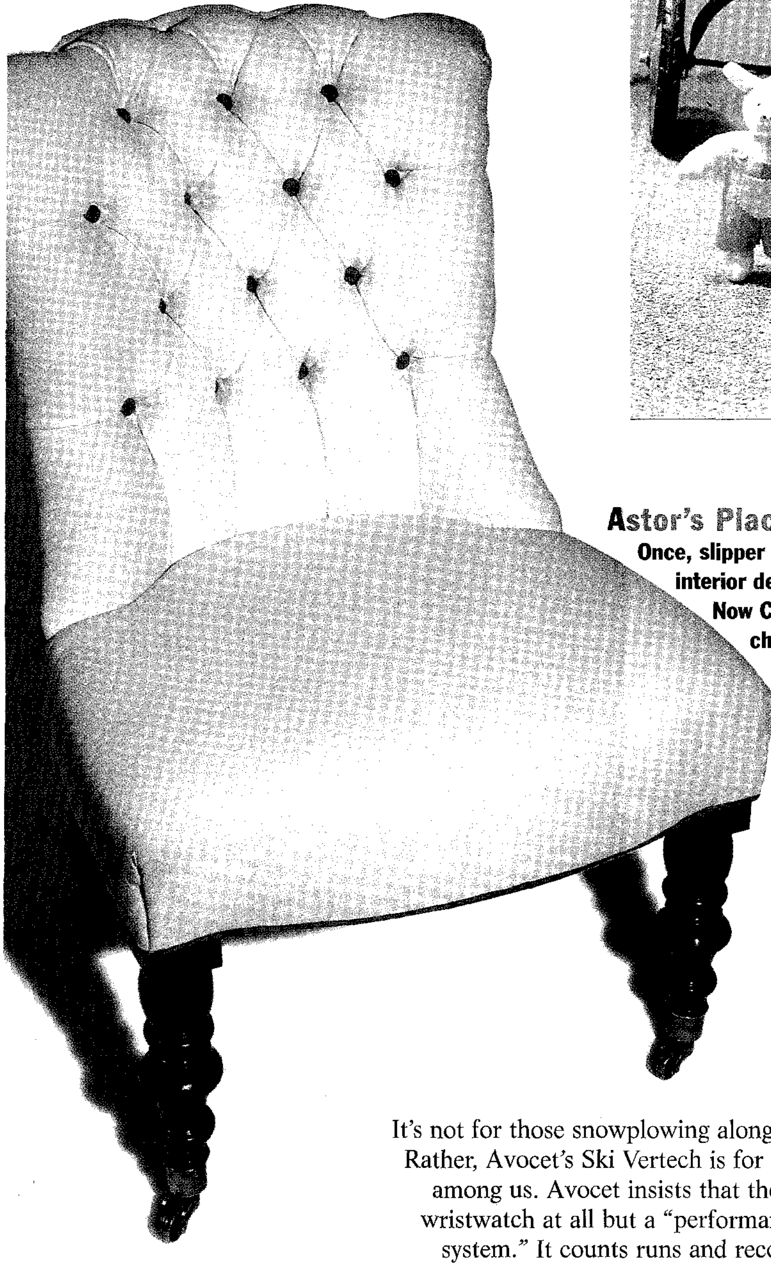
To Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare," but it wasn't so much beauty as the Greek mathematician's theory of proportion that inspired Michael Graves. In his new Euclid collection for Alessi, the architect (and prolific tchotchke stylist) has turned basic geometric shapes—circles, squares, rectangles, triangles—into witty thermoplastic carafes, trays, canisters, and salad bowls. (From $35 for salad servers to $100 for a thermal carafe.)

LEE'S STUDIO/*1755 Broadway, at 56th Street/581-4400*

Photograph by John Wilkes.

Very Little Women

Dorothy would feel quite comfortable at Plain Jane, even though this shop is on the Upper West Side, not in Kansas. Melanie Williams and Suzanne O'Brien have filled it with kids' clothing patterned after the simple designs of the past. Handmade jumpers, overalls, and bloomers are inset with vintage fabrics; "paper boat" hats are decorated with old buttons; and Grandma's hankies are now crib quilts. There's furniture and toys (mostly antiques) and dust ruffles in ginghams and chambrays. (From $11 for a teddy bear to $60 for a jumper to $600 for a dresser.)
PLAIN JANE/*205 West 80th Street/595-6916*



Astor's Place

Once, slipper chairs were relegated to the bedroom, but that was before interior designers got hooked on these short-legged, high-backed seats. Now Charlotte Moss has come up with six diminutive upholstered chairs named after English and American hostesses famous for their grand salons. Our favorite? The button-tufted Nancy—for Nancy Astor, the first female member of Parliament ($995, not including fabric; allow four to six weeks for delivery).
CHARLOTTE MOSS/*1027 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street/772-3320*

Speed Racer

It's not for those snowplowing along the bunny trails. Rather, Avocet's Ski Vertech is for the Tommy Moes among us. Avocet insists that the Vertech is not a wristwatch at all but a "performance-measurement system." It counts runs and records the number of vertical feet skied, as well as the maximum and average rate of descent. It has barometer, thermometer, and altimeter functions and is also a chronometer (with an alarm, a stopwatch, and a countdown timer). And yes, it *does* tell the time, and it *is* worn on the wrist ($119.95).
SCANDINAVIAN SKI & SPORT/*40 West 57th Street/757-8524*

Photographs: top, Jen Fong; center and bottom, Jeremy Shatan.

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Losing Our Virtue

Sternness is chic; rectitude is hot. In historian Gertrude Himmelfarb's new book, even the Victorians' vaunted hypocrisy has its uses.

Himmelfarb's mission: to rescue the adjective *Victorian* from its liberal enemies.

The De-moralization of Society: From Victorian Virtues to Modern Values

BY GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

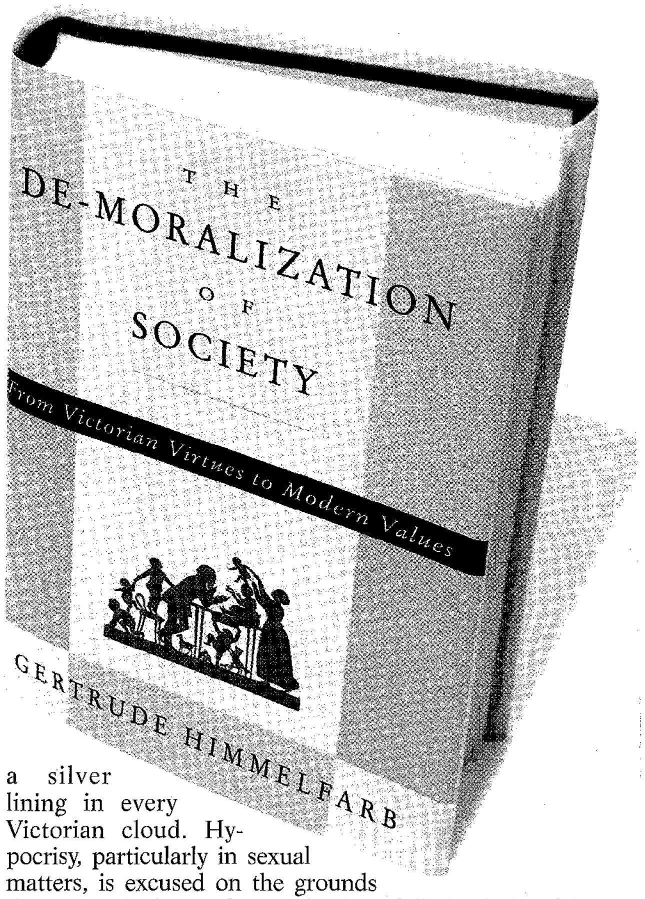
Alfred A. Knopf; 288 pages; $24

LOOK AROUND: IT'S HIP TO BE STERN. A bracing new era of firmness is upon us. This chill moral wind has just blown into Congress, but it's been whirling for a while now through bookstores, where guides to good behavior, treasuries of uplifting stories, and prescriptions for social renewal are taking over the shelves. In the time it took to make William Bennett's *The Book of Virtues* a national best-seller, we've gone from the New Age to the New Old Age. Surgeons general with thoughts on masturbation are out; cold-shower conservatism is in.

Historian Gertrude Himmelfarb's *The De-moralization of Society* is the latest attempt to set things right by showing how things went wrong. The book is an elegant, literate defense of nineteenth-century English mores and morals. Himmelfarb (who has the right name for the job—it could be the German verb for "to scrub with a hard-bristled brush") wants to rescue the adjective *Victorian* from its liberal enemies, turning it from a synonym for *stuffy, repressed,* and *hypocritical* into a seal of general approval. What Gingrich is trying to do for orphanages—erase their grim Dickensian taint—Himmelfarb tries to do for an entire historical period.

The salvage job starts with language. What we call values (free-form puffs of ethical energy) the Victorians called virtues (hard-edged instruments of moral force). What's been lost in the translation, according to Himmelfarb, is almost everything. Values ooze, while virtues hold their shape. Values can be mixed and matched, while virtues must be worn in fixed ensembles. "Values, as we now understand that word, do not have to be virtues; they can be beliefs, opinions, attitudes, feelings, habits, conventions, preferences, prejudices, even idiosyncrasies—whatever any individual, group, or society happens to value, at any time, for any reason. . . . This impartial, 'nonjudgmental,' as we now say, sense of values—values as 'value free'—is now so firmly entrenched in the popular vocabulary and sensibility that one can hardly imagine a time without it."

Himmelfarb helps us imagine such a time: Victorian England, in all its splendid primness. Methodically, she attacks our stereotypes, substituting good images for bad ones and casting the very darkest blots as exceptions that prove the rule. Good-bye to dim workhouses teeming with hungry waifs; hello to idealistic settlement houses where Oxford scholars taught Shakespeare to the poor. Good-bye to passionless marriages between corseted women and tyrannical men; hello to lusty couplings between valued helpmeets and trim authority figures. Good-bye to Karl Marx's greedy capitalists; hello to Beatrice Webb's self-helping businessfolk.



Photograph by Jonathan Gross.

Himmelfarb gets quite creative at times, searching for a silver lining in every Victorian cloud. Hypocrisy, particularly in sexual matters, is excused on the grounds that hey, nobody's perfect, and at least folks back then felt bad enough to *lie.* "The Victorians thought it no small virtue to maintain the appearance, the manners, of good conduct even while violating some moral principle, for in their demeanor they affirmed the legitimacy of the principle itself. . . . They did not flout conventional morality; on the contrary, they tried to observe at least the manner of it because they truly believed the substance of it." (Fear of punishment isn't mentioned.) What an interesting notion, and how absurd. Does this mean O. J. Simpson, if he's guilty, is somehow doing the right thing by pleading innocent? At least he's showing he knows that murder's *wrong.* Himmelfarb cites the example of the eminent statesman and four-time prime minister William Gladstone, a man who talked a moral game in public but confessed in his diaries to nasty longings and a Swaggartish obsession with prostitutes. Clean on the outside, filthy on the inside, Gladstone and people like him "did not take sin lightly—their own sins or anyone else's. If they were censorious of others, they were also guilt-ridden about themselves." Well, bully for dirty old men!

Himmelfarb devotes a large part of her intellectual restoration project to portraits of women and the family. Victorian feminism, she argues, was not an angry rebellion against men but a highly moral crusade for women. What's more, such feminists were as likely to be old-fashioned matrons as liberated maidens. Himmelfarb details feminist opposition to female suffrage, birth control, and relaxed divorce laws. George Eliot—whose pantomimed marriage to an already-married man is, for Himmelfarb, a prime example of constructive hypocrisy—refused to support the vote for women out of a fond belief in "resignation." Himmelfarb doesn't commend such positions, but she wants us to understand and respect them. The idea of a "separate sphere" for women is sympathetically reconsidered, if only to show that the inevitable march toward sexual equality was not so inevitable after all. "If there was one common denominator among them [Victorian feminists], it was the belief that liberation . . . should not be purchased at the expense of 'womanliness' and the 'domestic virtues.' "

As for sex, Victorian women and men may not have talked a lot about it, but, Himmelfarb hints, they were plenty busy doing it. "There is enough evidence to suggest that the conventional view of sexual repression is much exaggerated; the many happy marriages, for example, surely testify to satisfactory sexual relations." Me, I'm not so sure about that "surely," but Himmelfarb is convincing on other points. Monogamy, she demonstrates, was a widely held ideal, even among socialists and "decadents." Oscar Wilde, we're reminded, had a wife and two kids. His imprisonment resulted from a lawsuit he himself brought, in an attempt to refute sexual rumors we now know to be true. Even more revealing is the case of Olive Schreiner, a novelist whose most popular book features a heroine who refuses to marry and lose her freedom, despite a pregnancy and, later, a terminal illness. In real life, Schreiner longed unrequitedly for a free-thinking male colleague who scorned her, before she settled for a marriage of convenience. Himmelfarb savors this irony, recounting with some satisfaction Schreiner's unhappy subsequent life, replete with miscarriages, artistic failure, and a lonely, loveless end. For all its thematic relevance, this part of the book has a mean, vindictive feel: *There,* you uppity bohemians.

Himmelfarb's bottom-line argument for preferring hard virtues to mushy values is that virtues work—or at least they did *once.* Under Victoria, everything everyone wanted to drop dropped: crime rates, illegitimacy, poverty. How this happened isn't clear. But the suggestion is that by re-adopting standards of thrift, self-denial, cleanliness, and honesty, we *can* go home again. Maybe so. If society can be *de*-moralized, perhaps it can be *re*-moralized, too, the toothpaste of goodness returned to the tube. Himmelfarb is a reformer, like the Victorians she most admires, and her book is advocacy framed as history. What it leaves out is the bridge from then to now—the intervening century of genocides, revolutions, and world wars. That's the truly demoralizing stuff. ▬

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Big Famine, Small Feast

Alas for anyone enduring Walken's 'Him' or the Jewish Rep's 'Living Proof.' For theatrical stimulation recently, the best bet was cabaret.

THE CURRENT SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL OF **Grease!** has been further enriched by the takeover of the part of Rizzo by Brooke Shields. Well, kind of enriched. Getting rid of Rosie O'Donnell is an absolute good; Miss Shields is a relative one. Tall, lithe, and with a face so comely that even the ghastly period hairdo can't sabotage it, she moves with assurance, sings tolerably, and delivers her caustic lines with apposite hauteur. But as of now, her performance does not really project; it isn't giving enough. It seems to be calibrated to the movies, and often doesn't come across—as if the sound system were off, which, on the night I attended, it sometimes was. All this should and can be corrected.

Brooke Shields is a sight for sore eyes in *Grease!*, but she doesn't project well enough yet.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

The other newcomers are all satisfactory, with Janice Lorraine Holt, an understudy who on January 13 went on as Teen Angel for the first time, outstanding. But all of them are surpassed by a holdover, the Sandy of Susan Wood. Miss Wood achieves the not-inconsiderable feat of encompassing both the comic-strip antics of the material and an immensely touching humanity: sensitive, fragile, and ultimately indomitable. She is also a fine singer and an attractive young woman who can hold her own even against Miss Shields. Enough said.

ANYONE WALKING ABOUT NEW YORK'S NIGHTTIME STREETS must be a connoisseur of garbage; but such garbage-walking is as nothing compared with the Walken garbage recently concentrated on the Public Theater stage in a thing that even stole its title from E. E. Cummings's vastly superior play, **Him.** Written and starred in by Christopher Walken, a strange actor who can go from very good to awful, it was a writing debut, proving yet again that today's actors make expendable dramatists.

If this was meant as a sixtieth-birthday tribute to Elvis Presley, the "him" around whom this maudlin masturbation revolved, it is a good thing that the recipient was not alive, or even "no, no, no, no, not dead, in limbo," as the sickening text avers. We got a series of pretentious and unfunny vaudeville sketches that dimly and distortingly alluded to Elvis's life and work, but without either analyzing or satirizing him, or making any kind of comprehensible point. The whole thing just maundered on smugly and murkily, reminding me of the joke: What do you get if you cross a mafioso with a deconstructionist? An offer you can't understand.

Typically, Walken affected some of Elvis's attributes (hair color, clothes) but defiantly flouted others (hair style, mode of delivery), while the rest of the cast looked, and sometimes carried on, like Elvis impersonators. The only ones who managed to salvage some dignity were Rob Campbell, as Elvis's "dead, stillborn" twin brother, and Barton Heyman, as a trucker who falls for Elvis (or Walken) as a transvestite in waitress's drag who tells him, "It's a strange feeling: I feel like a woman, but below the waist I'm still a man."

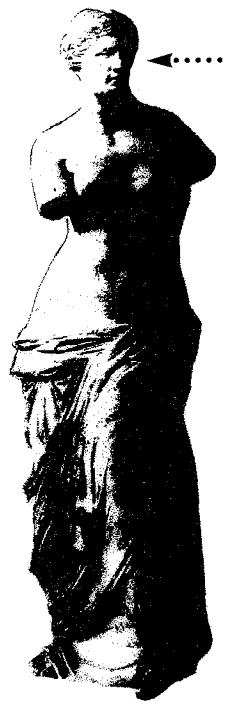
Walken's performance—like many of his others—was all self-indulgence and scorn for the audience. Looking out of contemptuously slitted eyes, the actor lets his (often inaudible) words dribble down from his pursed lips, like a man who wants to spit at, rather than speak to, his spectators, but does not even deem them worth the energy needed to make his expectoration fly. He sashayed about, mumbled snatches of song, commented semi-audibly on this and that, and seemed to get some vague satisfaction out of a variety of outrageous getups, including the waitress drag. As for the writing, there was one—just one—moderately funny line: Elvis-Walken looking into the mirror and commenting, "I had more chins than the Shanghai phone book."

THE YORK THEATRE COMPANY REVIVED **A Doll's Life,** the revised version of the musical flop with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Larry Grossman. These highly talented people will keep failing with this project, no matter how many times they rewrite it, for two powerful reasons. First, they don't know where they are trying to go with this sequel to *A Doll House,* the tale of Nora after she slams the door on Torvald and her pre-feminist dollhouse existence. In the first version, after all sorts of equivocal adventures, Nora guardedly returned to her now-repentant husband. In the new version, she ends up once again walking out on her irredeemably unenlightened spouse. The tergiversation is symptomatic of the uncertainty principle that suffuses the entire project, something only Heisenberg could love.

But the second, and graver, problem is that Comden, Green, and Grossman are creatures of the here and now—nothing shameful, merely a fact of life. The two writers have collaborated on some of the best musicals of our time, and Grossman's music for, say, *Grind* and *Minnie's Boys* is dandy. What characterizes all of them, however, is their belonging in this century's America. The team would do no better if they undertook to write a musical about the false Dmitry or Anne Boleyn after the headsman's ax slammed on her neck. Still, if *A Doll's Life* must be done, it would profit from a better cast (only Tom Galantich was good, and Jill Geddes, the Nora, unbearable) and a better director than the epically inept Robert Brink.

FOR THOSE SEEKING THEATRICAL STIMULATION these past weeks, the best bet was, paradoxically, cabaret. At the Algonquin's Oak Room, you can get the song stylings of **Nancy LaMott,** supported by a couple of expert instrumentalists. A perky, diminutive young woman, she has, besides the obvious requirement of voice, two other not-so-common ones: intelligence and acting ability. As a result, she fully fathoms what a song is about, and then, *rather than merely singing it, lives it.* One could object to her excessive pursuit of intimacy, whereby she sometimes underprojects a song, and to her overcerebration, which sometimes leads her into fussiness, but these are minor and, I hope, corrigible flaws. Hear and see her renditions of, say, "Laura" and "You Can Always Count on Me," and you can count the ways you love Miss LaMott.

MEANWHILE, AT RAINBOW & STARS, THE **Manhattan Rhythm Kings** offer a sovereign demonstration of how much greater the whole can be than the sum of its parts. Hal Shane and Tripp Hanson are nimble



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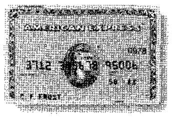

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tap dancers, and Shane and Brian Nalepka are also savvy instrumentalists. As singers, they have, individually, only so-so voices. Put them all together, though, and they spell something better than "mother," to wit, close harmony of the most ingratiating sort. Accompanied by three other gifted musicians, they can make the tin pan in a Tin Pan Alley song prospect for gold and strike it rich. Their patter, however, is terrible. Yet even despite it, their show, like Nancy LaMott's, is not to be missed.

THE JEWISH REPERTORY THEATRE ON EAST 91st Street seems to specialize in ninety-second-rate plays. Some of its stinkers, e.g., *That's Life!*, make it with its mostly geriatric audiences; others, like the current **Living Proof,** wouldn't make it with the prisoners on Devil's Island. It is TV fare, by Gordon Rayfield, whose credits include NBC's *Law & Order*, CBS Schoolbreak Specials, ABC Afterschool Specials, and work for PBS (Preschool Specials?). He has also written plays, all of which I missed, until, with *Living Proof*, my luck ran out.

This concerns a New Jersey Jewish family: golf-playing psychiatrist husband; upwardly mobile lawyer wife; Tae Kwon Do–practicing teenage son; mall-shopping, virginal, and anorectic teenage daughter; and husband's teenage daughter from previous marriage, the school slut. Back comes, unannounced, wife's ex-husband, an ex–English teacher, hippie, and poet, whom wife's money madness drove onto Wall Street and junk bonds, where he made an illegal fortune, but, unlike his colleagues who incriminated him, gallantly took the rap and just got out after eighteen months in jail.

I'll spare you the details of the plot—which, I surmise, did not surface on television only because it wasn't good enough even for it—but will say that the climax is 17-year-old stepdaughter and ex-hubby's glorious one-night stand, from which everything else devolves. The ex is a decent soul who mostly wanted to write Dylan Thomas–ish poetry, and the school slut—named Dylan, not after the Welshman but the other one, Bob—is also a decent soul, who, when not screwing around because of parental neglect (just as her step-siblings do weird things because of ditto), reads poetry in motel rooms. So I was kind of hoping that these two would run off together, but Rayfield's daring is not up to his imagination, and everything ends, as on TV, in a safe, happy cop-out.

Nothing here is of interest except the performances of the girls, Amy Hargreaves and, especially, Rebecca Waxman as Dylan, and the Indian artifacts that the shrink has collected on his golf weekends in Santa Fe—not an easy commute from New Jersey, but hell, what's easy? Certainly not a drama critic's life. ■

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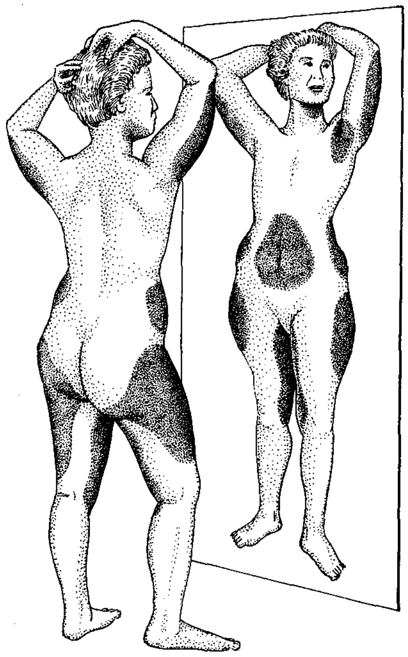

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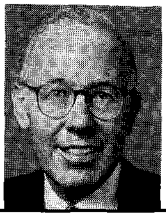

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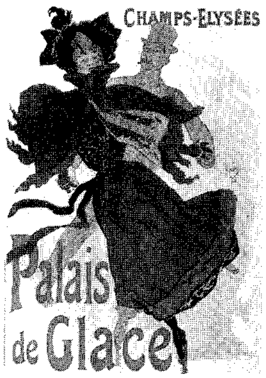

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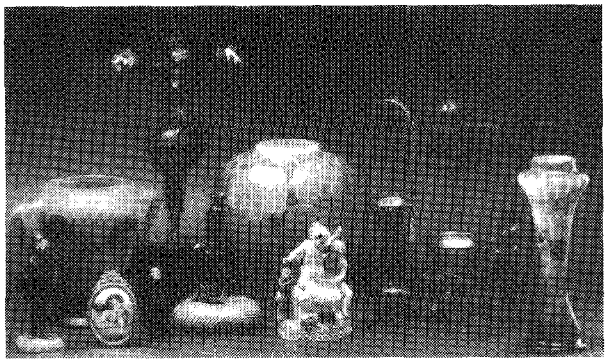

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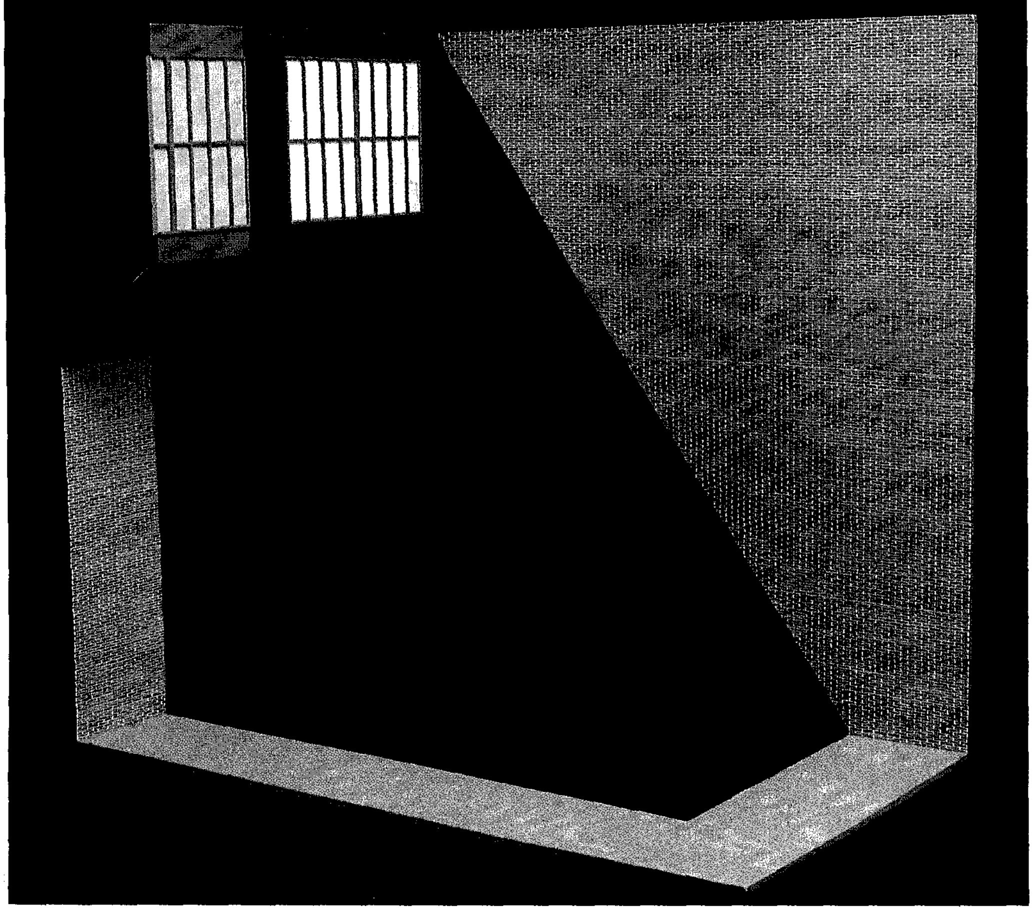
ART MARK STEVENS

Cannibals and Missionaries

Brazilian art demonstrates what is now far more important than distinctions of country and culture—yup, it's the global art village.



Above: Regina Silveira's *Solombra 1990.* Page 78: *The Pic-Nic,* by Thomas Cole, 1846.

AS A RULE, I DON'T LIKE A STRONG EMPHASIS ON the nationality of art and artists. There is often a hidden agenda. Public relations, for example. When the Japanese were vastly increasing their sale of cars, cameras, and electronics to the United States in the seventies and early eighties, they were also exporting many gently reassuring exhibitions of flowers, screens, and pots. Or the angle is selling art: Celebrating a nation can help create a market for little-known foreign artists. "American," "Chinese," "Senegalese"—such talk bullies art with cheap national generalizations, turning art into a flag, which it is not.

The dozen or so shows of Brazilian art opening this month in galleries and exhibition spaces around New York suffer from this far less than is usual. Organized by Lori Ledis and Robert Flam of LedisFlam, Inc., and Mary Sabbatino of Galerie Lelong, the shows are part of an evolving passion for hemispheric solidarity, of which the growing U.S. interest in Mexico is only a part. But they also run counter to conventional expectations about Latin American art. There are no parrots, no hot-sauce colors, no surreal figures. In fact, Brazilian art demonstrates what is now far more important than distinctions of country and culture: the increasing convergence of art around the globe.

Artists worldwide now read the same magazines, visit the same places, see the same things. The art from Brazil fits seamlessly into SoHo and 57th Street; one can easily imagine similar works being made by a Swiss or a Japanese or an American. What is peculiarly Brazilian in this art, moreover, is a kind of intensification of the general cultural outlook of the art world over the past three decades. In the late fifties, Brazilian artists, like many artists in America and Europe, were growing impatient with the high European tradition of art—represented in Brazil principally by a devotion to European constructivism.

In this Brazilian devotion to a faraway abstract style, however, there had always been something oddly artificial, suffocating, and imposed; the creation in the fifties of the capital city, Brasília, in the rain forest—itself an act of quixotic political constructivism—was a bizarre expression of national will, and of the will to be modern. In this context, Brazilian artists began opening a door to the messier reality of Brazil, a country with a powerful pop culture and many crisscrossing inheritances (Portuguese Catholic, indigenous Indian, African). The rallying cry for young artists of the time became *antropofago,* or cannibalism. The outrageousness of the idea helped Brazilians stop identifying from afar with the aesthetic missionaries of Europe and instead acknowledge the cravings of a provincial culture that, lacking a central tradition of its own, must devour and assimilate in order to survive.

In practice, this meant refusing to honor conventional boundaries and turning toward what became known in the art world as conceptual art. The space that began to excite Brazilians was not mainly the two-dimensional, illusory kind found in paintings; they were instead attracted to the human body's visceral sensation of space, especially a space shaped by the mishmash of pressures in contemporary Brazilian life. (The imposition of military dictatorship in 1964 increased the pressure on Brazilian artists to embody uneasy freedoms.) For example, Hélio Otticica (1937–1980) created an installation—a version of which is now on view at the Marian Goodman Gallery—where viewers lay in an eccentric crisscross of hammocks, figuratively rocked by the music and the druggie image of Jimi Hendrix.

In "Volatile" at the Galerie Lelong, Cildo Meireles has created a room more than ankle-deep in simulated ashes

Photograph courtesy of the LedisFlam Gallery.

(actually talcum powder) that disorients and disturbs one's balance. Around a corner there is a burning candle, and the smell of gas is pervasive. It is a room that could be an altar, a bomb, a memorial. Brazilian artists working in more traditional media also have a way of dematerializing space. The painter Daniel Senise at the Charles Cowles Gallery seems equally at home with stone and shadow; the sculptor José Resende at the Robert Miller Gallery rests the leg of one sculpture on a loose pillar of newspaper. In a Waltercio Caldas piece at Galerie Lelong, veils flow around horizontal rods, which could be bodies sleeping in the air.

Regina Silveira's show at LedisFlam is called "Mapping the Shadows." It is made up of maquettes in which the seemingly ordinary has a fantastical shadow life. Office furniture sends great black swaths of shadow across walls; an ugly radiator casts a beautiful fan shape; a humble saint on a donkey projects a rippling warlike shadow. The taste for conceptualism led many Brazilian artists to endow intensely visceral things with abstract messages, as in the alphabet of disembodied body parts in Adriana Varejão's work or the prettily disturbing columns—that mix iron, plaster, needles, and broken glass—of Sandra Tucci at the Nicole Klagsbrun gallery.

The conceptual leaning of Brazilian art also led to a strong interest in allegory. Both Nuno Ramos at the Brooke Alexander gallery and the artist called Tunga at the Marc Pottier space have much in common with the German artist Joseph Beuys, who imbued roughly physical materials with allegorical meaning. Tunga's *Palindrome Incest* consists of three enormous pail- or bell-shaped objects made of steel and covered with shattered magnets; one is also covered in flaky copper leaf. Great thermometers rest inside. Swaths of copper wire (evocative of electricity, of red hair, of erotic charge) connect the giant forms.

In some Brazilian work, there is a palpable dissatisfaction with both art and life—and a search for transcendence. The most interesting artist in this respect is Mira Schendel (1919–1988), at the Drawing Center. Schendel was a woman of strong religious and philosophical leanings. One fervent series of translucent drawings, crowded on both sides with letters that seem to have lost their words, actually hangs or floats in space. Schendel was a gifted draftsman, but her impatience with art—with the nicety of drawing—is what gives her work edge. Schendel was interested in Zen; her work, at once measured and feverish, confounds the merely rational and eludes the claims of system, letter, desire.

Brazilian art will appeal to those New York cannibals who like conceptual art and relish the contradictions of the contemporary world; it will irritate the missionaries of high culture. It was

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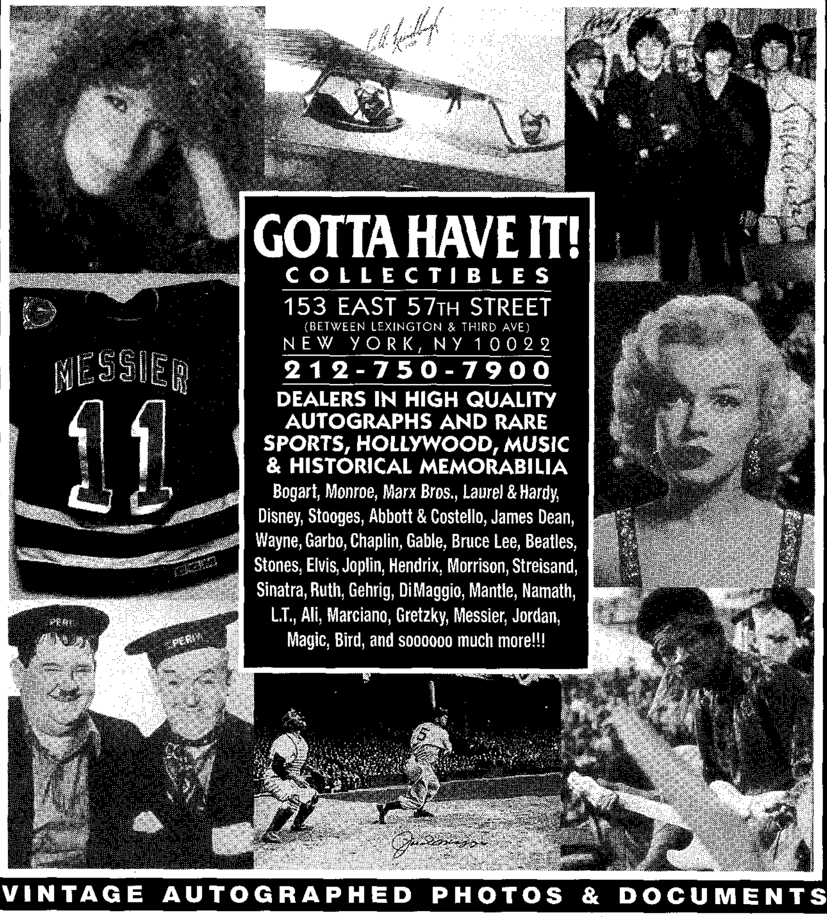

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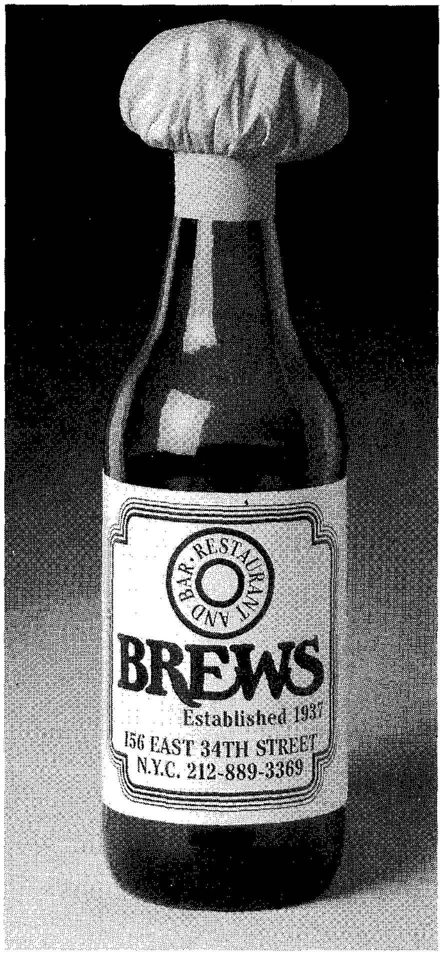

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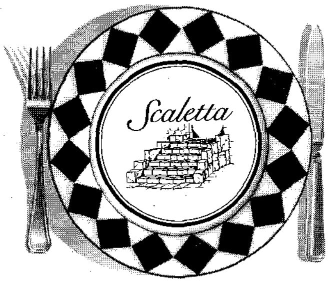

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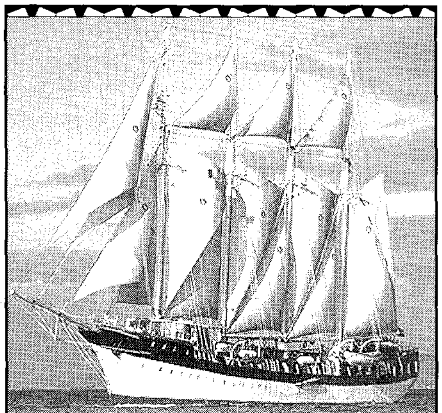

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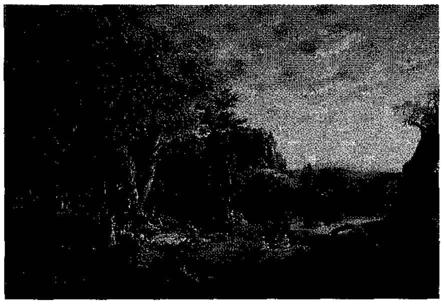
Schendel's art that reminded me that, *mirabile dictu,* it is sometimes possible to escape from both the cannibals and the missionaries.

"Thomas Cole: Landscape into History," AT the Brooklyn Museum, is a superb exhibition of the work of the artist often called the father of the Hudson River School of landscape painting. Organized by the National Museum of American Art in cooperation with the New-York Historical Society, the show of about 60 paintings hangs in the Brooklyn Museum's handsome new Morris A. and Meyer Schapiro Wing. Many of the paintings look fresh and newly cleaned—in keeping with the museum itself, which has shaken off museum gloom to become one of the essential places to visit in New York.



Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.

ART

Born in England, Cole (1801–1848) came to the United States when he was 17. Like the Brazilian artists, he was concerned with defining a national identity for a provincial country; far from turning his back on Europe, however, Cole sought to fashion an American identity worthy of the grandest European ideals. Stressing what is too often downplayed, the exhibition shows Cole to have been a theatrical moralist as much as a landscape painter, a maker of operatic allegories about the rise and fall of civilizations. The vast curves of cloud that soar up into his heavens could be the palm of God or the open hand of history.

Concerned with historical cycles, Cole obsessively portrayed the American progress—from wilderness, to the clearing in the forest, to the pastoral, to the busy town. The turmoil of Jacksonian democracy disturbed him. (He was a missionary deeply worried about the approach of American cannibals.) Even in the good old days, in short, Americans were dreaming of the good old days. Some of the artist's most ambitious conceptions—such as *The Course of Empire* and *The Voyage of Life*—have the hothouse gleam of a New England divine. There is a wonderful opportunity at the moment to study Cole in Brooklyn and Thomas Eakins at the Metropolitan Museum. Keep both equally vivid in your mind's eye, and the contrary "American character" comes into view. (The Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway; through April 2.) ■

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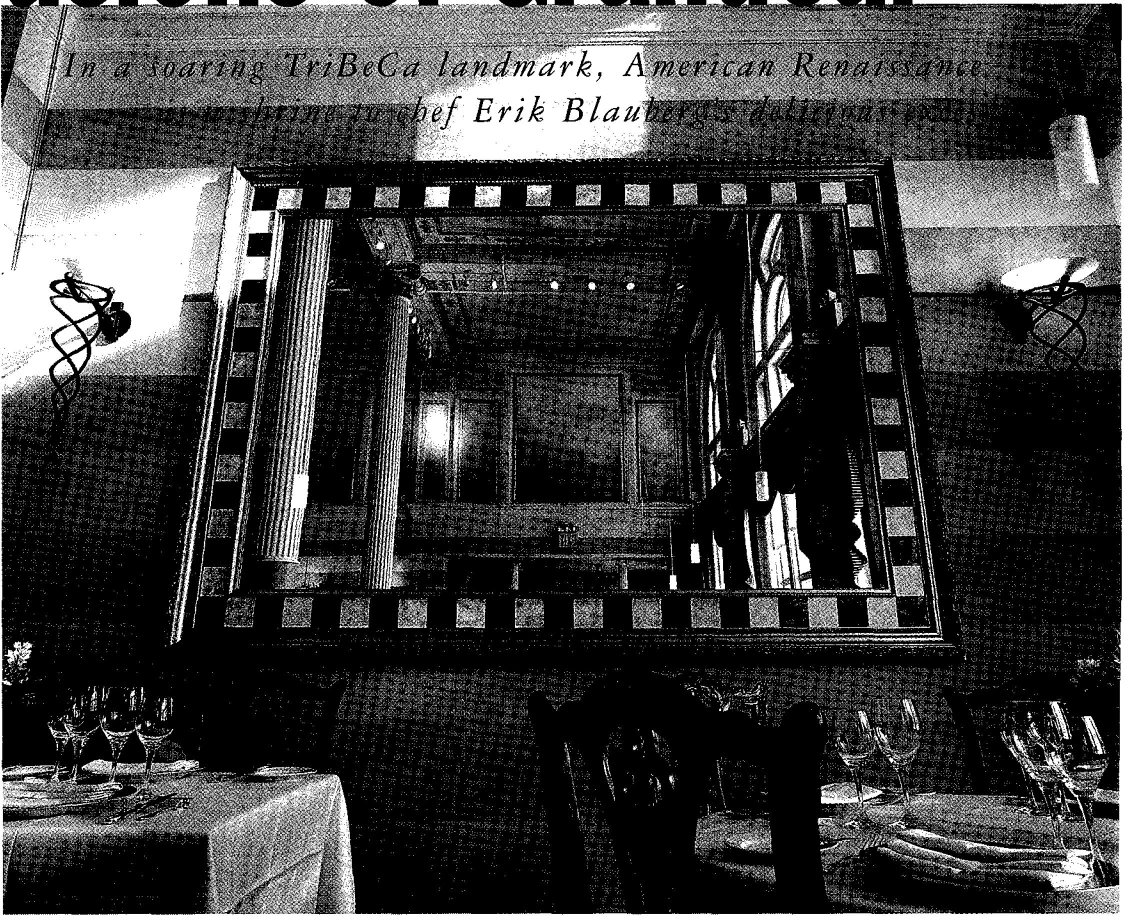
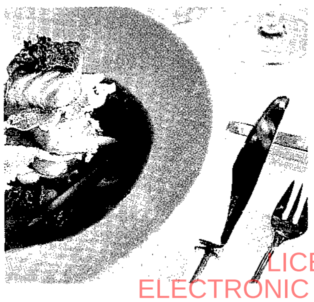
In a soaring TriBeCa landmark, American Renaissance is a shrine to chef Erik Blauberg's delicious excess.



The dining room at American Renaissance. Below: a silver knife rest on every table.

WITHOUT A Rorschach test, it's impossible to guess whether chef Erik Blauberg is a garden-variety masochist or just a cockeyed optimist. But he did manage to invade the food-world consciousness from the kitchen of Colors, hidden away deep inside the Park Avenue Atrium. So why not go for broke? Why not set up shop on a stretch of West Broadway that nine out of ten cabdrivers can't locate? Find a backer willing to sink $2.5 million into making a famously cursed restaurant space unfashionably grand? Let folks eat foie gras and melting chocolate soufflé and pay at least $75 each (if they skip the more aristocratic vintages)? That's Blauberg's take on the New York dream. That's **American Renaissance.** The town's obsessed foodniks have been making the pilgrimage for three months, circling the historic and elusive American Thread Building, where West Broadway suddenly goes uptown only. And the pleased murmurs of those lucky enough to find it are a siren call. (Take a sure route: Drive south on Varick, turn left onto Ericsson Place, and make the first left.)

Blauberg flaunts a few tricks from his days as a chef at Bouley, six blocks away, and has expanded his palette on the road between kitchens. As workmen were troweling on the plaster in the Beaux-Arts cathedral that would be his dining room, Blauberg crisscrossed the world, eating in homage to the great chefs, from Fredy Girardet in Switzerland to Alain Ducasse in Monte Carlo, with stops at Joël Robuchon in Paris and Paul Bocuse in Lyon—from Italy and France to Vienna, then to Japan and a $1,200 dinner in Osaka. No wonder he's a wee bit full of it. I often wish new restaurants on wayward streets would price themselves more modestly and up the charges as they earn a following. But Blauberg cooks with care, flavors with daring, honors the traditions of lofty dining: the chef's small gift to nibble on even before you order, an extra fish course along the way, and fine petits fours as the obligatory adieu. If you're dazzled by his food, it may seem well worth the price tag.



A stern architectural eye might find the almost faded green-and-white horizontal stripes of the walls and squares of carpeting too cool, too classic; the formal elegance, too uptown. I like it. Love the smart striped frames of giant mirrors, the sweep of twin staircases, the magnificent windows so subtly draped, and the artful glow of lighting (if not always the extra cords needed to make it all work in a room this tall). It's easy to appreciate the luxury of expensive china, crystal stemware, and frosted jewel-tone vases and even to covet that heavy oblong of silver beside each plate—the handsome but ever-so-pretentious knife rest.

If you are braced for the kind of *hauteur* you've come to expect with crystal and porcelain, the warmth of the welcome and the almost laid-back service are instantly disarming. Water cascading over a wall of rock, which designer Charles Damga promised would blur the cacophony of voices, seems actually to work.

Handel's *Water Music,* Philip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach,* and New Agier tinklings fit the mood precisely. Extensive research has even reformed the notion of what a bathroom should be. What do women want? Privacy and a separate makeup area away from the sinks, interviews reported. So there are doors that reach the floor; spectacular orchids; and two translucent aquamarine basins in the middle of the room, away from the mirror. You want to move right in. Across the hallway, CNN flickers on TV screens over the urinals. It seems men want something to look at besides . . . you know.

The first chef's offering—so itsy-bitsy in its big deep

Photographs by Andrew Garn.

bowl, you can't help giggling—is a clue to the surprises ahead. A small pouf of smoky salmon mousse on sweet-beet juice, or cured salmon the size of a silver dollar with herb oil and a basil flower. So many elements in the tiniest cherry tomato are dutifully enumerated by the waiter, you don't know whether to eat it or press it in your diary.

The kitchen was shaky early on and sometimes slowed to turtle pace, but it grows stronger every day. In a time when many chefs blither between the raw and the overcooked, Blauberg exercises almost perfect control. That's his strength. His flaw is that he doesn't know when to stop. Just when he's composed a delicious dish, he has to toss in a few more ingredients. It's not fatal; indeed, only the fussiest eaters may notice. One day, he may even figure out which add-ons obscure and which carry a creation to glory. He's finally responded to the chorus of complaints about too much sweetness in his sauces. I've often wanted to hit him over the head with a vinegar bottle. Recently, he retired the salmon in sweet-port glaze for potato-crusted salmon trout with lentils and peas in a tomato-lemon-and-thyme emulsion, and tossed out the apple cider saucing the fabulous lobster with vegetable risotto, replacing it with ginger and lemongrass in wild-mushroom juice.

On the newest menu, venison carpaccio comes dressed with dabs of a mustard-and-arugula vinaigrette with hints of truffle and a curl of tête-de-moine cheese cut to look like a flower. A semolina pancake is an island in tonight's savory roasted-watercress-and-fennel soup with slivers of oyster mushroom. Wasabi and spicy citrus give an edge to the sashimilike tuna, and gentle horseradish cream adds bite to the splendid smoked-fish terrine. Does the foie gras with caramelized pears ($15) seem puny? Cured-and-smoked-duck-breast "shavings" on fingerling potato slices are also itsy-poo. And the baby chicken is a featherweight—tiny, but so delicious with roasted root vegetables in a haze of truffle oil that we have gobbled it up and are poised to order another, till reason prevails.

The chef has sent out an extra—a miniature of his Maine cod with roasted Brussels sprouts, shallots, and oven-dried tomatoes in a vinegared wild-mushroom juice. (On another night, the lagniappe may be a second dessert or a cheese-tasting.) The Road Food Warrior hates seeing steak mutilated by slicing but doesn't mind this one, rare and juicy with glazed shallots and pleurote mushrooms on a hill of sensational mashed Yukon Gold potatoes. Everywhere on the entrées ($15 to $29), there are cubes and bits of vegetable, often isolating some perfectly seared or poached cut of fish from contact with whatever potion the chef has con-

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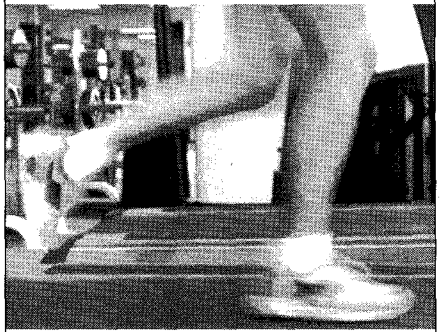

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cocted: the red snapper in crisp rice paper from its red-pepper dressing. The arctic char with shrimp-and-wild-herb ravioli from its vegetable-bouillon-and-fresh-herb emulsion. The grouper with Finnish-potato purée from its pomegranate juice with opal basil. Red-wine vinegar and horseradish tartly balance the beet's sweetness in tonight's scallop special. And Blauberg has found still another tuber, Caribe potato, to purée with venison so good that not even excessive gilding (roasted wild chestnuts, sweet carrots, celery leaves, gooseberry juice, and apple oil) seems to sabotage it.

An old-fashioned cheese board has become the new badge of restaurant seriousness (even though the Fat Police have made cheese a pariah), and none of us can resist this sampler: English Cheddar, Reblochon, and manna of goat—both fresh and aged—with toasted nut bread. Sorbets tingle with fruit essence. Ruby-red grapefruit sorbet with brûléed grapefruit alongside is an ideal finale. Or the hot chocolate soufflé with a molten core ringed by divine ice creams. I wonder if it was the season or a recognition of its perversity that provoked the chef to drop his nut-stuffed tomato with vanilla ice cream from the menu.

The neighborhood doesn't seem much interested in lunch at the separate café bar below the dining room proper; it's empty today. The chef doesn't seem too interested, either; I suspect he's not doing the lunch shift anymore. The salad greens can be bruised, flecked with vegetal flotsam. A buttery upper crust is not enough to save the chicken potpie, with its odd herbal tinge and overcooked bird. The café menu began as hopelessly expensive, but it has been tempered and makes sense now for this Zip Code—plump, spicy chicken tenders and salads, a very good burger your way, sandwiches at $8 or $9, entrées $12 or less. Choose your own garnish on focaccia pizza (good with goat cheese and duck sausage for $12) in this luxe luncheonette. And I promise, my judgment has not been colored by my mate's fruit and vegetable photographs on the wall.

Snicker at the arrogance—or innocence, if that's what it is—recalling how this space has dashed the hopes of so many worthy schemes. Though it was fine as a studio for Keith Haring, the 23-foot-high temple was too bleak for the Painted Desert. Le Papillon never flew; it was never paradise for Paradis or the perfect space for the Perfect Space. San Sebastian quickly surrendered. Perhaps all that was needed was an ambitious renaissance. We shall see.

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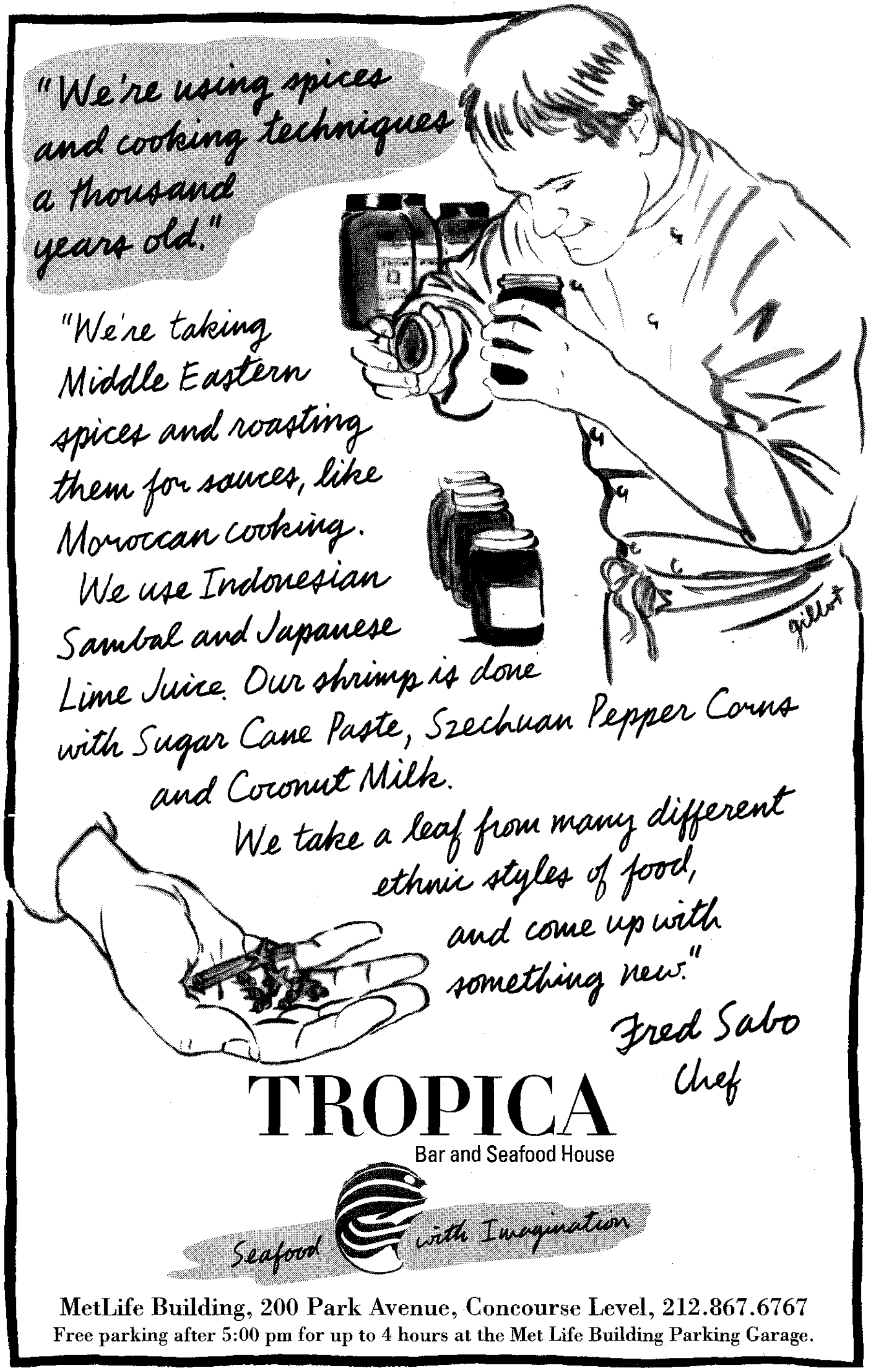
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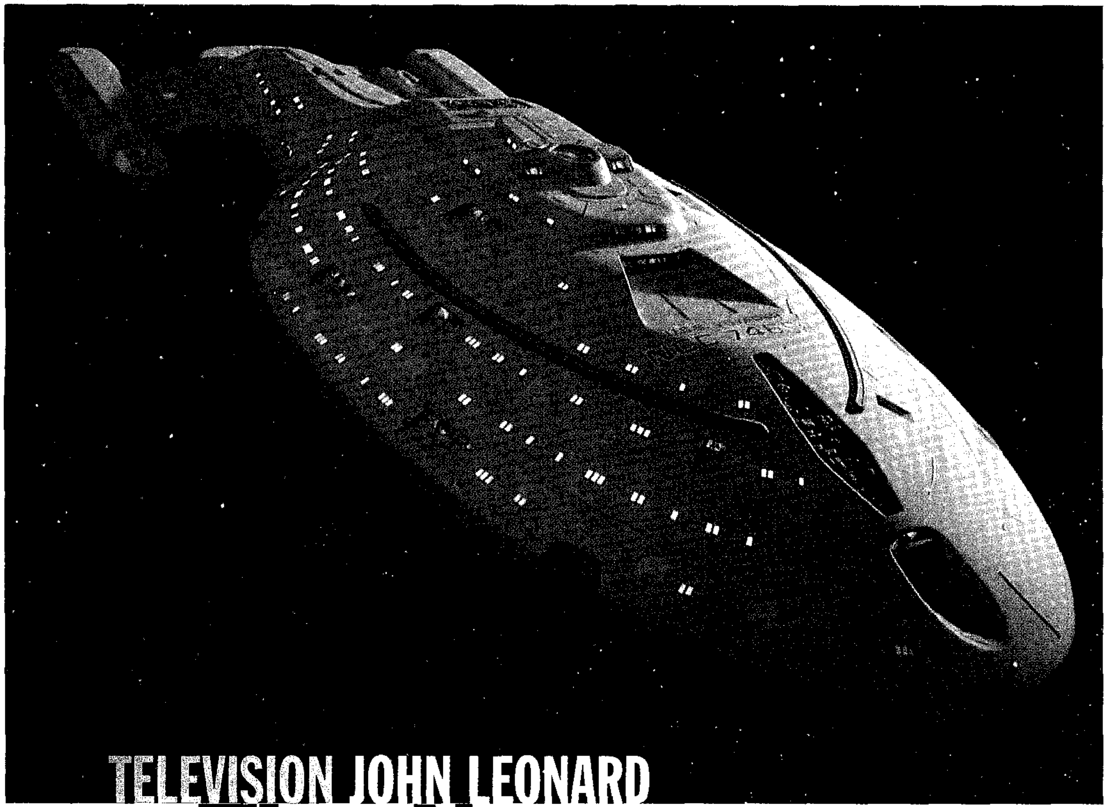


Left: The U.S.S. *Voyager.* Below: Kate Mulgrew as the ship's captain.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

The Next Next Generation

Kate Mulgrew was born to command; of the two new mini-networks, Paramount's is far more interesting than Warner's.

OF THE TWO NEW SEMI-NETWORKS, UPN SO FAR is the more interesting, mostly because of Paramount's **Star Trek: Voyager** (Mondays; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 9). That the U.S.S. *Voyager,* with all its twenty-fourth-century bioneural circuitry, should suffer a "Badlands" plasma storm and end up 70,000 light-years off course, on the wrong side of the galaxy—where Kate Mulgrew and her multiculti crew find themselves in the clutches of a heavy-metal "Array" inside of which a dying alien, sort of like Tom Snyder, has been playing God with the desert planet below—caused at least a resonance trace in my warp core. Whereas I hate the Warner Bros. frog.

Mulgrew, as Kathryn Janeway, is a splendid captain. We see her mind watch itself think in split seconds, as if hesitation were a form of sloth. She was born to command, with hair swept up like Edith Wharton's, eyes narrowed like a basilisk's, the best jaw on television this side of Karen Sillas; she's so crisp she crackles like a graviton, so svelte in her Federation woolens that she seems to chuck herself into action like a spear. Will the faithful beam her up, as they came to embrace Picard in *The Next Generation*? Hard to say. Although there are female fans who write computer novels based on *Star Trek* characters, most Trekkies are testosterone-afflicted, like most hackers. The peripatetic editor and critic Betsy Pochoda once accused me of too much enthusiasm for a novel she disdained as "a typical boy's book, full of hardware and mysticism." Ever since, I've been sensitive to this previously unsuspected category of discourse: H&M! *Star Trek* is definitely H&M. But Kate Mulgrew is a dilithium crystal.

I haven't the patience to sort out the rest, a motley of two crews press-ganged into one after a Maquis starship, likewise stranded in this twilight zone, sacrifices itself in a hokey skirmish with the thuggish Kazons. Besides the warrior Kazons and the subterranean Ocampa and a single resourceful Talaxian (Ethan Phillips), there's the usual foxhole of species and ethnicities—a black Vulcan (Tim Russ) and a half-Klingon (Roxann Biggs-Dawson), the first Asian since Sulu (Garrett Wang), and the first Native American ever (Robert Beltran as Chakotay, who has visions), plus two blonds (Jennifer Lien and Robert Duncan McNeill). My favorite is Robert Picardo, a doctor again, as he was in *China Beach,* but also a fussbudget hologram who is forever complaining that they forgot to turn off his program before they left the room. These Primally Directed must finesse their long way back to Federation space without any help from Starfleet, like those Greek soldiers in Xenophon's *Anabasis* who had to fight their way back from Babylonia. Or, perhaps more to the point considering Mulgrew, like Dorothy and her friends trying to get home from Oz to Kansas. Just click your heels and you'll find a wormhole.

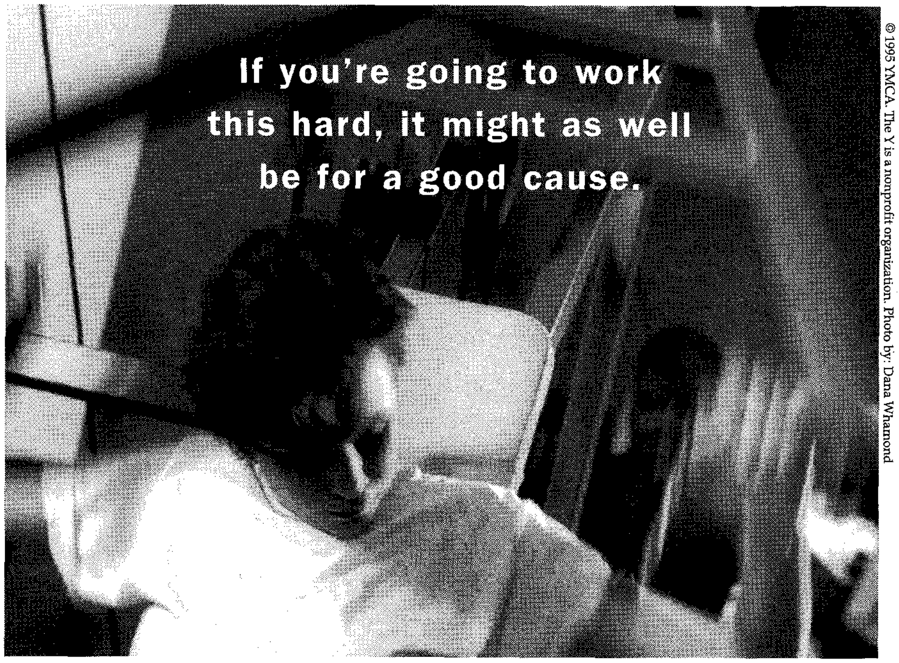
AS FOR THE REST OF UPN'S ABBREVIATED PRIME-TIME schedule: **Platypus Man** (Mondays; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; Channel 9), with comedian Richard Jeni as the host of a cable-TV cooking show, was not available for preview, and neither was **The Watcher** (Tuesdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 9), an anthology show "about good and evil" with the rapper Sir Mix-A-Lot. **Pig Sty** (Mondays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Channel 9) is a five-bachelors-in-a-two-bedroom-Manhattan-pad sitcom from the producers of *Cheers,* who also throw in a female super (Liz Vassey, as the babe with a wrench who would really rather act). Let's see: a novelist who tends bar, a poet-guitarist living on his father's money, an assistant D.A. who can't make a commitment, an ad-agency account executive who steals underwear, and a medical intern from Iowa who feeds sugar cubes to police horses. The jokes are about Tom Wolfe, Jodie Foster, Prozac,

Photographs: top, Gary Hutzel/United Paramount Network; bottom, Everett Collection.

"stress-related psoriasis," and cable-TV repairmen. At least it's not as vulgar as it would be on Fox. In **Marker** (Tuesdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 9), producer Stephen J. Cannell goes to Hawaii and takes Richard Grieco with him as the estranged carpenter son of a real-estate-tycoon father who has just croaked, leaving behind hundreds of "markers"—little numbered disks the old man handed out to people he in some way owed or cared about, entitling them to ask for favors. Grieco, who somehow manages to make his engaging aw-shucks attitude seem cool, maybe because of rings in both ears, falls almost immediately for Nia Peeples, a one-eyed surfing champion with a sister problem. Nia also seems to be the only native islander who doesn't drink beer and look like a sumo wrestler.

ABOUT WEDNESDAYS ON THE WB, AS WARner likes to call itself when it isn't frogging around, I can be less ambivalent. **Muscle** (9:30 to 10 P.M.; Channel 11) I told you about last week: yuppie scum telling lesbian jokes in a New York health club. And *Muscle* is the best of the WB crop. **The Wayans Brothers** (8 to 8:30 P.M.) opened with an episode on hair pomade, a home-brewed goop of Vaseline, bacon fat, and Dran-O that sets your head on fire. There were also jokes about infomercials, breast implants, Singapore, and, especially, Ben Vereen. **The Parent 'Hood** (8:30 to 9 P.M.) is *The Cosby Show* with Robert Townsend, and without Phylicia Rashad. Semi-obnoxious children say, of their harassed father, "If stupid were glue, Dad could wallpaper New Zealand." This almost, but not quite, costs them a ring through the nose and a tattoo on the whatever after jokes about ex-cons, kick-boxers, Zimbabwe, and being short. **Unhappily Ever After** (9 to 9:30 P.M.) is *Married . . . With Children* after the divorce, loud and stupid, with a pill-popping "wheeze-bag" of a grandma and a stuffed bunny rabbit that talks (Bobcat Goldthwait). Besides children who are intolerable, even for television, there are more jokes about lesbians, plus a couple about wetbacks and virginity. Dad to Mom: "What did you do, get your period and rush right over?"

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LOOK AT THESE two new "networks." One is to wonder whether there is any television out there worth a wince, much less capable of dazzling us into sentience. The other is to observe that as long as ABC's idea of a new sitcom is Corbin Bernsen in **A Whole New Ballgame** (Mondays, 8:30 to 9 P.M.), and CBS actually thinks Dudley Moore was worth a try last fall, and NBC still can't figure out what to do with Martin Short, and Fox was reduced to bringing back **Get Smart** (Sundays, 7:30 to 8 P.M.), nobody has a right to gripe. We're as sick as our sitcoms. ▬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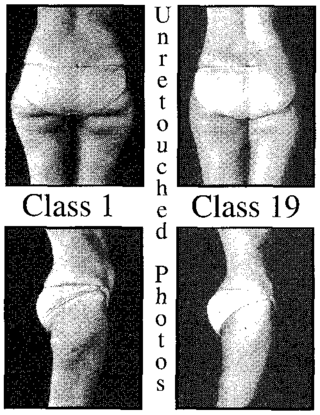

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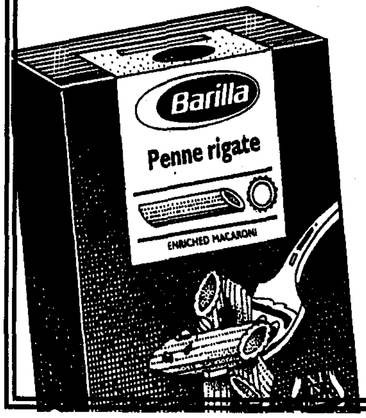

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gallery's vast collection of advertising match strikers from the early 1900s through the 1940s, were $250–$400, now 20 percent off. Custom framing is 20 percent off; all prices are for unframed posters. A.E., M.C., V. accepted. *Poster America, 138 W. 18th St. (206-0499); Tues.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 1/24–2/21.*

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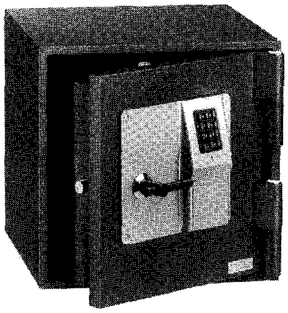

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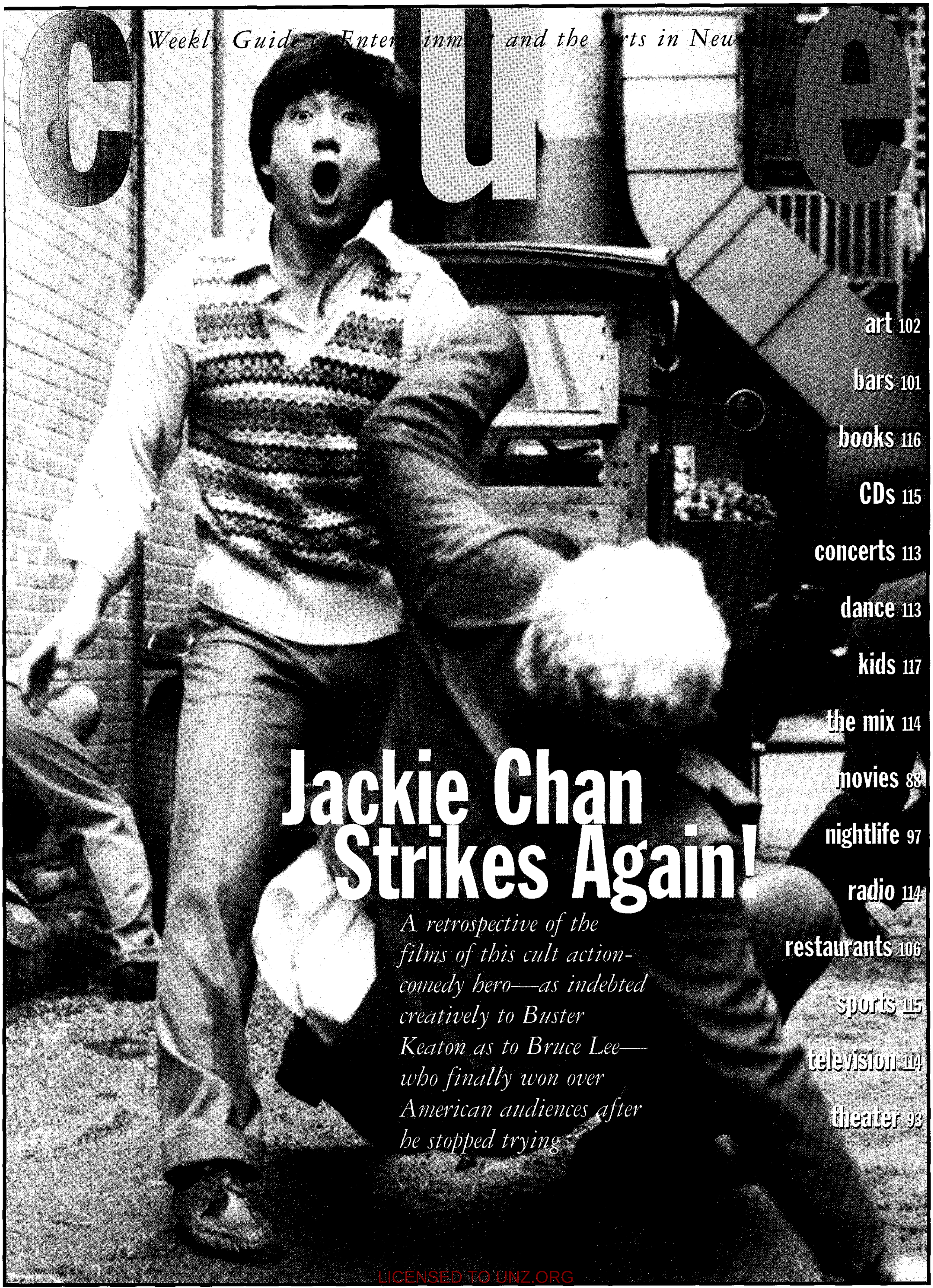
cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Jackie Chan Strikes Again!

A retrospective of the films of this cult action-comedy hero—as indebted creatively to Buster Keaton as to Bruce Lee—who finally won over American audiences after he stopped trying

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Kung Fu Comedy...*Pulp* on Pulp

Photograph by Gabriela Brandenstein/Castle Rock Entertainment.

Opening

A Babe and a Dude

Director Richard Linklater follows two ensemble comedies ('Slacker' and 'Dazed and Confused') with a considerable change of pace. 'Before Sunrise' is an extra-low-key story about two young—and very attractive—people (Julie Delpy and Ethan Hawke, above) who spend one day and night together in Vienna. No drugs or broad social commentary, just a little romance and a lot of earnest relationship conversation.

New Films

Bad Company—Laurence Fishburne is a former CIA operative called upon by the Company to infiltrate a private industrial-espionage group headed by Frank Langella. He's just looking to do his job until the shady operation's second in command (Ellen Barkin) gives him grander—and more profitable—ideas. Directed by Damian Harris. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 19th St. East; Embassy I; Sutton; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Before Sunrise—Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy play two young people who meet and spend the day together in Vienna before he catches a plane to the U.S. in this romantic comedy from director Richard Linklater. Previously known for ensemble comedies (*Slacker* and the exceptional *Dazed and Confused*), Linklater has delivered a tightly focused two-character story that depends greatly on the chemistry between the two leads. If it fails, he can take solace (perhaps) in the fact that *Dazed* will be a TV series on the USA cable network next fall. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny (Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair), but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sell-out. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema 3; 68th St. Playhouse.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Colonel Chabert—Gérard Depardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Directed by Yves Angelo. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadish and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She is physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

★**Disclosure**—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complexly enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M. C. Escher drawing. With Donald Sutherland and Dennis Miller. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Dumb and Dumber—A crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys (Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels). Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose,* and they

"Cue" cover photograph by Archive Photos.

fall all the way into humiliation. With his chipped front tooth, monk's bangs, and sizable jug ears, Carrey bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. (Denby; 1/16/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Fast Trip, Long Drop—New York video maker and activist Gregg Bordowitz has chronicled his life and the changes it's undergone since he tested HIV-positive in 1988. Skewers the usual targets (the media, the government, the medical establishment), but proves more embracing when it explores Bordowitz's Jewish heritage, his response to his father's death and a friend's diagnosis of breast cancer, and the evolving shape of the gay community. Paired with *The Darker Side of Black,* an Isaac Julien documentary about hip-hop and dance-hall culture that focuses on the misogyny, homophobia, and glorification of violence so prevalent in those genres. (*Fast Trip* 54 min.; *Darker Side* 50 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with standout performances from Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

Highlander—The Final Dimension—*Highlander* never received the love and affection bestowed on *Star Trek* and its progeny, but it's become quite the little franchise: Three feature films, a syndicated series, and (presumably) comic books and action figures. Immortal Christopher Lambert certainly knows this: He walked off the set during filming until producers coughed up the money he felt he deserved. In what's billed as the final chapter and "a direct sequel to the first *Highlander* (in other words, just put *Highlander II: The Quickening* out of your mind), Connor MacLeod (Lambert) faces down Kane, the Master of Illusion (Mario Van Peebles). Directed by Andy Morahan. (1 hr. 34 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

★Hoop Dreams—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Houseguest—Sinbad undoubtedly hopes Tim Allen and Jim Carrey have set the tone for TV stars jumping to the big screen. His vehicle pairs him with Phil Hartman in a nutty, zany tale of a guy evading some loan sharks who impersonates an old friend that Hartman hasn't seen in 25 years. Directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th St. East; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Immortal Beloved—Like *Citizen Kane,* it takes the form of a posthumous investigation: Beethoven (Gary Oldman) dies, and Anton Schindler (Jeroen Krabbé)—the great man's devoted friend, amanuensis, patsy, and eventual biographer—travels around Austria and Hungary visiting the composer's former mistresses. Which of them is the "Immortal Beloved" to whom Beethoven once addressed a passionate love letter? Is it the rapturous, worshiping Giulietta Guicciardi (Valerie Golino), the sublime Countess Erdödy (Isabella Rossellini), or someone else? No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Interview With the Vampire—Perhaps the most expensive and beautiful cult movie of all time—a film of great technical distinction but no dramatic interest whatsoever. Tedious and fairly disgusting, and it would be best to avoid it: Let the undead bury the undead. Directed by Neil Jordan; written by Anne Rice from her novel. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs.; R) *National Twin; Ziegfeld; Metro.*

Ladybird, Ladybird—Director Ken Loach delivers a wrenching, memorable drama with this story about a single mother (Crissy Rock) trapped in abusive relationships who manages to break free and begin a new life, only to find the government has decided she's unfit and has taken custody of her children. (1 hr. 42 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★The Last Seduction—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. East; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, it's about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. At least director Gillian Armstrong cast the right actress-

Retrospective

Hi-yaaaah!

Much of the fun of watching a Hollywood action film is scrutinizing the special effects, then evaluating the movie by how well the audience was fooled into believing that Arnold/Sly/Keanu was really in danger. Watch a Jackie Chan movie, on the other hand, and you'll *know* he's in danger. He combines physical grace with comic aplomb to pull off one jaw-dropping stunt after another. "Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan" at Cinema Village January 27 through February 16 (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.") is a chance to appreciate anew *Police Story, Drunken Master,* and the other classics that have earned him a loyal following here. Once dismissed as "chop-socky" movies fit only for quickie exploitation runs, Hong Kong cinema has garnered increasing critical and popular acclaim, and this is a sweet turn of events for Chan. Little more than a decade ago, hell-bent on breaking into the U.S. market, he accepted bit parts in *Cannonball Run I* and *II,* and never came close to finding the success he'd had overseas. His Asian fans, in the meantime, had moved on. "I had a very tough time getting back on top," Chan says, "but now I'm there and I'm happy. If American people like my movies, good; that's a bonus." Chan is also happy to see Hong Kong movies finally getting their day in the sun. "Years ago, the movies were just fighting. People would say, 'Why are you looking at me?' and then fight. 'I don't like you.' Fight. But now we care about everything—acting, comedy, drama, motorcycle scenes." And though Hong Kong will come under China's control in 1997, the 40-year-old Chan has no plans to move. "Oh, no no no. I'll still stay in Hong Kong. Even the Chinese government, when it's a Jackie Chan movie, they welcome it."

MICHAEL GILTZ

es, especially Winona Ryder as Louisa May Alcott's ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So Called Life.* (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Opening

Love and Death in South Beach

Sarah Jessica Parker (above right) hasn't done much recently to distinguish herself from the other three-named young actresses (Mary-Louise Parker, Mary Stuart Masterson, et al). But in 'Miami Rhapsody,' directed by David Frankel (son of Max of the 'Times') she co-stars with Antonio Banderas and Mia Farrow (above left) and gets all the big laughs.

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus-company employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé.* With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Miami Rhapsody—Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) gets engaged to her boyfriend Matt (Gil Bellows of *The Shawshank Redemption*), and all she wants is a sweet, old-fashioned relationship just like her parents have. But then she finds out just how sweet that relationship is: Mom (Mia Farrow) is fooling around with Grandma's male nurse (Antonio Banderas), Dad (Paul Mazursky) is doing more than booking flights with his travel agent, Gwyn's brother is leaving his pregnant wife to move in with the wife of his business partner, and Gwyn's newlywed sister is catching up on old times with an old boyfriend. They get all the action, but Parker gets all the good lines in this romantic comedy by writer-director David Frankel. With Kevin Pollock. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Plaza.*

Murder in the First—Alcatraz's final days as a prison are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading conditions endured by the prisoners living under a brutal warden (Gary Oldman). Director Marc Rocco faces the biggest upside as he attempts to capitalize on the muddied promise of *Where the Day Takes You.* (2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; Lincoln Square.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermitlike mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd St. West Triplex; Baronet/Coronet; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who boards in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set in the Thanksgiving-to-Christmas season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.* He displays a gentle yet steady touch: (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**— An ecstatically entertaining piece of suave mockery by Quentin Tarantino that revels in every manner of pulp flagrancy—murder and betrayal, drugs, sex, and episodes of sardonically distanced sadomasochism—all told in three overlapping tales. Two petty thieves sitting in a diner (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) announce a stickup, pull out their guns—and the episode breaks off. That's the beginning of the movie, and we return to them at the end, though what appears in the interim isn't all flashback. Some of it takes place before that moment, some *after.* The chronology of the three stories is daringly skewed so we can see people in the midst of different yet connected actions. Call it collateral narration. What goes around comes around. The two principal characters are hit men in black suits: John Travolta, overweight, puffy, with long hair falling from a knot in strands, and Samuel L. Jackson, lean, curly-haired, and with a mean tongue. They work for a local crime boss who sends them on a job to kill some yuppie punks. The two cross paths with boxer Bruce Willis, a stoic, Hemingwayesque loser paid by the crime boss to take a dive. There's much more, and the whole is bound with words—anecdotes, debates, rococo profanities, biblical quotations. It's a very funky, American sort of pop masterpiece, improbable, uproarious, with bright colors and danger and blood right on the surface. With Uma Thurman as the mobster's woman. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ready to Wear—Trivial. Robert Altman's fashion-world bash has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties *H.E.A.L.T.H. and A Wedding.* (2 hrs. 12 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe Passage—Susan Sarandon is typically earnest as the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem by training to be a social worker. They're all brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news and poring over old hurt feelings and misunderstandings. A fine cast—including Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Austin, and Jason London—but too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Crown Gotham; Columbus Circle.*

Photograph by Michael P. Weinstein/Buena Vista Pictures.

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Village East; Angelika 57.*

Tom and Viv—Willem Dafoe and Miranda Richardson star in the story of the tempestuous relationship between the poet T. S. Eliot and Vivienne Haigh-Wood, a coupling made only more difficult by the horribly misguided and uncaring treatment of Viv by doctors who don't bother to treat "women's" ailments with the same seriousness they confer on those of men. Richardson was named Best Actress by the National Board of Review for her performance. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; The Madness of King George; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; Ready to Wear; A Man of No Importance.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Latcho Drom; Fast Trip, Long Drop; The Darker Side of Black.* Opening 1/27: "Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan" (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Demon Knight.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Ladybird, Ladybird.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Shawshank Redemption; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya; Hoop Dreams; Red; White; Blue.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Tom and Viv; Camilla; To Live; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Houseguest; Murder in the First; Bad Company.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Little Women; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; Disclosure.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Demon Knight; S.F.W.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Demon Knight; Bad Company.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pulp Fiction; Higher Learning; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Nobody's Fool; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Ready to Wear.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Nell; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; I.Q.; Far From Home; Street Fighter.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Murder in the First.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Aves. (869-8340) *Drop Zone.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready to Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Queen Margot.* Opening 1/27: *Miami Rhapsody.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; The Professional; S.F.W.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Safe Passage.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *A Man of No Importance.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Bad Company.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Houseguest; Pulp Fiction.* Through 1/26: *A Low Down Dirty Shame.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Speechless.*

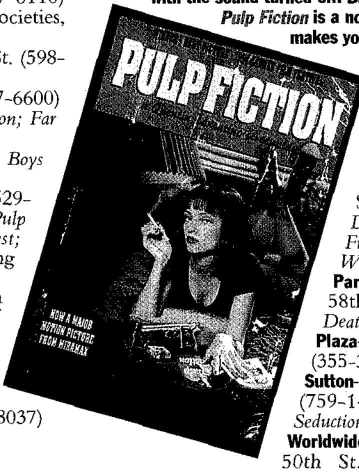
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Demon Knight; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Demon Knight; Far From Home; Interview With the Vampire.*

In Print **Reading most screenplays—even if the movie itself was great—is like watching the Super Bowl with the sound turned off. But Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* is a notable exception. It makes you realize that the movie goes by way too fast to catch just how funny and sharp the dialogue really is. (Hyperion; $9.95.)**



Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Bad Company.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla; The River Wild; The Specialist; Star Gate; The War; Eat Drink Man Woman.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Interview With the Vampire.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St.. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Immortal Beloved; Little Women; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning; I.Q.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I.Q.; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Legends of the Fall; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Little Women; Dumb and Dumber; Disclosure; Murder in the First.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Bad Company.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I.Q.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Safe Passage.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Pulp Fiction; Bad Company.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear; Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Colonel Chabert; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; S.F.W.; Far From Home; Murder in the First.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Interview With the Vampire; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Speechless; Richie Rich.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Demon Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Demon Knight.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Drop Zone.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Dumb and Dumber; Higher Learning; Demon Knight.* Through 1/26: *Disclosure.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Legends of the Fall; Nell.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Far From Home; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; S.F.W.; Dumb and Dumber; Pulp Fiction; Disclosure; Street Fighter; Richie Rich.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; I.Q.; Murder in the First; Nell; Jungle Book; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home; Speechless.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Nobody's Fool; The Last Seduction.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Murder in the First; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Far From Home; Little Women.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Houseguest.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Avenue H (338-3371) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Bad Company.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Street Fighter; Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Far from Home.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Murder in the First; Dumb and Dumber; Legends of the Fall; Far From Home; Disclosure.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Bad Company.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Nell; I.Q.; Speechless; Richie Rich; Drop Zone; Far From Home.* Through 1/26: *Disclosure.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *Nobody's Fool; Houseguest; I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Street Fighter; Disclosure.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Houseguest; Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Jungle Book; Demon Knight.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Disclosure.* Through 1/26: *Nell.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Murder in the First; Bad Company; Immortal Beloved; Nell; Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Disclosure; Street Fighter; Jungle Book.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Demon Knight; Houseguest; Bad Company; S.F.W.; Dumb and Dumber.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber; Bad Company.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Demon Knight; Disclosure.* Through 1/26: *Immortal Beloved.* Opening 1/27: *Death and the Maiden.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.* Through 1/26: *Street Fighter.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Murder in the First; Bad Company; Legends of the Fall; Drop Zone; Far From Home; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Houseguest.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Houseguest; Higher Learning.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Little Women.* Through 1/26: *Nell.* Opening 1/27: *The Madness of King George.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nell; Disclosure; Little Women; I. Q; Far From Home.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Bad Company.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Ready to Wear; Disclosure; Richie Rich; I.Q.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Richie Rich; Street Fighter.* Through 1/26: *Speechless; Far From Home.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

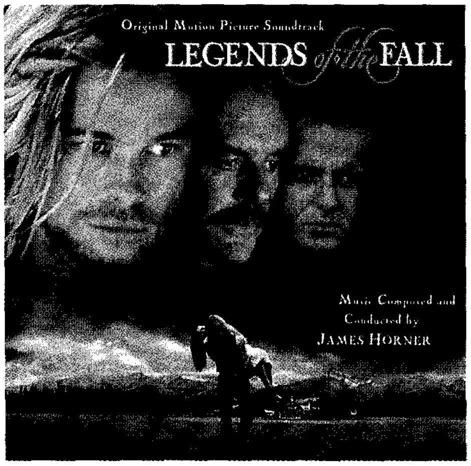
The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber.* Through 1/26: *Little Women.* Opening 1/27: *Before Sunrise.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Little Women; Nobody's Fool; Houseguest; Nell.* Through 1/26: *I.Q.; Far From Home.* Opening 1/27: *Death and the Maiden.*

Data

Hot Scores

While pop soundtracks like *Pulp Fiction's* have always sold well, film scores—helped along by a number of new small labels devoted solely to them—are increasingly popular. Below are the top five best-selling scores in New York right now.*


Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
LEGENDS of the FALL
Music Composed and Conducted by
JAMES HORNER

1. ***Days of Heaven/Two Mules for Sister Sara* (import; $21.95)**
2. ***Legends of the Fall* (Sony Classical; $17.98)**
3. ***Victor/Victoria* (GNP; $15.95)**
4. ***Latcho Drom* (Caroline; $16.95)**
5. ***Star Trek—Generations* (GNP; $15.95)**

**Information courtesy of Footlight Records.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Disclosure; The Swan Princess.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Bad Company; Higher Learning.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.* Through 1/26: *I.Q.; Far From Home.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *I.Q.; Little Women.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Jungle Book; Pulp Fiction; Demon Knight; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich.* Opening 1/27: *Highlander III: The Sorcerer.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Jungle Book; Disclosure.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 East Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home; Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Nell; Street Fighter; Houseguest.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"True Fiction Pictures: A Hal Hartley Retrospective." 1/28: "Hartley's World: A Panel Discussion About Cinematography and Production Design," with Hartley, Mike Spiller, Steve Rosenzweig, and Dan Ouellette. 1/29: *Trust* (1990); *Hélas Pour Moi* (1993), directed by Jean-Luc Godard. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—1/27: Seven films by Stan Brakhage. 1/28: Early films of Rudy Burckhart, with Burckhart in attendance at 5:30 to present his photography book *Talking Pictures; The Art of Vision* (1961–1965), directed by Brakhage. 1/29: Seven films by Brakhage; new films by Burckhardt. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Film Forum—Through 1/26: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). Through 2/7: *Mamma Roma* (1962). See also "Movies." 1/27–2/9: "The Warhol Factory: 1963–1968," a rare chance to see the experimental and teasingly sexual movies that Andy Warhol, a professional watcher if ever there was one, made during the sixties. Highlights include *The Chelsea Girls* (1966), 1/27–2/2; *Bike Boy* (1968), 1/27, 1/28, and 2/6; *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (1966), 1/27, 2/3, and 2/4; and *Vinyl* (1965), with Edie Sedgwick, 1/31 and 2/9. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—1/27–2/2: Claude Lanzmann's *TSAHAL* (1994). An absorbing look at the Israeli military that provides a satisfying finale to Lanzmann's three-part look at Jews and their state that began with *Why Israel* and reached an artistic high point with *Shoah.* 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—1/31: *Savage Nights* (1992). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jules Dassin." A look at a great American director, with highlights including *Rififi* (1956) on 1/26, *Night and the City* (1950) on 1/27, and *The Naked City* (1948) on 1/30. A return engagement for selections from "Alan Clarke: Television on the Edge." *Made in Britain* (1983) and *Director, Alan Clarke* (1991) on 1/27. *Diane* (1975) and *The Firm* (1988), with Gary Oldman, on 1/28. *Penda's Fen* (1974) and *Beloved Enemy* (1980) on 1/29.11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan—A look at the essentials of Asian superstar Jackie Chan, who came into his own in the eighties by overseeing all artistic elements of his action comedies, including co-directing and starring. (See essay.) Wildly fun, with physical, even *beautiful,* action sequences that will leave the most jaded *T2* addict clamoring for more. Go early: With double bills costing only $7, these semi-annual Hong Kong festivals inevitably sell out. 1/27: *Drunken Master* (1978) and *Drunken Master II* (1994). 1/28 and 2/1: *Police Story* (1985) and *Police Story II* (1988). 1/29 and 1/31: *Project A* (1983) and *Project A II* (1987). 1/30: *Operation Condor* (1991) and *Super Cop* (1992). Cinema Village 12th St., 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $7.

theater

Love in the Papers...Under Foote

Preview

Southern Gothic

The world premiere of Horton Foote's 'The Young Man From Atlanta,' about a couple who must cope with the loss of their only child, is the second-to-last play in a season devoted entirely to Foote's work by Signature Theatre.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Love! Valour! Compassion!—A Broadway transfer for Terrence McNally's play about eight men who gather together at a country home over the course of three summer holiday weekends. Sadly, a bid for Broadway even by a commercially successful and critically acclaimed play such as this seems financially risky and foolhardy, since it would have played for months and months where it was. But McNally, undoubtedly, would like a shot at the Tony awards and Broadway would undoubtedly welcome an addition to its total of straight (ahem) plays. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 2/14 at 6:45. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 1/24, 1/26, 2/2, 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. In previews; opening 2/2. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. $45–$55. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its seventh year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88.

Photograph by Susan Johann.

Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

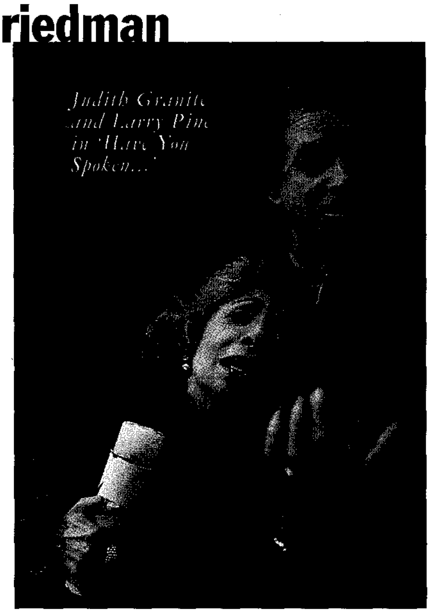
Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Talent

Bruce Jay Friedman

"I'm feeling a lot more comfortable about my writing, if not my bank account," says Bruce Jay Friedman, referring to his self-imposed exile from Hollywood two years ago. The screenwriter of *Splash* and *Stir Crazy* finally walked away from the movie business with the usual uninspired roundup of complaints. "You put in a year of your time and you get a list of six or eight actors, and if none of them are available, you have to eat your work," he says. "And even if you're lucky enough to get a film made, the producer's nephew can change your work." Happily, the result of all this disillusionment has been a burst of activity for the writer who gained notoriety for *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life* (1978). Ironically, he met his wife-to-be literally the day he turned that manuscript in, thereby invalidating every gloomy and morose observation in it. Friedman has a sequel of sorts to that work called *The Slightly Older Guy,* due in June, and a new play called *Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?* "It's about two friends who meet in a deserted vacation community during the off-season," he explains. "They can't get anyone on the phone; they can't reach the Carnegie Deli. They get the clear impression that they may very well be the last two Jews on earth. It's not futuristic, but it's set slightly in the future when Israel no longer exists as we know it and has moved to Miami Beach. Shamir is in the Fontainbleau Hotel; Rabin is in the Doral; and Sharon is in Isaac Singer's old condo on Collins Avenue."

MICHAEL GILTZ



Judith Granite and Larry Pine in 'Have You Spoken...'

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. She's also written award-winning material and commercial spots for television and radio. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/31. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. between Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical set in a small town during the fifties, it follows the paths of a brother and sister who try to find romance in the personals column of their local paper. Marks the theatrical debut of singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Book by Jeffrey Sweet; music by Manchester; lyrics by Manchester and Sweet. Directed by Pat Birch. With Bethe Austin, John Hickock; Robert Westenberg, and the incomparable Lynne Wintersteller. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 2/8. Through 2/19. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—A staging of biblical proportions for the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice blockbuster. Fortunately, its score can support a massive prodcution much better than the paper-thin songs of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* which was souped up a little while ago. With Ted Neeley as Christ, Carl Anderson as Judas, Syreeta Wright as Mary Magdalene, and Dennis DeYoung of Styx as Pilate. Directed and choreographed by Tony Christopher. $$25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 1/29. *Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741).*

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in *Angels in America.* Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews; opening 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Missing Persons—A new, substantially rewritten version of Craig Lucas's 1981 piece about a woman and her family trying to come to terms with one another and the past. Directed by Michael Mayer, who helmed the well-received production of *Angels in America* in Chicago, the first stop on its national tour. $22–$28. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. at 2. In previews 1/24; opening 2/1. Through 2/25. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/19/95. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Truth Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $25 in previews; $32.50–$35 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews 1/26; opening 2/9. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season devoted to the works of Horton Foote with the world premiere of this show about a couple confronting the death of their only child. Directed by Peter Masterson. With Ralph Waite, Devon Abner, Christine Burz, Frances Foster, Carlin Glynn, Seth Jones, Michael Lewis, and James Pritchett. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. 1/27–2/26. No performances 1/29, 1/30, and 2/6. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/29 at at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on . . . well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 1/29. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?—A new comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman imagines what a small resort community in the Northeast would be like if there were no Jews in America. Directed by Michael Rudman. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/5. No performance 1/26 and 1/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

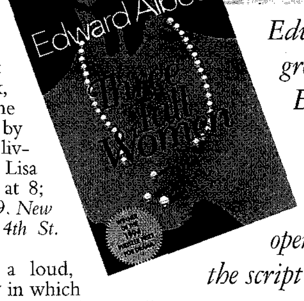
Living Proof—A paroled junk-bond salesman has a passionate encounter in New Jersey with his ex-wife's stepdaughter. Written by Gordon Rayfield; directed by Allen Coulter. A Jewish Repertory Theatre production. $30. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat.. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—The latest work from encomium-heavy playwright Tony Kushner, his first since *Angels in America*. Drawing upon that piece's focus on a world in flux, *Slavs* focuses on the fall of the Soviet Union as symbolized by the death of the world's oldest living Bolshevik. Directed by Lisa Peterson. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/29. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-NYTW).*



Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

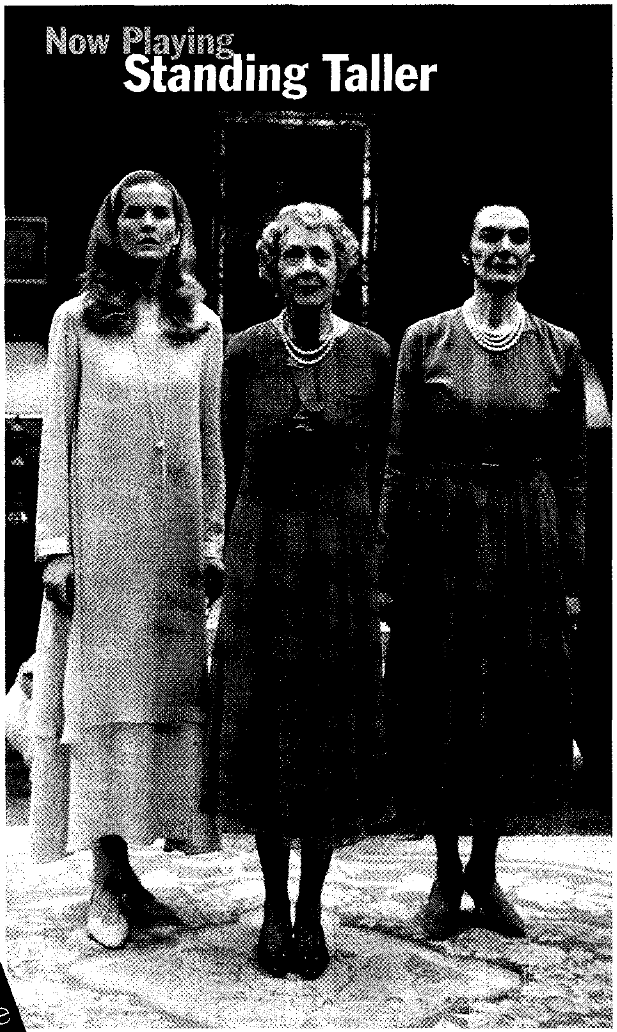
That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butler off. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher St.;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

Now Playing

Standing Taller



Edward Albee's 'Three Tall Women' continues to grow in stature—as it were. It's been playing Off Broadway for nine months and has inspired somewhat-more-serious-than-usual talk of expanding the Tonys beyond the Great White Way. A production with Maggie Smith opened in London, and now a hardcover edition of the script is selling briskly. ($17.95; Dutton.)

The Venetian Twins—The third production for the Pearl Theatre Company in its new home is the commedia dell'arte masterpiece by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. A tale of mistaken identity when two twins—one good, one naughty—arrive in Venice at the same time and cause havoc with the confusion that ensues. Directed by John Rando. $20–$25. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 9; Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards' English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Mon., Tues. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 6. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Beautiful People—A musical search for truth, employing songs by Kurt Weill, Jacques Brel, and Melanie. Written by Tony Boutte; directed by Mark Owen. $10.50. 1/27 at 8. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/25; opening 2/2. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

The Black Doctor—A romantic melodram written by African-American Ira Aldridge, one of America's greatest nineteenth-century Shakespearean actors. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/12. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

Bolts of Lightning II—An evening of short works by Langston Hughes, Dorothy Parker, Syliva Plath, and others. From the Lightning Strikes Theatre Company. $25. 1/23 and 1/24 at 8. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (713-5334).*

Cascando/Eh Joe—An evening of two Beckett one-acts, the first written for radio, the second for television. With Mik-Michèle, Stuart Pyle, and Sarah Schilling in *Cascando* and the poet John Giorno making his theatrical debut in *Eh Joe.* $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30; Sun. at 3. Through 1/29. *La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Cherry Orchard—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thurs.– Sat. at 8; Sun.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

at 3. Through 3/3/95. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Dora Ohrenstein and Acquaintances—The diva and some of her friends in a new performance piece. Paired with *Trousers,* with Elise Kermani, Elaine Kaplinsky, and Christine Bard. $8.50. 1/25 at 9. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Dropping In on the Earth—Two visitors from another planet survey contemporary life in this evening of skits and songs. Book and lyrics by Tom Attea; score by Arthur Abrams; directed (and two additional songs) by Mark Marcante. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/1. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thurs. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. Through 2/11. *Perry St. Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

In Previews

Classified Love

AM radio queen Melissa Manchester wrote the music and co-wrote the lyrics for 'I Sent a Letter to My Love,' about a brother and sister living in a small town who search for love through a personals column. Call 333-4052.

The Emperor of the Moon—Virginia Woolf once suggested that "all women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn . . . for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds." The first woman to make her living by writing plays, Behn in 1687 delivered this witty satire about a Neapolitan philosopher who is convinced that the moon is inhabited and is determined to wed his daughter and niece to lunar beings. Directed by Karin Coonrod. An Arden Party production. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/29. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (969-0551).*

The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia—A Renaissance-bondage production of a play recounting the life of Italy's most infamous homicidal queen and her rival Orsini as they battle over a young Italian boy. From Theatre Couture. $10. Mon. at 8. Closing 1/30 to prepare for Theatre Couture's staging of *The Bad Weed '73* in West Hollywood, California. *CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery St. (598-4307).*

Full Frontal Comedy—The latest collection of sketch comedy from the Lab Rats. Written and performed by Rick Mowat and Marty Grabstein; directed by Alan Braunstein. Free. Tues. at 8. *Pozo Lounge, 15 St. Marks Place (674-7959).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Story—Two young scamps play the Lords of Death in a deadly soccer game ultimately resulting in the birth of humans. Told with great charm by employing actors, giant puppets, masks, and other devices. A great success at last year's International Puppetry Festival at the Joseph Papp Public Theater, it's returned for a limited engagement. Based on a Mayan creation myth. Directed by Ralph Lee. $15–$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/29. *Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings by director Barry Kyle: *Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War.* $30. *Part I* begins 1/27; *Part II* begins 2/3. Both premiere on 2/25 (*Part I* at 2 and *Part II* at 8). Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance shcedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

L.A.—One night, six months after the Los Angeles riots, a film executive reveals to a friend that he executed a looter trying to pinch a toaster from the company kitchen. Written by Angus Fraser; directed by Nigel Maister. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *28th St. Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (802-9967).*

NO (thing so powerful as) TRUTH—A new performance piece by Dan Hurlin. It uses the life of newspaper publisher William Loeb as a springboard for a meditation on media and how they influence our lives. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 1/29. *Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077).*

Old Times—Harold Pinter's classic about a lesbian love affair, a threatened husband, and a psychotic murderer in a new production by the Independent Theatre Company, which had a success last year with Pinter's *The Birthday Party.* Directed by Dan Tedlie. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/28. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. (353-3088).*

Pages—Amber Chase's new drama traces a family's journey from its roots in Quebec to its final stand. $10. 1/28, 1/30, and 1/31 at 8. *Hamlet of Bank St. Theater, 155 Bank St. (989-6445).*

The Players Club—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Fri. at 8. Through 2/3. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Repertorio Español—A theatrical company dedicated to the Spanish repertory, with many shows—but not all—featuring simultaneous translations. One of the most popular productions currently in their repertory is *And the Carnival Erupted!,* conceived and directed by Jorge Alí Triana with music by German Arieta. 1/26 at 11 a.m.; 1/27–1/29 at 8 and 2/3 at 8. $15–$25. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850).*

Russian Deconstructivism—Two new dance-theater pieces: *Samovar Fears,* by Dina Emerson and Will Pomerantz; and *The Fever,* by Robert C. Lyons and Kristin Marting. $12.50. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. 1/27–2/12. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Schools of Fish—A cult leader from Texas, a prosecuting attorney, and a jury foreman square off in this drama written by Jim Gardiner and Len Fink and directed by Ken Dashow. $8; two-drink minimum. Mon. at 9. Through 1/31/95. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Sophia at the Fin de Siècle—Sophia, a clairvoyant, telepathic prophet with a telepathic and homeless friend, is hospitalized in a psychiatric ward because she's considered mad. In this piece combining video, movement, and an elaborate sound score, Sophia is visited by a ghost and confronts fears about the end of the world, messianic prophecies, random street violence, neoprimitive scarification rituals, and other urban ills. Includes "a fair amount of real blood." Written, choreographed, and directed by Melanie Hahn. $5. Through 1/27 at 8; 1/28 at 3 and 7. *Tisch School of the Arts, Shop Theatre, 721 Broadway, near 8th St., second floor (255-2185).*

Strange Snow—A revival of Stephen Metcalfe's drama about a Vietnam vet torn apart by his memories of the war (not to mention alcohol), and the sister and other veteran who become drawn into his destruction. Filmed as a movie called *Jacknife,* with Robert De Niro and Ed Harris. Directed by Mark McKenna. With Carl Cohen, Paul Navarra, and Diane Rooney. From 'Toon Theatre. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews 1/25; opening 1/27. Through 2/11. *Pelican Studio Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (979-0263).*

Uncle Bob—A new two-character play written by Austin Pendleton. With George Morfogen and Adam Stein; directed by Kelly Morgan. $12 in previews; $20 after opening. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. In previews; opening 2/1. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St., fifth floor (315-9434).*

Waterfall/Reflections—The Yara Arts Group presents an interweaving of American and Ukrainian women's family histories, myths, ancient songs, and contemporary poetry. Developed in Kiev in collaboration with folk singer Nina Matvienko. Directed by Virlana Tkacz. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; also 2/5 and 2/12 at 3:30. 1/27–2/12. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Young Torless—Sadism in an Austrian military academy at the turn of the century. Adapted from the novel by Robert Musil; directed by A. M. Raychel. $16. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 1/27/95. *Theatre-Studio, Inc., 750 Eighth Ave., second floor, at 46th St. (719-0500).*

Photograph by James Leynse.

Helen Merrill...Baaba Maal...Megadeth

Concerts

Megadeth—Landing the first single and video from *The Beavis and Butt-head Experience* is but one of this band's many distinctions. The men of Megadeth are also gun-control lobbyists, sometime MTV reporters, and self-appointed "voices for disenfranchised youth." The hair band turned political machine plays with North Carolina's Corrosion of Conformity, another politically minded metal outfit whose counsel to young voters—"Vote With a Bullet"—should make for a weird vibe backstage. At least both bands like Black Sabbath. 1/27–1/28 at 8 p.m. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (307-7171). $23–25.*

Stevie Wonder—Despite a lavish setting and a 33-piece orchestra, the most transporting soul and funk singer alive should offer plenty of passion. Forgive the eighties cheese-ditties and go for the oldies and the newies. His upcoming *Conversation Piece* is rumored to be a return to raw, sensual form. 1/24 and 1/25 at 8 p.m. *Radio City Music Hall (307-7171). $25–$45.*

Green Fields of America—A "supergroup" of Irish artists living in America, featuring Limerick's own Mick Moloney, plus Seamus Egan, Eileen Ivers, Jimmy Keane, and others. 1/28 at 8 p.m. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $16.*

Jazz Argentina—Guitarist Fernando Tarres, occasional sideman to Tito Puente, Paquito D'Rivera, and Ruben Blades, blends jazz and twentieth-century classical music with the folk music of his native Argentina. His Arida Conta Group plays 1/27 at 8 p.m. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $12.*

Big Citi Jazz—1/30: Bross Townsend Trio at noon. *Citicorp Atrium, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (559-6758). Free.*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 1/27: Devine's Diner, featuring fiddlers Jimmy Devine, Tina Lech, and Sarah Blair. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Brownie's—Chuck Cleaver, the troubled bard of Cincinnati's Ass Ponys, seems to divide his time between art school and a flophouse. His grim folktales have plenty of whimsical nineties twists like UFO sightings and the like, but there's also enough mundane tragedy—losing girlfriends to fundamentalist Christianity, watching friends in downward spirals—that you can tell he's hung out with plenty of normal people too. The Ass Ponys play music from their excellent, modestly titled *Electric Rock Music* on 1/29. Shows at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 1/25: Uncle Butch. 1/26: Xanax 25. 1/27: L.A. thrash-rappers Downset. 1/28: Wool; Guzzard. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/25–1/26: Maurice Vaughn, guitarist, saxophonist, and singer, leads a blues band. 1/27–1/28: Windy City institution Otis Clay. 1/30: Legendary Moe Holmes and the Pioneers. 1/31: Skillet. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. Monday nights are cover-free and booked by longtime punk label Homestead records, this week featuring Sleepyhead on 1/30. 1/24: Eggs. 1/27: Drunken Boat. 1/28: Groove Collective. 1/31: "Utopia Parkway," art videos with DJ Olive and DJ Spooky. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth. 1/27: Susan McKeown and the Chanting House. 1/28: Industrial Tepee; Sasha Ikovic. 2/1: Mark Mulcahy; Chris Harford; Pal Shazar Band. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Irving Plaza—1/25: Barenaked Ladies; Jules Shear. 1/27: Baaba Maal. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—In its new TriBeCa digs, the Knitting Factory has grown to become a veritable supermarket of alternative music, with all the leading brands in avant-, indie-, and post-everything. Plus tasty microbrews. 1/25: Ween. 1/26: Gary Lucas. 1/27: Boston's raging world-weary assault combo Come. 1/28: Guitarist Derek Bailey, the world's foremost philospher of improvisation, with John Zorn and William Parker. 1/29: William Parker and the Little Huey Creative Music Orchestra. 1/31: Avant-guitarist, former Lounge Lizard, and all-around merry prankster Marc Ribot leads Shrek. 1/30: Christina Wheeler. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side, with blues and good-time rock and roll every evening. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells there for Ladies' Night. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-blues).*

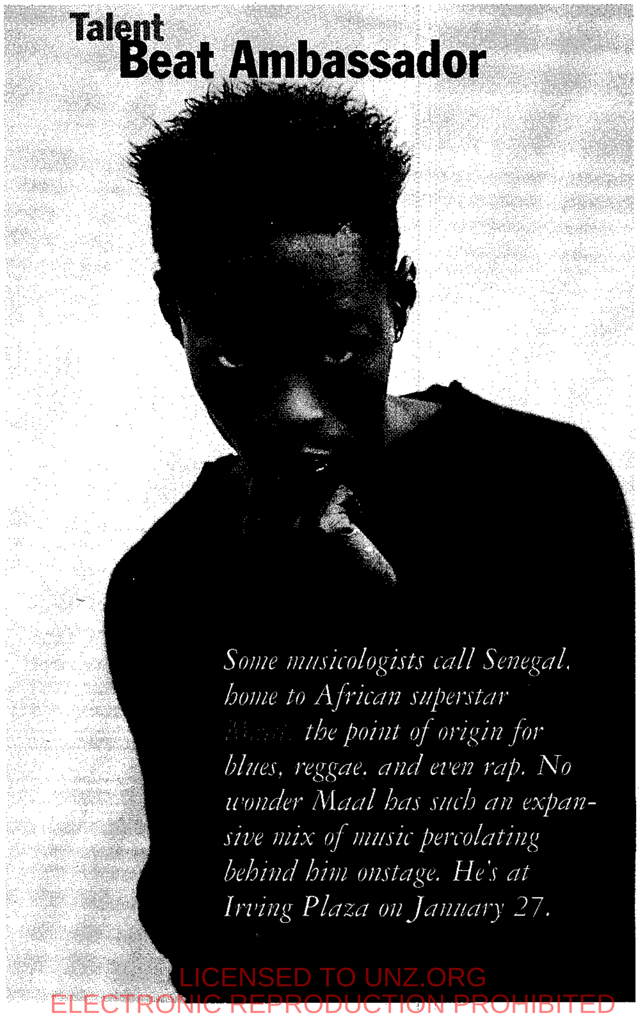
Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB's West, this is the site of many of rock's recent ground-swells.1/27: Madder Rose; Ivy. 1/28: Soul singer ascendent Joan Osbourne plays with Kevin Salem. 1/29: Guzzard; Wool. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening music spots, the Mercury regularly hosts rock, country, and folk artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 1/25: Bottle Rockets. 1/26: The R&B vinyl-fest Empire State Soul Club. 1/28: Catherine. 1/29: Dean and the Weenies play an aids benefit. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/25: Heather Woodbury Report. 1/28: Sextet Offensive, featuring anti-folk-movement founder Lach in his first full-band appearance in four years. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 1/25: Hadja Soumano. 1/27: Phantoms. 1/29: Rock De Los 90s. 1/30: Tito Puente. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin'

Talent
Beat Ambassador



Some musicologists call Senegal, home to African superstar Maal, the point of origin for blues, reggae, and even rap. No wonder Maal has such an expansive mix of music percolating behind him onstage. He's at Irving Plaza on January 27.

Photograph by Juergen Teller.

The Great Scott

Since Jimmy Scott plays New York so often lately, it's easy to forget how blessed we are to have this sorcerer of the ballad. His tragic, floating melodies can make time stand still, and his singing has influenced everyone from Stevie Wonder to Frankie Valli to Marvin Gaye. He sings at Tavern on the Green January 31–February 12.

the Script," this week with Reg E. Gaines, Dana Bryant, and Miguel Algarin. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians, this week featuring old-school organist Reuben Wilson on 1/26. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Though marred by ringing walls and a mid-stage column, this is still a dependable venue for the greats of soul and funk, as well as sundry flavors of indie and alternative rock. 1/25: Ween. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy, club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/25: The Bay City Rollers (yes, the original, not a Bleecker Street tribute band). 1/26: Screaming Headless Torsos; Women in Love. 1/30: New Wave pub-rocker and sympatico guitar-slinger Nick Lowe plays with strikingly literate alternative-country hero Jim Lauderdale. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 1/27–1/28: Fort Apache Band, featuring Jerry Gonzalez. 1/29: Karen Taborn Quartet. *2420 Broadway, at 89th St. (740-2228).*

Blue Note—Singer Helen Merrill, whose CD *Brownie* celebrates the music of Clifford Brown, offers her sets here as a tribute to the trumpet in general. Hornman Lew Soloff helps make it official. She's joined by drummer Louie Bellson and his quintet, through 1/29. 1/31–2/5: Ahmad Jamal with the Roy Hargrove Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours—this month especially, with guest tenor-sax stars Javon Jackson and Joshua Redman. Through 1/28: Young Turk–of-the-moment bassist Christian McBride, plays in a trio with Greg Hutchinson and Mike LeDonne. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 1/29: Laverne Butler. 1/31–2/5: Joe Morello. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—He's no household name, but Fred Hersch is something of a hero. The modest, wonderfully expressive pianist organized and played on *Last Night When We Were Young*— the jazz community's first aids benefit record and an outstanding collection of ballads by Andy Bey, Jane Ira Bloom, and Bobby Watson. Hersch co-leads a quartet with Dave Douglas at this palatial ballroom, 1/25–1/26. 1/27–1/28: Joe Chambers Band. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Dave Holland—who possesses one of the most beautiful bass tones on record—leads a band with drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith and vibraphonist Steve Nelson. He plays through 1/28. 1/29: Organist and singer Amina Claudine Meyers. 1/30: "Five Star Guitars Play the Music of Charles Mingus," with a rotating roster of New York fret-burners—David Fiuczynski, Larry Coryell, Rodney Jones, David Gilmore, and others. 1/31–2/3: Terence Blanchard Quartet. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 a.m. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled, brass-railed room with Old New York ambience, frequently visited by excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Monday, it's "Women in Jazz & Blues." Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 1/26–1/29: The thunderous Elvin Jones, the only drummer who could hang with John Coltrane in his most explosive period, leads his Jazz Machine. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. 1/27: Boilermaker Jazz Band. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. Nightly jams start round about 2 a.m. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 a.m. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Swing Street Cafe—A compact and festive midtown restaurant that specializes in jazz guitarists and Italian food. Sets Wed. and Thurs., 6–10; Fri. and Sat., 7–11. *253 East 52nd St. (754-4862).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 1/29: Pianist Dorothy Donegan cracks wise and plays her congenial blend of stride and boogie-woogie. 1/31–2/12: Little Jimmy Scott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky, 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. This February it turns 60. 1/24–1/29: Pianist Jacky Terrasson. Master of dynamics, surprising voicings in his chords, extravagant, and a daredevil. With bassist Ugonna Okegwo and drummer Leon Parker. The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra keeps the faith on Mondays. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 a.m. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/25–1/28: Mulgrew Miller's Wingspan. 1/31: Jim McNeely Trio. 2/1–2/4: The amazing saxophonist Arthur Blythe leads a quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, and many other comedy greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 1/25: Hot 97's "Phat Comedy Show." Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 1/29: Caroline Rhea; Darryll Hammond; Joe Mulligan; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Mark Cohen. 1/30–2/5: Rick Crom; Ray Romano; Kevin Brennan; Dave Attell. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 a.m. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through

Photograph by Ken Schles.

1/29: The Most Brothers; Richie Gold; and John Rizzo. 1/30–2/5: Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 2/4: Nancy LaMott with *Girl Talk*. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Her second show is *Listen to My Heart* on Fri. and Sat. at 11:30. $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

The Ballroom—Thur. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 West 28th St. (244-3005).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt through 2/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St.(581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—*Cleopatra's Follies,* a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Copeland's—Covers range from $5–$10. *547 W. 145th St. (234-2357).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Duplex—Thur.: Gotham City Improv. Fri. and Sat. at 10: *Dressing Room Divas.* Fri: *Nose Job* and Talent Search. Sat: *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun.: *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* 1/25: *Junk Male* with John Fugelsang. Covers range from $3–$15. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty Eight's—1/25: Closing night for Julie Halston's *The Honeymoon is Over;* Rickey Ritzel as Jimmy Durante. 1/26: Angela LaGreca; Justin Bond. 1/27: Sons and Lovers; Adrienne Tolsch. 1/28: Edna Manilow tribute; David Gurland; Marcus Lovett. 1/29: Charlotte Patten; Karen Saunders; Vanessa Campbell. $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Essex House—1/30 at 7: A benefit performance for Manhattan Theatre Club's Musical Theatre and Play Development Program, featuring Mary Cleere Haran, Laurie Beechman, and Nancy LaMott. $250. *160 Central Park So. (645-5590, ext. 146).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 2/4: Manhattan Rhythm Kings. $35 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Rose's Turn—Thur. and Fri. at 8 through 1/27: *The Musical Enquirer.* 1/25: Subject To Change. 1/27: George Diaz. 1/28: Talking Themselves in From the Ledge; Tommy Femia as Judy. 1/29: *Sunday Funnies.* $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Trocadero—Sat. at 10: *The Jay and Tammy Show.* $7, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker Street (242-0636).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jagermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's, the delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—On Wednesday night this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Montero's—A longshoremen's bar sans stevedores, although their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends there's a gate, and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St., Brooklyn (624-9799).*

Oak Room—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front and a dartboard in the back and a gaggle of "make yourself comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St. (777-6158).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset—which is about four in the afternoon these days. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size *pissoirs*. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And a have boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

S.T.—To the interloper, this up-to-the minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. The huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity and make it so crowded that not only can you taste the alienation in the air; you can smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as you come out of the bathroom. *634 11th St. (no phone).*

Teddy's–Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of the late in-house piano man, Shorty Jackson, keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9787).*

205 Club—A social club for hipsters. A couch, a pool table, a D.J. after 10:30, and the best pinball machine in creation make first-timers feel like longtime members. One tip: Get your partner to order his or her bourbon on the rocks before you order yours neat. The bartenders seem to feel compelled to match the level of the first drink, leaving you with one crippling can of Makers Mark. *205 Chrystie St., at Stanton St. (473-5816).*

Talent

Hillbilly Hepcats

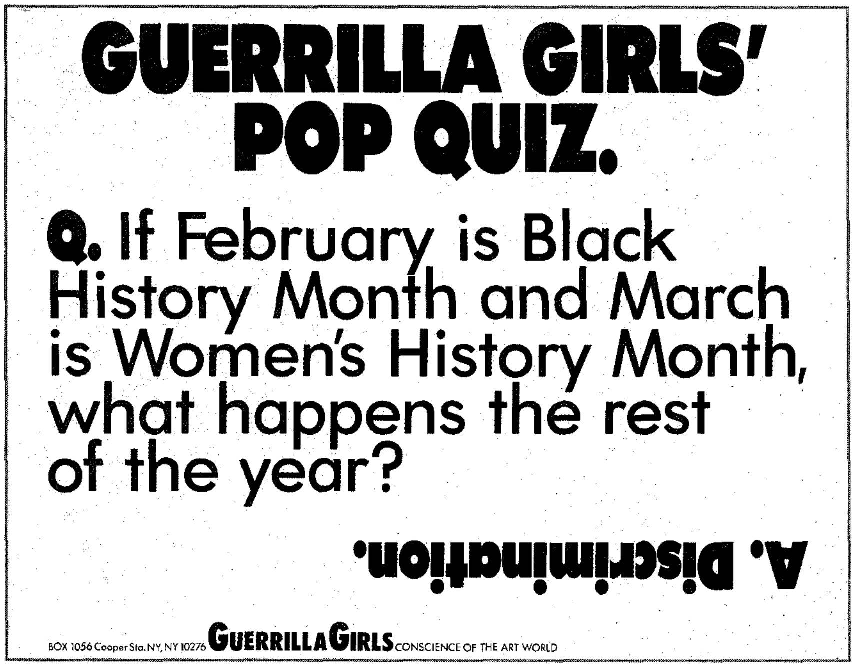
As trailer-park chic gains ground in the Alternative Nation, beware the college-rock ironist in truck-stop drag. In the past few years, several good-to-excellent, country-minded rock bands—Go to Blazes, the Jayhawks, Uncle Tupelo, the Reverend Horton Heat—have made southern twangs, dust-bowl vignettes, and John Deere caps the very latest in indie-rock vogue. And in the process, they've laid bare the fertile soil of heartland naïvete to hipster parody and winking shtick. But if the Bottle Rockets (Mercury Lounge, January 25) are mining a shtick, they've sure put a lot of work into it. Hailing from Festus, Missouri, this unglamorous quartet of bearded and bespectacled post-dudes shows a working knowledge of life in a one–Taco Bell town. On *The Brooklyn Side,* singer/songwriter Brian Henneman (second from left) turns a clear eye and a sympathetic ear to welfare moms, TV-addicted dads, and young lovers in four-wheel-drives. The band plays the sort of southern rock and roll you'd expect from guys who grew up with ZZ Top, Neil Young, Merle Haggard, and Hank Williams on the same record shelf. ("Stuck in a Rut" even sounds like Black Sabbath.) But they're more than a little bit country. "The Brooklyn Side" is a bowling term, not a borough check, and they've been known to close their sets with Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Chris Norris

Holder's Folk Art...Painting Maine

Openings

In his recent paintings, which incorporate architectural elements, figures, signs, and language, the Catalan artist **Antoni Tàpies** continues to explore the physical and sensual qualities of paint and other materials while synthesizing personal and universal imagery (opens January 27 at Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.). **"Duck"** brings together artists who've explored fear and anxiety in their work, among them Henry Darger, Richard Prince, Andy Warhol, and Weegee (opens January 28 at Edward Thorp Gallery, 130 Prince St.).



GUERRILLA GIRLS' POP QUIZ.

Q. If February is Black History Month and March is Women's History Month, what happens the rest of the year?

A. Discrimination.

BOX 1056 Cooper Sta. NY, NY 10276 GUERRILLA GIRLS CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

Photograph courtesy of the Guerrilla Girls.

Retrospective

Guerrilla Warfare

For years, the Guerrilla Girls have exhibited a gift for putting the art world on the spot with their witty, bilious posters. At Printed Matter Bookstore, 77 Wooster Street.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Carl Andre—The artist's own 1995 remake of the minimalist sculpture *Sand-Lime Instar,* an eight-element gridded field that was destroyed in 1966; through 2/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Peter Brandes—Gestural abstract paintings and works on paper by a Danish artist; through 2/12. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

Jean Carzou—Paintings and drawings of the palace and gardens of Versailles, executed between 1971 and 1994; through 2/17. Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings of landscapes, still lifes, and nudes from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Aharon Gluska—A group of mixed-media works in wood, silk, resin, and paint that incorporate enlarged copies of mug shots of Jews in concentration camps taken from the Nazis' own files; 1/26–3/4. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

57th Street Area

William Baziotes—Of these seemingly serene biomorphic paintings, the artist, who had a horror of being misunderstood, once wrote, "My work is like the Caribbean—Above the Blue Sky and below the Blue Water—beneath the sharks . . ."; through 3/4. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Rudy Burckhardt—Painted in a deliberately primitive style, these quirky views of the Maine forest accentuate the human characteristics of trees and plants; through 2/18. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Waltercio Caldas/Cildo Meireles—Sculptures and installations by these two Brazilian artists whose works are primarily concerned with the perceptual and emotional experience of space. Through 2/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Wendell Castle—A selection of the furniture maker's whimsical cabinets made between 1985 and 1995; through 2/25. Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Ward Davenny—Charcoal drawings of landscapes; through 2/18. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Minnie Evans/David Zeldis—Paintings by the self-taught visionary artist, whose themes include scenes from the Bible, the sacredness of nature, and the exotic (see Museum of American Folk Art)/Small pencil drawings from the past fifteen years, ranging in subject from the familiar to the fantastic. Through 2/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Louise Fishman/José Resende—New small-scale abstract paintings on single panels and in diptych and triptych format/Sculpture by a Brazilian artist. Through 2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Alfred Jensen—This group of fifteen paintings based on the aerial configuration of stepped pyramids, or ziggurats, was probably influenced by the artist's travels in Mexico during the mid-sixties; through 2/11. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jacob Lawrence—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; through 2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Guy de Malherbe—The French artist scours the streets of Paris at night in search of these headboards, shutters, moldings, and other discarded objects on which he paints his faint evocations of images; through 2/25. Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (759-5536).

Alfonso Ossorio—The artist, who referred to his dense wall-relief conglomerations of obsessively collected found objects, extruded plastics, and thick impasto as "Congregations," created this group of rare freestanding works between 1965 and 1969; through 2/11. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Sarah Rapson—The muted white tones of the British artist's recent paintings bring to mind paper, bed linens, yogurt, and porcelain; through 2/11. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Rolf Scarlett—Though the Canadian-born modernist had seen black-and-white reproductions of Kandinsky's paintings, it was not until 1936, when he visited Hilla Rebay, the director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, that he saw the actual works. He later recalled the paintings as having "a sort of cosmic order that made me feel at peace and at home for perhaps the first time in my life." This exhibit explores Kandinsky's influence on Scarlett and comprises works on paper from 1945 that have not been previously exhibited; through 2/11. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Raphael Soyer—An exhibit spanning the artist's career, with an emphasis on his Social Realist paintings of the thirties and forties; through 3/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Jack Tworkov/Sam Francis—A survey documenting the evolution of his paintings from Abstract Expressionism to his later reductive works; through 2/11/An exhibit, marking the artist's death last November, of Abstract Expressionist paintings and drawings from the fifties to the early nineties; through 2/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Neil Welliver—Realist paintings of Maine landscapes in different seasons and at different times of day by this artist who has lived in Maine since 1962; through 2/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Bettina Werner—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; through 2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Helen Miranda Wilson—Inspired by the poems and pictures engraved on the windowpanes in the artist's childhood home, these recent small-scale paintings depict the rooms the artist lives in, her own body, the food she eats, and the surrounding sky and landscape; 1/25–3/4. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Phoebe Adams—New sculpture; through 2/11. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Eleanor Antin—The artist's newest work is *Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story,* a surreal, film-set-like installation that reconstructs a section of old, decaying Greenwich Village; through 2/18. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Richard Artschwager—A monumental sculpture titled *Large Drop Drop,* made in 1991, that consists of a large spun-aluminum exclamation point suspended over a black granite pool; through 2/25. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-7820).

Shimon Attie/Sandra Tucci—The artist created these large-scale color photographs by superimposing archival photographs of life in prewar Berlin's Jewish quarter onto buildings standing today, using original façades whenever possible/The Brazilian artist's site-specific installation comprises three floor-to-ceiling columns, each one assembled from more than 50 colored and textured pieces made from glass, plaster, iron, pigment, and pine needles. Through 2/11. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Will Berry—Recent oil paintings that blend Oriental carpet designs and archetypal images in dense layers of paint; through 2/4. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Joseph Beuys—Portfolios of prints and multiples from John Gibson's own collection that were made by the German artist between 1968 and 1976; through 2/11. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Alighiero e Boetti/Miguel Angel Ríos—Maps and embroideries made between 1984 and 1988/Pleated Cibachrome photographs of maps on pleated canvases. Through 2/11. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Alfonse Borysewicz—New paintings that ruminate on the artist's Catholic faith and inner life; 1/26–2/25. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Luca Buvoli—An installation of sculptures composed of fragments of urban debris, a 16-mm. animated movie, handmade artists' books, and comic-book drawings and fold-out posters; through 2/5. A/C Project Room, 558 Broome St. (226-7271).

Mary Ellen Carroll/Bill Scanga—An installation of eight white wool military blankets monogrammed with the phonetic version of the entire text of Jonathan Swift's satiric 1729 essay "A Modest Proposal"/Color photographs of his knitted clothes for trees. Through 2/11. TZ Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Mark Depman—Three separate series of digital prints, including images of human backs, natural objects found in and around the artist's backyard, and a formal study of special effects with out-of-focus dots that resemble circular and elliptical eye charts; through 2/8. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Yvonne Jacquette/Nuno Ramos—Recent aerial views of Maine, New York, and Hong Kong that combine various perspectives within a single image/A site-specific installation by a Brazilian artist. Through 2/11. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Yeong Gill Kim/David Brody—Monochromatic landscape paintings by two artists who use elements of traditional Asian ink painting with very different results. Through 2/8. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Raeford Liles—Collages inspired by Asian erotic art; through 2/18. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Eva Lundsager—Small-scale abstract paintings that suggest underwater scenes; through 2/11. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Josiah McElheny/Dan Peterman—The artist, who is also a glassblower, critiques and reinvents the history and mythology of glass by re-creating originals, replicas, fakes, and reproductions of glass artifacts/Sculptures made from recycled materials. Through 2/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Amalia Mesa-Bains—Installations, books, prints, and "shrines" exploring Catholic ritual, Mexican pre-Christian religious imagery, Chicana history, and female rites of passage; through 2/11. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Karl A. Meyer—Gestural abstract paintings whose glyphic marks evoke birds and plants; through 2/11. Bace, 39 Wooster St. (219-0959).

Tatsuo Miyajima—A kinetic installation titled *U-Car* that grew out of the artist's research into chaos theory and features battery-operated cars moving in circles on the gallery's floor; through 2/11. Luhring-Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Peggy Preheim—Titled "Caul Structures," the paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs in this exhibit evoke various states of vulnerability prompted by the conditional nature of existence, archetypal childhood memories, and the passage of time; 1/25–3/4. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Tim Rollins and K.O.S.—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; through 2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Dario Urzay—This series of primarily red paintings spanned by veinlike webs brings to mind X-rays, blood, and other bodily matter; through 2/23. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

Other

Susan Leopold—A site-specific installation that challenges traditional notions about public and private space through the use of cameras, video monitors, wooden windows, and detection mirrors; through 3/4. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Auction

The Un-Art

For some, Geoffrey Holder's persona is synonymous with his 7-Up "Un-Cola" TV commercial. Then there's Holder the dancer, choreographer, singer, costume designer, photographer, painter, and first-class cook. His obsession with Outsider Art—what used to be called merely folk art—is less well known, but not for long: Next week, his remarkable collection goes on the block as part of Sotheby's "Important Americana" sale.

***Holder got hooked on collecting through the choreographer John Butler,* who created roles for Holder's wife, dancer Carmen de Lavallade. "John's place was *the* place to be in the fifties," recalls Holder, who remembers admiring Butler's sculptures by Giacometti and Marini. "He mentioned that he bought some of these things with his unemployment checks." It wasn't long before Holder, then a young dancer, followed Butler's example. "When the el was being torn down, a lot of the antiques shops on Third Avenue closed," Holder says. "A man called George Jergens had the most wonderful carved saint figures. A blue Christ to die over. I bought a plaster statue of the Virgin Mary because it had a face like Carmen's."**

Holder and De Lavallade are selling collected pieces by Minnie Evans, Howard Finster, and others to make room for Holder's own paintings; space in their SoHo loft will also go to De Lavallade, a part-time sculptor. Every other square foot has already been absorbed by the couple's vast collection of Caribbean, Mexican, and African art. Holder says he'll miss the American works, and plans to write a book about them. "I like these odd visions people see—the way *they* see it; not the way *I* see it," Holder says. "It's like when you go to a black church and you hear the people sing. It's pure poetry. Oh, to die for!" EDITH NEWHALL

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). Traditional and contemporary paintings, prints, paper cuts, jewelry, and pottery depicting the twelve animals of the Chinese zodiac; through 3/4.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Paintings by nineteenth-century folk artists; through 3/4.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Recent landscape paintings by Bierk, Dinsmore, Grayson, Levy; through 2/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art 1958–1962"; 1/27–3/18.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Sculpture, paintings, and drawings by Brancusi, Mondrian, Picasso, Schwitters, Wesselmann, others; through 2/11.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art" comprises masterpieces from the eighteenth through the twentieth century; 1/27–4/14.

Snyderman—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). American paintings from modernism to Abstract Expressionism by Avery, Crawford, Diller, Graham, Matulka, Weber, others; through 2/25.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (799-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Möbius Strip," with works by Gillick, Minelli, Ritchie, Tiravanija, Wearing, others; through 2/11.

I.C. Editions—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). In 1968, William Copley invited artists to produce multiples for his SMS Studios over a one-year period. This exhibit features works by John Cage, Marcel Duchamp, Richard Hamilton, Bruce Nauman, and 69 others; through 2/25.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Outsider works by Carlo, Gillespie, Murry, Wilson, Yoakum; through 2/28.

P.P.O.W.—532 Broadway (941-8642). A series of books titled "Eye/Flower" containing countless drawings of vulvas and eyes, by Steve Derrickson; paintings by Phyllis Bramson, Carole Caroompas, Margaret Curtis; a video installation by Maureen Connor; through 2/11.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Posters by the Guerrilla Girls; through 2/26.

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

How deep must one dig to find the roots of the potato?

Most people think the potato came from Ireland. Actually, it came from the American Indians. As did tomatoes, sweet potatoes, bell peppers, popcorn and many other foods. There's a lot more we could learn from the Native peoples of North, South and Central America. And with your help, soon there'll be a place where we can all see, touch and get a taste of Indian culture.

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Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Emblems and Contours," with paintings by Baechler, Basquiat, Dine, Lasker, Lichtenstein, Schnabel, Twombly, Warhol, Wegman; through 2/11.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Antique craftworks from the Straw Museum in Wohlen, Switzerland, and sculptures by Di Gallo, Heé, Keiser, Perrin, Rourich i Bordas, Weber; through 2/18.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Art Against AIDS" comprises two separate exhibits—"The Artist's Camera," a group show of photography curated by Richard Marshall and Junji Ito, and "Contemporary Artists Interpret the Garden," curated by Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, and Hiroshi Teshigahara; through 2/18.

Other

Grand Central Terminal Waiting Room—42nd St. between Vanderbilt and Lexington Aves.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7. "Zaha Hadid: Projects"; "Cycles of Expression: The Sci-Arc Bicycle Workshop"; through 2/15.

Lannon—530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115). Paintings that use the figure as a metaphor, by Bullock, Green, Harper, Kustura, Summers, Wilson, others; through 2/26.

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). "10 + 10: Artists Select a Painter of Their Choice," with works by Barth, Cajori, Downes, Jacquette, Israel, Passlof, Wagner, Richie, others; through 2/18.

Photography

Lorna Bieber—Using paint, crayon, pencil, and collage, and traditional and nontraditional darkroom techniques, the photographer appropriates and reinterprets images of rooms and houses taken by anonymous photographers in the forties and fifties; through 2/18. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Debbie Fleming Caffery—In these recent portraits taken in Mexico, the photographer worked in deep shadow or at night with occasional flares of light; through 2/25. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Susan Derges/Edward Maxey—Two series of color photograms of frogs showing the development of life from spawn to frog/Black-and-white abstractions of the American flag. Through 2/25. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Andreas Gursky—Photographs that form an impersonal travelogue of industrial and postindustrial spaces and sites, among them a panoramic view of a factory in Rotterdam and a diptych of the Hong Kong Bourse; through 2/18. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

Danny Lyon—The civil-rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of nineteenth-century buildings in lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been some of this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

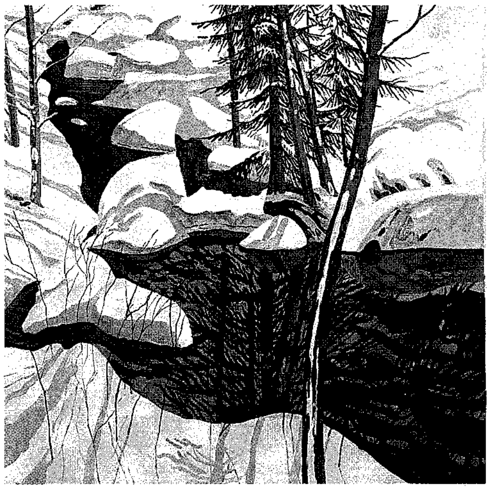
Reginald Marsh—The painter, known for his rambunctious images of New York's working class from the early twentieth century, took photographs as "visual notes" for his paintings. This exhibit includes photographs of Coney Island after its glory days, the waterfront, and New York City and its people; through 4/15. Queens Museum of Art at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights (718-592-9700); Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Dean McNeil—Large-scale color portraits taken in cemeteries in Prague, Vienna, Paris, and New York; through 3/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "White," an exhibit exploring the nature of perception, features works by Eggleston, Frank, Friedlander, Levinthal, Metzker, Serrano, Sugimoto, and others; photographs by Arno Fisher that were taken in Berlin in the fifties before the construction of the Wall; through 2/25.

Richard Pare—The English photographer takes his pictures of ancient and contemporary sculpture and architecture with a small-format camera, then has them digitally printed and enlarged; through 3/4. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Masterpieces of Soviet Photography: 1917–1935," with works by Debabov, El Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Zelma, others; through 2/25.



On View **Unlike so many landscape painters, Neil Welliver eschews the grandiose and goes for private, atypical views, the kind one doesn't so much look for as come across. Recent work at the Marlborough Gallery.**

Photograph courtesy of the Marlborough Gallery.

Cindy Sherman—The artist's ongoing interest in Surrealist photography is reflected in these distorted, dramatically lighted views of fake body parts, mannequins, and masks; through 2/11. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by photographers chosen from Graphistock, a stock photo agency specializing in fine art; through 2/26.

Paul Strand—An exhibition of photographs taken in Europe and Africa after Strand moved to France in 1950, through 2/4, at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555); and photogravure prints from 1914 to 1917, through 3/28, at Felissimo, 10 W. 56th St. (956-4438).

Minor White—A group of early prints made by the photographer for his 1964 exhibit at the Underground Gallery in New York; through 2/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Discreet Objects: Maureen Connor: Selected Works, 1978–1994." Through 2/11. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The World Explored: 125 Years of Collecting Photographs." Through 1/30. CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 2/19. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"When Art Was Popular: The Salon and the Royal Academy in the 19th and Early 20th Centuries." The museum's inaugural exhibition features paintings and sculpture by Auguste Bonheur, George Clairin, Luc-Olivier Merson, Constant Troyon, James Ward, and other artists who exhibited regularly at the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy; through 5/20. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder"; 1/24–3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943–1968." The development of Italian abstraction, from Alberto Burri's *informale* paintings through the early works of Arte Povera artists in the sixties. Through 1/29. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991; 1/26–4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun.and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912–1922." Through 1/29. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "*Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*" Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. . . . "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." Through 1/22. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandala-like images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939; 1/26–4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." "Thresh-holds/O.M.A. at moma: Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through 1/31. . . . "A Century of Artists Books." Through 1/24. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Clothing, accessories, photographs, and ephemera associated with the department stores, restaurants, and theaters of this area, which was once New York's center of fashion, business, and recreation. Through 10/22. . . . "The Making of a Mural: Reginald Marsh at the U.S. Custom House. Through 1/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

New Museum of Contemporary Art— "Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993"; 1/27–4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers"; 1/27–4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"Peter Koch, Printer." A retrospective of works by this designer, printer, and publisher, from the "Cowboy Surrealism" of his early years in Montana to commercial and commissioned work and his increasingly innovative explorations of the uses of printing and the book form itself. Through 3/28. . . . "Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings@100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 1/26 at 2 and 1/27 at 10: "Important American Furniture, Silver, Prints, Folk Art, and Decorative Arts." On view from 1/20.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 1/24 at 10: "Property From the Hatfield Collection." On view from 1/20. 1/24 at 2: "Americana." On view from 1/20.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 1/25 at 10: "Important 17th- and 18th-Century English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 1/21.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/24 at 10:15 and 2 and 1/26, 1/27, and 1/30 at 10:15: "Americana." On view from 1/19. 1/28 at 10:15: "Holland Collection." On view from 1/22. 1/29 at 1: "New-York Historical Society Collection." On view from 1/22. 1/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Americana." On view from 1/23.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/26 at 3:30: "Posters." On view from 1/21.

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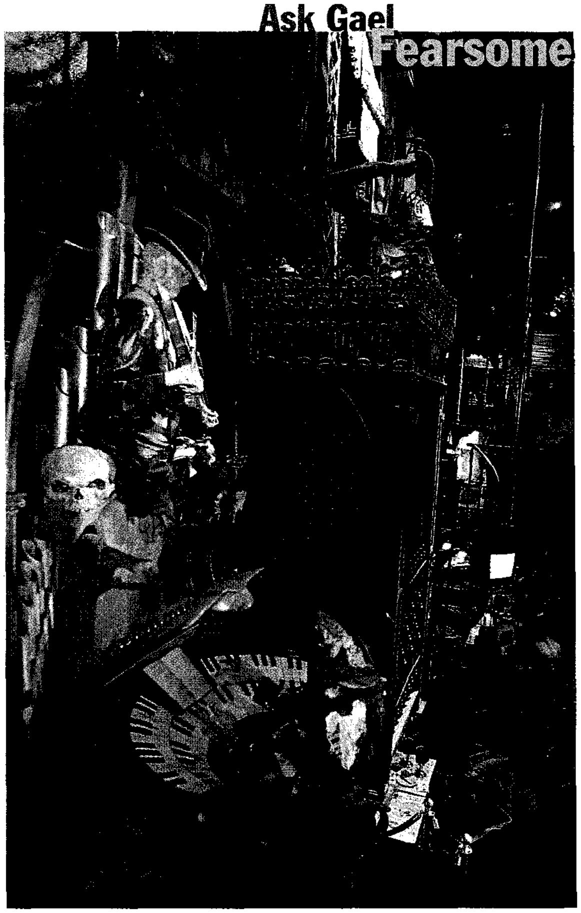


Is there nothing new under the moon?

Five floors of horror are stewing at the Jekyll and Hyde Club, and two of them are open at last and already jammed to the belfry with everyone you never met from New Jersey and other overseas destinations. After a mere 25-minute sidewalk torture in arctic drizzle outside the uptown flagship at 1409 Sixth Avenue, we are herded into a closet where a monster that looks like Henny Youngman warns of dangers ahead. Ceilings lower, bar seats sink, the eyes of portraits move, and there's a 45-minute wait for tables. Twenty bucks to a waiter cures that. Now we're interactive, getting dusted by the butler, threatened by a huntress, and pepped up by a mad doctor. Every ten minutes or so, Thor does shtick with the Sphinx or a couple of skeletons burst into song in the atrium. In spite of our pretensions, we are amused. As for the fun-house food—it will take time to get the microwave purring.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,TM,V.

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Baluchis—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. 165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive, rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC,V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses produce from farms along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. 4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC,TM,V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. 331 W. Broadway, at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC,V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave home. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly-business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. 203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC,V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC,V.

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from bankers to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC,V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.

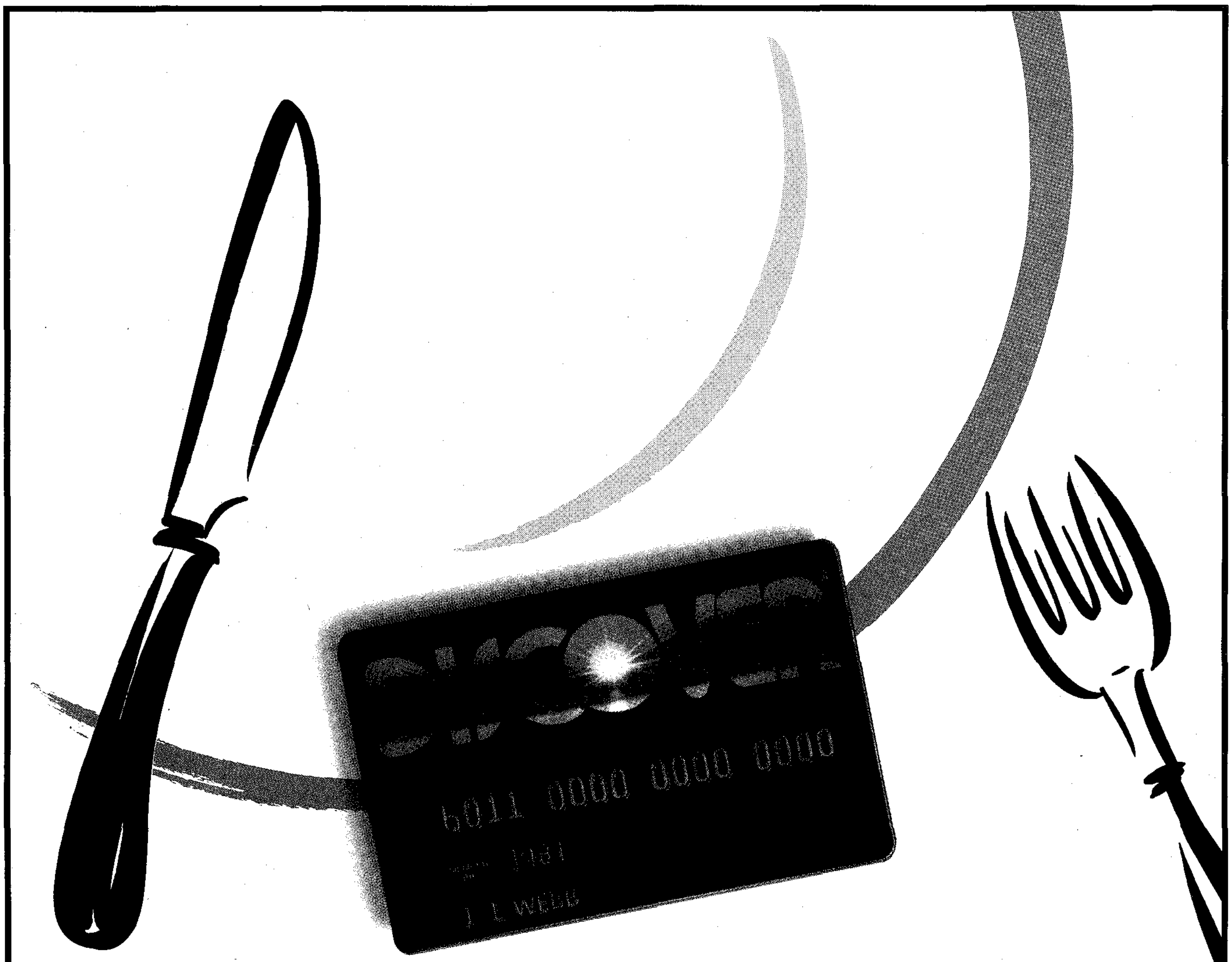
SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven pinot noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene St.., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Tennessee Mountain—In an original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and handi-wipes for all-you-can-eat

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



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Allegria • Bombay Palace • Broadway Joe Steakhouse
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on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverly* , moored at the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash that are just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid a collegiate, yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races on the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po' boys. Innovative booth deployment at the front of the room gives you a window view. 14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($).

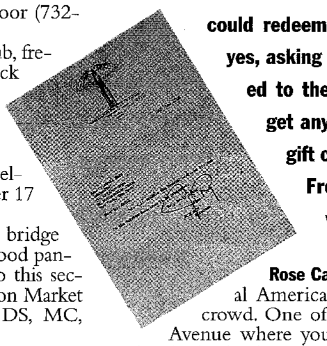
Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood, very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Happenings

Giving It All Away

If Herbert Hoover had known that the gift certificate he presented to a loyal fund-raiser in 1938 for one free meal at the Rainbow Room (worth about $3.50 at the time) would be redeemed for a $250 blowout 57 years later, he might have thought twice. But luckily for Mike and Linda Burton of Darien, Connecticut, Old Sourpuss never got the chance to rain on their parade. A few years ago, Burton's mother found the certificate while rooting though a trunkful of her late father's possessions. She then presented it to her son and daughter-in-law as a twenty-fifth-wedding-anniversary gift. When Burton called the restaurant to ask them if he could redeem his grandfather's gratuity, they said yes, asking in return only that the letter be donated to the Rainbow Room archives. Still, don't get any ideas about squirreling away a 1995 gift certificate for your grandchildren: Says Freeman, "Now we give it a dollar value."

MANNY HOWARD



Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places on Fifth Avenue where you can go and sit and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (633-bark). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caribe—Good jerk washed down with pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. 117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and other nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 p.m., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. 21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse just blocks away from the city's meat market. Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck, as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets, this two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Eisenberg's—Platonic-form lunch counter. Squeeze in between the local lunch crowd for a plateful of pickles and the meat-loaf sandwich. The matzo-ball soup is Grandma by way of Campbell's chicken noodle, but it's worth a try. Skip the pastrami. 174 Fifth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (675-5096). (M) ($)

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and their mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners; bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC,V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Da Umberto—A low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Lola—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art, drawn at the table. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC,V.

37th Street Hideaway—Don't dress down for this restaurant—jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a mature audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (M) AE, CB, DC,V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC,V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. 111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC,V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and paillard. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and fine modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for an early dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Cote Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC,V.

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lespinasse—This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. 2 E. 55th St. (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fat Witch Baby
Brownie net wt. 1.2 oz.
baked just for you, my pretty
Ingredients: sugar, unsalted butter, eggs, unsweetened chocolate (chocolate liquor) unbleached flour, vanilla, salt
Baked by DuaneParkPatisserieNYNY10013
For Fat Witch Bakery, Inc. NYNY10013

Takeout **The unbearably good brownies from Fat Witch Bakery (179 Duane Street) are small enough to fit in your shirt pocket.**

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Oceana—Formal setting and an extensive seafood menu make it a favorite for business lunches and family dinners. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Roma di Notte—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around more than a quarter of a century. 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM,V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole-southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC,V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

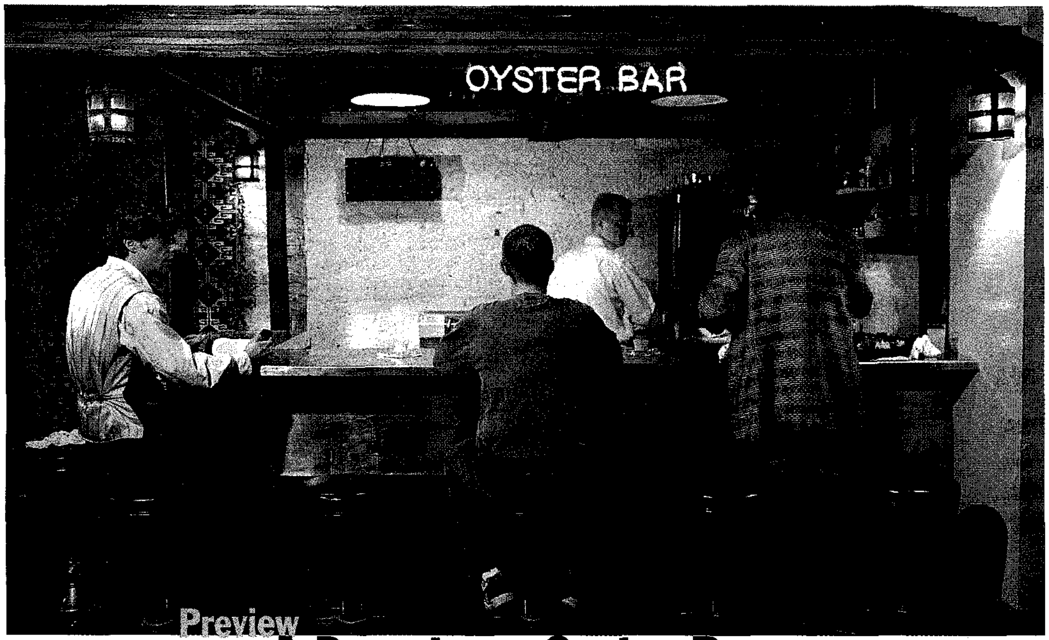
Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cite—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.



Preview

A Downtown Oyster Bar

Following his success first at Jean Claude and more recently at Caffé Lure, impresario Jean Claude Iacovelli has unveiled Dama, the only downtown oyster bar aside from Blue Ribbon (where one can pretty much never get a table). Just last month, Iacovelli and three equally handsome Eurocharmer friends took over a West Village landmark and spent twenty days converting it into this stylish, Moroccan-inspired hideaway (9 Seventh Avenue South, at Carmine Street).

Dish of Salt—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pretheater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

44—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steak House—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Olive Garden—A chain serving basic Italian fare but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. 201 W. 47th St. (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. 158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming. The food won't surprise you, but that is indeed the point: reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and the service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near moma. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Shaan—A comprehensive, voluminous menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candle-lit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., **and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St.** (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC,V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fontana di Trevi—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. 151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian red cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: the ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC,V.

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobe-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC,V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and,yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Cafe Equense—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. 1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Grazie—A small Italian café that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. 26 E. 84th St. (717-4407). (M) AE only.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. Don't settle for less than the front row. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. 58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian. . . . Good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he

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owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC, V.

Sign of the Dove—Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro like every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.

Cafe Des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the *Yuppie Handbook* and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

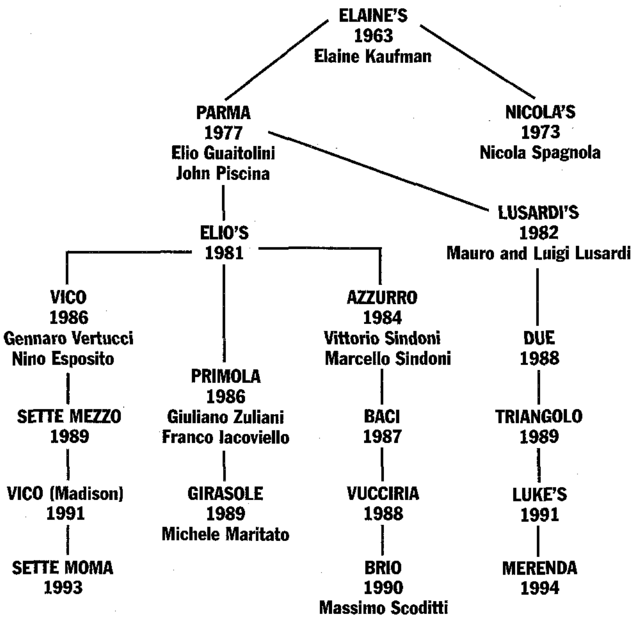
Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Data

What Elaine's Wrought

For twenty years, young waiters have left Elaine Kaufman's celebrated boîte and used the afterglow of the remarkably enduring hot spot to start empires of their own. This is her family tree.



M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($)

Picholine—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those infamous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Bouillabaisse—Just what the neighborhood needed—a local bistro so good that a gaggle of grateful and ferociously loyal regulars will wait in the rain for a table. What makes it special is that the hostess/owner will lend you her umbrella. It's BYOB, so scan the menu while you wait, then nip down the block to the Heights Chateau. Ask for a recommendation. 145 Atlantic Ave., nr. Henry St. (718-522-8235). (M) ($)

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Totonno—Open Thursday through Sunday only. The family tradition of making just one batch of pizza dough each week is faithfully carried on by the owner's son-in-law. When the dough is gone, you're out of luck. Family shrine in the vestibule for Saint Anthony, patron saint of children, gives new meaning to family dining. Yes, that was Lou Reed. 1524 Neptune Ave., at 16th St. (372-8606). (I) ($)

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($)

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($)

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers, and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.

Water's Edge—East River views from floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Dr. at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

in concert

Turandot...Pearl Lang at the Kaye Playhouse

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 24

Concert Royal—The period-instrument ensemble continues its "Baroque Favorites and Rarities" series with works by Henry Purcell and incidental music by Lully, Muffat, and Biber. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $12.

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—Led by Yoel Levi, the orchestra performs the New York premiere of Michael Torke's *Javelin* and the first local performance by Frederica von Stade of Chausson's *Poéme de l'amour et de la mer.* Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$55.

Wednesday, January 25

American Landmark Festivals—Michel Singher conducts one of the highlights of alf's season: Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande* performed in its entirety. The Metropolitan Opera will be performing it soon enough, but at Federal Hall today, you can see it for a better price. 26 Wall Street (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnanyi leads the orchestra in works by Brahms and Schoenberg. Pianist Emanuel Ax is the guest soloist. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14-$85.

Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski—The piano duo debut with works by Schoenberg, Vierk, Wolff, and others. Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts, Yo-Yo Ma is guest cellist, and the works are by Dvorak and Schumann. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15-$60.

Thursday, January 26

Composers String Quartet—"America and the String Quartet," the Miller Theatre's six-concert series, features the CSQ performing works by Cowell, Perle, Schuller, Davidovsky, and Copland. Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $10.

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25.

Cleveland Orchestra—See 1/25. Tonight's program includes Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1 in d and the New York premiere of Birtwistle's *Earth Dances.*

Friday, January 27

Sergey Schepkin—The pianist returns to Weill Recital Hall to perform all six *Partitas* by J.S. Bach. Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.

Joseph Bloch—The pianist plays music of Poulenc, Satie, and Debussy at the Renee Weiler Concert Hall. Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8; $9.95.

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25.

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnanyi returns to conduct works by Schnittke, Schoenberg, and Brahms. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14-$85.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance Design by Zeffirelli

Franco Zeffirelli's famously lavish 8-year-old sets for *Turandot* attract opera neophytes on the strength of spectacle alone. But the season premiere at the Met should offer some of the traditional pleasures of Puccini, as well as performances by Gwyneth Jones and Teresa Stratas. (January 27.)

Saturday, January 28

American Landmark Festivals—See 1/25; today at the Theodore Roosevelt birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. (866-2086), at 2; the concert is free, but there is a $2 house-admission charge.

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25; tonight's program includes works by Herbert and Schumann.

Juilliard String Quartet—The program includes works by Beethoven, Hindemith, and Bartok. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 3; $30.

Cleveland Orchestra—Performing Berg's *Wozzeck* (in concert form). Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14-$85.

Sunday, January 29

Four Nations Ensemble—As part of the "Sundays at Eleven" series, the ensemble performs works by Haydn, Mozart, and Clementi. Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $15.

Monday, January 30

Galatea Ensemble—Commemorating the William Grant Still centenary, the ensemble performs *Romance for Saxophone and Small Orchestra* as well as works by Mozart, Deblasio, Bergs, and Haydn. Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St., bet. Broadway and Columbus Ave. (call 718-783-5519 to reserve), at 8; $7.

Tuesday, January 31

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25; tonight at 7:30.

Wednesday, February 1

Adam Klein—The tenor performs operatic arias by Mozart, Puccini, Verdi, and Giordano, and a few duets with soprano Rosalind Gnatt. His accompanist is music critic Howard Klein, his father. Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—1/24 and 1/28 at 8: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore.* 1/25 at 8 and 1/28 at 1:30 (last performance): Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro.* 1/26 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* 1/27 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot* (first performance). Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

Dance

New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues. Performances are every day except Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (call 870-5570 for further information); $12–$60.

Pearl Lang Dance Theater—Two new works and the very fine *I Never Saw Another Butterfly.* Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St., bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), 1/28 at 8, 1/29 at 5; $15.

Twyla Tharp—Featuring *RED, WHITE & BLUES New Works.* bam Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. Through 1/28 (call 718-636-4100 for schedule); $15–$25.

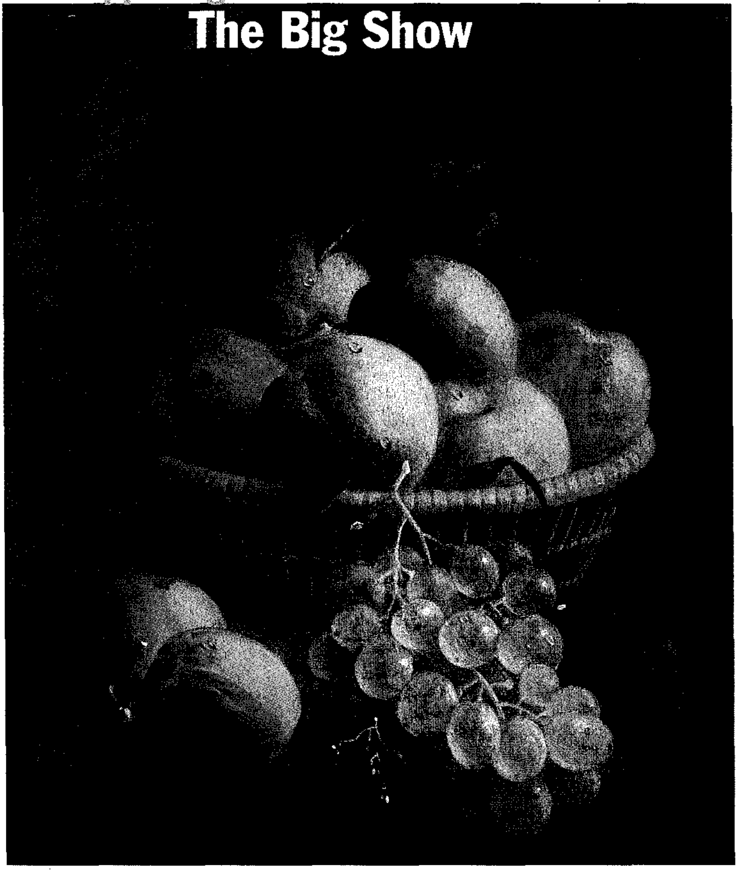
Photograph by Winnie Klotz/Metropolitan Opera.

the mix

Little Magazine Anthologies...Antique

Happening

The Big Show



The forty-first annual Winter Antiques Show transforms the Seventh Regiment Armory until January 29. On the premises: a meticulous re-creation of the neoclassical *Edgewater* drawing room, as well as furniture, porcelain, silver, and decorative art (such as Severin Roesen's oil-on-panel *Fruit Still Life*, above) from 66 exhibitors.

John Leonard's TV Notes

In **Tall, Dark and Deadly** (Tuesday, January 24, and other dates; 9 to 11 p.m.; USA), if architect Kim Delaney had left Houston for Mobile with ship designer Todd Allen before she met psychopath Jack Scalia, maybe her closest personal friends, like Gina Mastrogiacomo, would not suddenly have gotten into the habit of being shot to death and tossed off the roof of a 60-story skyscraper. Then again, maybe they would. After all, in *Lady Boss,* Kim and Jack loved each other.

30 Years of National Geographic Specials (Wednesday, January 25; 8 to 10 p.m.; NBC) is as much a commercial for, as it is a celebration of, the magazine and the TV shows, consisting of shrewdly edited snippets of fur and fin and fang and fetish. Pyramids, Mayan ruins, Jerusalem, Olduvai Gorge, Everest, and Vesuvius! Polar bears and kangaroos and parrots! Balinese court-dance, rain-forest chain saws, Aboriginal Dreamtime, pygmy sibling rivalry, Jacques Cousteau! Bat caves and Nepalese sherpas! Stalingrad and snake sex! As much fun as the far-flung film is the sonorous narration—by Richard Kiley, with clips of Burgess Meredith, Pernell Roberts, E. G. Marshall, Alexander Scourby, William Shatner, Denzel Washington, Powers Booth, Jack Palance, and (!) Orson Welles. You might just imagine yourself in another sort of Dreamtime, hearing the voices of, say, mermaids. Or Alistair Cooke and Lauren Bacall. Or Dylan Thomas and Molly Ivins.

CBS Reports: In the Killing Fields of America (Thursday, January 26; 8 to 11 p.m.; CBS) follows by a couple of weeks four public-television hours of Bill Moyers on the same subject, violence, as if to prove that a commercial network can do this stuff as well, or better, when it wants to. Mike Wallace goes into a Washington, D.C., hospital to talk to children shot by other children, and the doctors who try to save them; to the Red Hook, Brooklyn, public-housing projects, where Patrick Daly was gunned down and children go home these days from his P.S. 15 to spend their afternoons behind locked doors; and to Angola, Louisiana's maximum-security prison, where the warden tells Moyers that harsh sentences do nothing at all to discourage serious crime (Louisiana is at the top of the charts for both). Ed Bradley goes to Denver to look into domestic violence and alcoholic rage; to Atlanta to discover the irrelevant "foolishness" of a new crime bill when the cops and courts can't even enforce the older laws, and teenage boys are murdered by their best buddies for their snazzy jackets; and to East Palo Alto, California, where cops, teachers, clergymen, and parents have taken a whole city back from the crack dealers. Dan Rather goes to Hartford to hang with street gangs; to Minneapolis to visit the Bar None treatment center, follow after young offenders wearing electronic ankle bracelets, and spend time with the victims of random violence in a middle-class suburb; and finally to Phoenix, to wonder why there is so much child abuse about which the state does so little. Producers Paul and Holly Fine have turned these reports into a film essay on the dark side, with a moral corona around the occasional and inspiring point of light.

I won't say the kids in **All That** (Saturdays, 8:30 to 9 p.m.; Nickelodeon) are actually funnier than the wiseguy young adults in **Exit 57** (Sundays; 10 to 10:30 p.m.; Comedy Central), but the kids have the advantage of R&B and hip-hop artists like TLC and Alliyah dropping by, and the energy that crackles in front of a live audience. On the other hand, the veterans of the Second City Comedy Troupe who ramp around in *Exit 57* and are only partially live go in for sight gags that take some clever editing to work, such as a *Medical Center* skit, in fifties black-and-white, in which all the doctors smoke and none knows a thing about female sexuality. (If I'm not mistaken, I think I also heard the music from *St. Elsewhere.*) These two comedy-sketch revues are still shaking down, but either would elevate *Saturday Night Live* to a level almost bearable.

In case you were worried, Aaron Spelling is still at it. You want student nurses, mostly out of uniform? That's what you get in his new syndicated tease, **University Hospital** (January 22, 8 to 9 p.m.; Channel 9), in which Megan, Jamie, Tracy, and Samantha are played, or at least simpered, by Rebecca, Hillary, Hudson, and Alexandra, in and out of a red convertible, between quaaludes and sexual harassments, as if *St. Elsewhere, ER,* and *Chicago Hope* had never happened.

Radio Highlights

"Live From Lincoln Center: The New York Philharmonic and Kurt Masur"—Also with guest artist Yo-Yo Ma, playing works by Dvorak and Schumann. 1/25 at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"On the Media"—"The Best of Broadcast Journalism." Winners of the Alfred I. DuPont/Columbia University Awards for excellence in broadcast journalism join host Alex Jones and guests for a discussion of the state of the industry. 1/29 at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—1/29 at 8: Puccini's *Manon Lescaut.* With Vicente Sardinero, Placido Domingo, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, and the New Philharmonia Orchestra. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week on 1/28 at 10 p.m. on WNYC, 820 AM, with a program spotlighting Marianne Moore. The program is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—1/25: Lutoslawski's Dance Preludes for Clarinet and Orchestra; Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in e. 1/26: Boyce's Symphony in C; Schumann's Cello Concerto in a; Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe.* 1/27: Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and Symphony No. 41. 1/30: Loeffler's *A Pagan Poem;* Herbert's Cello Concerto No. 2 in e. 1/31: Schubert's *Rosamunde* and Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. Each weeknight at 8 (except for 1/25, when the program is broadcast at 7); WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—*Le Nozze di Figaro,* with Carol Vaness, Dawn Upshaw, Delores

Photograph courtesy of the Gerald Peters Gallery.

Ziegler, and Dwayne Croft, conducted by James Levine. 1/28 at 1:30; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Bettie Serveert *Lamprey* (Matador)—This girl-fronted quartet from Holland shared the title of independent-rock-flavor-of-the-moment with Liz Phair in 1993 when their debut album, *Palomine*, was released on star-maker Gerard Cosloy's Matador label; they went on to incite a wave of major-label courting so intense it was almost comical. David Geffen, rumor has it, not only saw the band when they played L.A. but followed them across the nation in his jet like a high-priced groupie. *Palomine* lived up to the hype: Carol Van Dijk's trembly, just-shy-of-little-girl lead vocals merged with the band's melodic, murky sound to produce an effect that was at once fuzzy, piercing, and completely addictive. Sadly, while *Lamprey* isn't the total belly flop so many sophomore efforts from hot new acts turn out to be, it doesn't come close to the bracing stealth of *Palomine*. That album's hallmark was its slow, quiet build to cathartic, guitar-heavy dénouements, and the band tries the same trick here but doesn't quite pull it off. The culprit appears to be not lack of talent but just plain laziness, as though, if Bettie Serveert had spent a few hours in the rehearsal room working out some kinks, these potentially excellent songs wouldn't have had to settle for good-to-okay status.

Various Artists *Law of the Jungle* (Moonshine)—If "acid-dub," "deep-house," "tribal-techno," and the other phyla of modern club musics are already too much for you, you may want to stop right here. If not, consider "jungle," the very latest in recombinant disco currently snaking its way over from London. Jungle is a fusion of hip-hop, dancehall, dub, and techno music that's distinguished by a frantic speed, a deep, detached bass pulse, and a staticky surface of radio sound bites and unintelligible, ragamuffin-style vocals. If it sounds a bit hard to get with, you're right. Judging from its basis in sped-up seventies funk, jungle may partially derive its name from the James Brown album *Deep in the Jungle Groove*, but that's where its similarity to old-school funk ends. Jungle is more like early punk rock—at least in its tempo, noise levels, and desired effect on the more conservative segments of British society. This compilation is an excellent introduction to the form, although it will doubtless have gone through about 50 permutations before you've made it through the likes of UK Apachi, Shy FX, Booyaka Crew, and the other ultra-hip artists on this CD. Still, it's worth it, if only so you can I.D. the crashing new sounds hurling out of clubs this month.

Readings

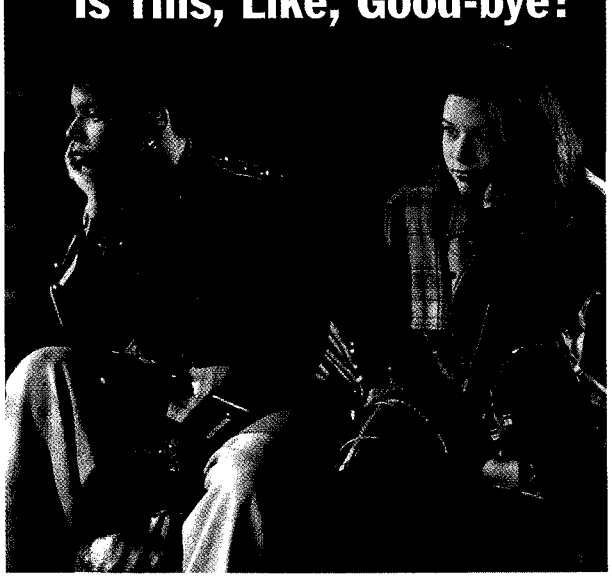
January at the Poetry Project—1/25 at 8: Poets Tory Dent and David Shapiro. 1/30 at 8: Nick Zedd, a "leading figure in the Cinema of Transgression"; writer Carl Watson; and novelist Jennifer Jazz. St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

The Poet Tree—"Super Poet Sunday." An open reading; the press release claims admission is half-price before half-time. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. E. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (call 718-847-1482 for information), 1/29 at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum.

"Women in Mind: New Musical Melodramas"—More a spoken-word (and music) performance than a strict reading, this event features world premieres of three new works commissioned by the Unterberg Poetry Center. Claire Bloom and Brian Zeger present Lee Hoiby's setting of the end of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, Robin Holloway's setting of *Walter de la Mare*, and Ned Rorem's setting of texts by Jean Rhys, Elizabeth Hardwick, and Colette. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 1/30 at 8; $12.

Television

Is This, Like, Good-bye?



Maybe Rickie and Angela (Wilson Cruz and Claire Danes, above) look so glum because the January 26 airing of their show, ABC's *My So-Called Life*, is the last original episode (its nineteenth) before it goes on "hiatus." But they should cheer up: The Lifetime cable network is strongly considering saving it, as it did NBC's canceled *Molly Dodd* six years ago. And there's even talk that NBC might come to the rescue.

Lectures

"No, Mr. Gingrich . . ."—Gloria Steinem, Michael Lerner, Jim Wallis, and Judge Karen Burstein tell Newt (well, all those who wish to tell Newt), "You do not have a mandate to undermine social justice in the U.S." An all-day town meeting on 1/29; register by 1/25. Tickets at the door, if space permits, are $18. Call 864-8253 for more information.

"Successful Aging"—The title would be better suited to a discussion of cheese, but this lecture, with Dr. John Rowe (gerontologist and president of Mount Sinai Hospital) and Dr. Irwin Mark Freedberg (chair of the Ronald O. Perelman Dept. of Dermatology at NYU Medical Center), nonetheless looks promising. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 1/26 at 8; $10.

"Jane E. Brody on Women's Healthcare"—Ms. Brody is the keynote speaker of this half-day seminar at the McGraw Hill Building, 1221 Sixth Ave., on 1/24. Call 403-5200 for more information and to register for the event.

Fairs and Festivals

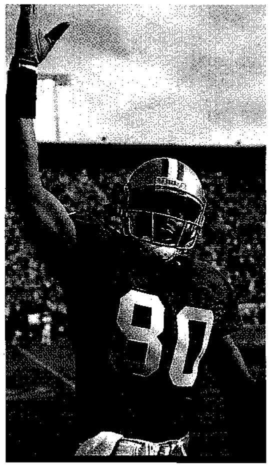
Winter Antiques Show—Sixty-six exhibitors (including nine new ones, selected from a field of hundreds) bring their art and knowledge to this forty-first annual show. They specialize in (among other things) seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dutch delftware, Chinese porcelain, Continental furniture, Dutch silver, Empire furniture, Southeast Asian decorative arts, North American Indian Art, Russian Suprematism, and American furniture and accessories from 1660 to 1820. The show opens 1/20 at the Seventh Regiment Armory on Park Ave. at 67th St. and runs through 1/29. Hours are noon to 9 (noon to 6 on Sun.). General admission includes a catalogue and is $15 per person. Call 718-292-7392 for more information.

Tours

"57th Street: Culture and Kitsch"—Once a place of expensive fashion and artistic prestige, now an odd block of tourist landmarks and theme restaurants, 57th

Sports

Super Bowl XXIX



It was uncomfortable to watch, that Dallas game, like seeing John Wayne wet his pants onscreen. The two-time champion Cowboys slipped, stumbled, freaked out, and imploded, granting the 49ers (and the pious Steve Young) that much-spent-after title: Marquee Franchise in American Sport.

For the 49ers, this Sunday's all-California Super Bowl is the chance to get that elusive fifth ring, even though coach (and former defensive coordinator) George Seifert is the last major link to San Francisco's scrubbed, Stanford-clever championship squad of 1981.

For the Chargers, it's a chance to beat yet another better team in the postseason. The 'Bolts are an AFL holdover (the West Coast passing game is in their genes)—but if they are to overcome a record twenty-point spread, they're going to have to do it they way they did Miami: Let monstrous tailback Natrone Means rumble and dance as the clock ticks ominously.

Look for a Schwarzkopf game plan by the 'Niners—lots of stealth stuff and cruise missiles early—then look for Jerry Rice as deus ex machina, should the script call for one near the end. Look for Deion Sanders to win praise for achievements in character.

Finally, look for a 'Niners repeat *next* year. For the NFL's version of Microsoft, winning has become its corporate culture.

Alex Williams

Photographs: top, Jerry Fitzgerald/ABC; bottom, Stephen Dunn/Allsport.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	S	E	N	T	I	M	E	N	T	A	L	I	S	M
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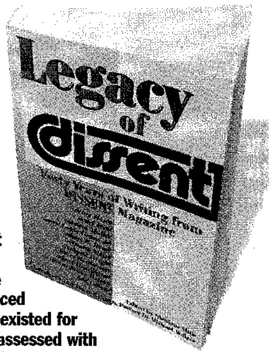
Street is the subject of the Municipal Art Society's 1/27 tour. Highlights of the tour, led by architectural historian Matt Postal, include the Osborne Apartments, Carnegie Hall, and I. M. Pei's recently completed Four Seasons Hotel. Meet at 12:30 at the Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St.; $10. Call 439-1049 for more information.

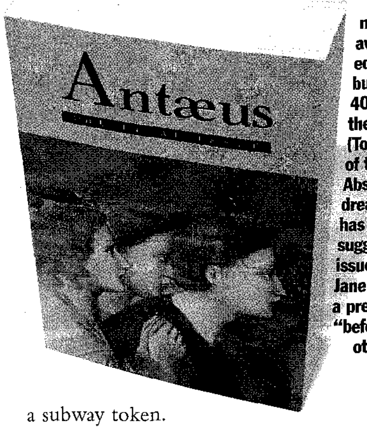
"Architecture in Transit"—Architectural historian John Kriskiewicz explores the largely forgotten heritage of New York's 90-year-old subway system, from the classical Beaux-Arts design of the IRT to the machine-age modern of the IND line. 1/26 at 12:30; meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse of Grand Central Terminal. The tour costs $10 and a subway token.

In Print

Adolf Hitler once appeared in the letters column of *The Nation.* Excitement over a 1957 *Dissent* article qualified as period detail in *Quiz Show.* But the sad predicament of many little magazines today is that they have never had more readers and less influence. The best of the little-magazine editors, however, have been undeterred, remembering Lionel Trilling's belief in "a countercurrent moving, which perhaps no one will be fully aware of until it ceases to move." For these editors (see page 54), it was nice to be noticed but no small thing just to exist. *Dissent* has existed for 40 years now, and its quality is more easily assessed with the publication of Nicolaus Mills's new anthology. *Legacy of Dissent* (Touchstone, $16) includes Norman Mailer's "The White Negro" (the cause of the aforementioned 1957 excitement), Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd," and Richard Wright's "White Man—Listen!" *Antæus* (Ecco, $17), dreamed up in the spring of 1968 by Paul Bowles and Daniel Halpern, also has an anthology out. The journal's cumulative worth will soon be, as Trilling suggested, felt by its absence: *Antæus's* anthology also serves as the final issue. Among the writers: Don DeLillo, Nadine Gordimer, Joseph Brodsky, Jane Smiley, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Tobias Wolff, and Bill Clinton (excerpts from a pre-presidential notebook). Editor Halpern has decided to end the magazine "before it begins losing its hair, eyesight and hearing, and succumbing to other maladies of old age."

LINDA HALL





"Chinatown: A Snacks-and-Sights Safari"—Adventure on a Shoestring's next tour covers Chinese New Year food traditions, as well as the history of the neighborhood. You'll pass a splendid Chinese bakery, the former site of the Chatham Club (where Irving Berlin was once a singing waiter), a Buddhist temple, and a Chinese food emporium. The walk ends with an optional $8 luncheon at a three-star Chinese restaurant. For meeting place and reservations, call 265-2663. The tour meets at 11 a.m. on 1/29 and costs $5.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing"—Another eating walk, this one multi-ethnic and organized by Big Onion tour guides. On 1/29, take in the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Little Italy, and Chinatown; learn about these neighborhoods of immigrants while sampling bialys and dim sum and cannoli. The tour meets at noon (call 439-1090 for the meeting place). Food, drink, and gratuities are not included in the $9 tour price.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, in Auden's mind, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably sweet. People smoked too much, slept on fire escapes, and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kerchwey or Philip Rahv or Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. Even Dylan Thomas's collapsing and dying a few feet from the White Horse Tavern has been incorporated into the sweet memoirs. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. Sidewalks of New York takes you on a literary walk through the Village on 1/28 at 2. You'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. Call 662-5300 for information on Sidewalks of New York's other tours getting under way this week, including the "West Side Stories" literary tour, the Mafia tour, the murder-sites tour, the ghosts-at-twilight tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, and the Ye Olde Tavern tour. Sidewalks' perennial favorite, "A Tribute to Jackie," lets you take in her onetime haunts, on 1/28 at 2. All tours are $10. Reservations *are* required during the winter. Please call 517-0201 and leave your name, phone number, and the number of people in your party. Reservations are accepted no later than two hours before the scheduled tour time.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on 1/25 at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Exhibitions

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5; Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunday, 1 to 5; $5 suggested donation.

Sports

Basketball

On 1/26 at 6, the Knicks host the Sixers. Philly's place on the basement steps of the Atlantic Division presents coach Riley with another chance to give the post-Ewing Knicks (Doug Christie, Monty Williams, and Charlie Ward) more than the garbage time his rookieless A-list guarantees them. If Riley loosens the valves on his watertight rotation, watch Charlie Ward work out against the Sixers' high-hopes rookie from Texas, B. J. Tyler. Christie may even score again. If Riley keeps New York's not-so-young man on the court, worry about Philly's young and not-so-big man Shawn Bradley.

Photographs by Jonathan Gross.

Kids

Lions...Chairs...Pickles

Children's Events

"Peter and the Wolf"—Prokofiev's symphonic story is evocative—even for a generation growing up in a visual culture where classical clarinet solos are a rarity. Presented by **The Little Orchestra Society** for ages 3 to 5. 1/28 at 10:30 and 11:45; 1/29 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, Alliance Francaise, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100). $30.◉

Sound Familiar?—Parents frequently spout the very words we heard from *our* parents—the ones we swore we'd never use. Lawrence Kutner, a columnist for *Parents* magazine and, until recently for the the New York *Times,* addresses this creepy phenomenon in "Our Parents, Ourselves: Echoes of the Past." The talk is followed by a question-and-answer session. 1/26 at 7:30. Hirsch Hall, Ansche Chesed Synagogue, 251 W. 100th St. (866-9193) $7.50.◉

"Growing Up With Opera"—The second in the Metropolitan Opera Guild's three-part series is a double bill, in collaboration with the Chamber Orchestra Society. *Marita and Her Heart's Desire* is an urban fairy tale narrated with twelve instruments. *The Amazing Adventure of Alvin Allegretto* is about Alvin, the odd boy out in a town called Harmony. For ages 6 to 12 (children under 6 not admitted). 1/28 and 29 at 11 a.m. and 1:30. John Jay Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (769-7008). Tickets are $20.◉

Chinese New Year—A traditional Lion Dance is performed to the clamor of cymbals, drums, and gongs to keep evil away; seasoned opera performer Huang Zhengqin performs and gives pointers to youngsters, whose faces will be painted, if they like, to resemble traditional opera masks; tours are given of the gallery exhibition "Animals of the Zodiac: Celebrating Chinese New Year." January 28 from 1 to 4. The block in front of the **China Institute** will be closed to traffic for the event. E. 65th St. between Park and Lexington (744-8181). ◉●

Mayan Creation Myth—Larger-than-life creatures reenact an ancient Mayan epic, *Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Story,* directed here by Ralph Lee. Performance is in Spanish and English. For ages 7 and up. Through 1/29. Wed. through Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Tickets for afternoon performances are $15; for evening performances, $20. **Intar Hispanic American Arts Center,** 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200). ◉

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Barbara Ensor
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Linda Hall
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Classical Music
Dance
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Popular Music

Beastly—Disney's *Beauty and the Beast,* transferred from celluloid to stage, is now on ice. Performances will be given at three locations: **Byrne Meadowlands Arena,** East Rutherford, N.J. (201-935-3900) through 1/29; tickets $12.50 to $32.50. 1/31 through 2/5 at **Nassau Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale, N.Y. (516-794-9300); tickets $12.50 to $32.50. 2/17 through 2/26 at **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave. (632-4000); tickets $17.50 to $35.

Live Entertainment—Plays for families around town this week include Cinderella, a high-energy musical concerning a pumpkin, a prince, and an all-important glass slipper, performed by children and adults at **City Children's Theater of New York.** Saturdays at noon and Sundays at 11. Playhouse 91 at 316 E. 91st St. (307-4100). $10 for children, $12 for adults. *Alfred the Dragon and the Wizards of Central Park* is performed by a cast whose ages range from 7 to17. Audience members, who should be ages 3 to 7, can help a shy dragon solve a mystery. Saturdays at 3 (through June). **New Media Repertory Co., Inc.,** 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195). $7 for adults, $6 for children. *Rubbish! She Cried,* **The Paper Bag Players'** musical about recycling and respect for the Earth is performed with costumes made of boxes and bags. Weekends at 2 through 2/26. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15. **Theatreworks'** *The Great Brain* is a turn-of-the-century musical about an unlikely friendship. Performances are 1/28 at 12:30 and 1/29 at 10:30 and 12:30. 890 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $17 (children under 5 are not admitted). **Tada's** ten-year history of performances for families is recalled in "Prop Shop"—a kind of "greatest hits" composite show. Through 1/29. Fri. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3. $5 for children, $7 for adults. **The Puppet Company** presents *Harmony Castle,* a story that picks up where Cinderella leaves off. Sun. at 1 and 3 through 1/29. Metropolis Cafe, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St. (741-1646). Tickets are $7.50. Reserve. *Jungle Stories* are presented in black-light theater by Ron Sono at the **Lenny Suib Puppet Playhouse,** 555 E. 90th St., 1/28 at 10:30 a.m. and noon (369-8890).

'Legends of the Fall'—While anyone over 30 may think this is the film version of *Bonanza,* it's actually a sublime flick for sophisticated 12- to 17-year-olds: gorgeous Montana locations, the ravishing Julia Ormond as a damsel in distress, and Aidan Quinn as a memorable hero. Rated R. See "Movies: New Films" for cinema locations.

'Little Women'—The candle-lit screen version of Louisa May Alcott's beloved Civil War story traces the lives of the four Marche girls as they grow up in Concord, Massachusetts. Children under 5 will need some whispered help with the plot, which incidentally includes a sad though not harrowing death scene. With Winona Ryder, Christian Bale, Susan Sarandon, and Gabriel Byrne. Rated PG. See "Movies: New Films" for cinema locations.

In a Pickle—The **Pickle Family Circus** is a quirkily elegant one-ring circus where wire walkers, jugglers, and clowns perform in an *hommage* to the European circus tradition of the previous century. 1/28 at 2. Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Rte. 25A in Brookville (516-299-3100). Tickets are $15.◉

The Play's the Thing—Obie-winning performer Dan Hurlin leads a play-making session at Dance Theater Workshop. In the course of four hours, participants will put together "An Historical Drama in Twenty Minutes," about what has mattered most since the beginning of time. For ages 13 to 18. 1/28, at 1. 219 W. 19th St. (691-6500). $25.◉

Liquid Sky—"Liquid Vision: Lasers, Holograms, and Virtual Reality" offers a chance to morph your face with a green-eyed wolf and participate in a virtual water-balloon fight (finally). Exhibit opens January 28 at the **Liberty Science Center.** 251 Phillip St., Jersey City, N.J. (201-451-0006). Museum admission is $6 for children, $9 for adults.

For My Collection—Comic-book collectors; baseball-card stashers; and savers of basketball cards, hockey cards, and related ephemera can enlarge their piles at a show for dealers. 1/29, noon to 5. Immaculate Conception School Auditorium, 414 E. 14th St. (254-0200). $1.◉

Chairness Awareness—An afternoon of theater games, looking, listening, and munching where chairs are the focus of attention. 1/29 at 1. **Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts,** 18 W. 86th St. (501-3011). $5. Reserve.◉

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Happening
Chinese New Year

It's about to become the Year of the Pig, and on January 31 from about noon, Chinatown (try Mott Street just south of Canal Street for a good view) parades its stylized lions to the din of gongs, drums, and firecrackers. See listings for other events around town.

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Beauty And Brains—Dynamic, single, Jewish chief exec, 5'8", lithe and leggy, dark blond, 43, seeks tall, successful professional male counterpart. Photo/note/phone. 5055 ☒

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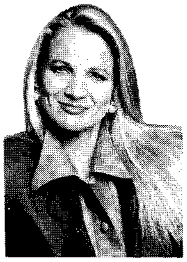

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Pretty, Tall, Slim—Sensuous, classy, caring, curvaceous businesswoman, 50s. I enjoy outdoors, golf, music, theater, dancing, etc. Love city and country living. Seeking attractive Jewish business or professional man, 58-65. Let's have fun and a great relationship! 5022 ✉ ☎

I Never—Thought I'd place an ad, and you never thought you'd answer one, but it is time for us to meet. Me: 40s, Jewish, incurable romantic, very handsome professional, 6' - magnificent home. Looking for best friend/lover to share life with forever, passionately and monogamously. Caring, honest, communicative - waiting to adore the right woman. You: beautiful, 30s, no children, 5'4" plus, wanting the best in life and not willing to settle. If you want a compassionate, understanding, truly handsome and down-to-earth man to share your life with, let's meet. Photo a must. 5013 ✉

Cultured, Very Attractive—Professional woman who is fun, creative and self-expressed, seeks to share ideas, cultural events, the outdoors and adventure with a sensitive, like-minded and compassionate man. Photo/phone/note. 4993 ✉

Feisty—Sophisticated and easygoing woman with generous spirit seeks classy, confident, down-to-earth, fun-loving and handsome guy (40 plus) to be my best friend and to share the best life has to offer. I'm a slender, pretty, brown-eyed, 5'6" woman in my early 40s. I enjoy good company, good wine, good food and long walks. Come to think of it, I enjoy it all - from the serenity of the beach to the energy of the city! Note/photo/phone. 5074✉☎

Die-Hard Romantic Man—Twentysomething, handsome, college-educated, Christian Wall Street executive seeking twentysomething woman who is intelligent, loving, beautiful, honest, marriage- and family-oriented, with a great sense of humor, slim and in shape and ready to share your life if you could find that special someone. Should love great restaurants, theater, concerts, bed-and-breakfasts and good long conversations. Current photo/letter/phone. 5076 ✉ ☎

Creative, Spiritual—Mostly vegetarian professional, 40s, loves yoga, dining, dance. Seeks male counterpart. 5050 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty Jewish Widow—5'7", slim, intelligent, loves music, golf, fine dining out, cooking in and travel. I'm financially secure; you should be too. Looking for a trusting, loving man, 50s-60s, because I'm a trusting, loving woman. Photo a must. 5063 ✉

CA Transplant—Single white female, 31, 5'8", 125, nonsmoking, attractive, active, hopeless romantic, Midwest values, marriage-minded. Seeks professional, single white male (30-40) nonsmoker, with similar attributes. Note/photo/phone. 4989 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Fit, Secure—Mid 50s, tux-jeans Jewish guy needs a date. Diverse interests - will try anything. Consider yourself a very attractive and interesting woman? Send me a certified financial statement, the results of your last medical exam and testimonials from two male friends. No? Okay, I'm easy... A short note and photo will do. Please don't smoke, and be under 53. 5066 ✉

Lady Artist—Slim, 40s - good looks, outlook, humor, heart. Likes travel, sports, and 40/50s man valuing above. 5091 ✉ ☎

Fun And Funnier—Tall male, 39, fun-loving, great sense of humor, romantic, loves NYC, dining out, good books, going to the movies, rock 'n' roll, good conversation, travel, all sports, Letterman. Seeks warm, sincere, attractive, 25-40, adventurous female for playful, caring, committed relationship with love and laughter. Note/photo please. 4980 ✉

Cultured, Handsome, Gentle—Professor, 42, seeks younger woman with similar qualities, for friendship and romance. Nonsmoker. Photo please. 5085 ✉

Any Democrats Left?—Single white male, 36, 5'10", professional, caring, with varied interests, said to be attractive, seeks a sincere, intelligent woman, 28-36, with senses of humor and compassion, to share music, movies, travel, unashamedly liberal politics and the future. Note/photo/phone. 4941 ✉

Single Jewish Male—36, 6', 170 lbs, outdoors type, with a Master's degree in city planning, would like to meet the special single Jewish female to bike, hike, take walks in the park, travel and share the good and bad times. 5086 ✉

Gay Wife Wanted—Good-looking, successful attorney, 29, 100-percent closeted and healthy, gay Jewish male, seeks feminine, closeted gay wife. 4983✉☎

Pretty, Petite Business Professional—51, slim, 5'3", with style, class and brains, who is also down-to-earth and comfortable to be with. You are an attractive, successful, self-assured male, 52-62, looking for a relationship filled with love, laughter and romance with a very special lady. Photo/phone appreciated. 5105 ✉

Single White Female Desired—By an affluent Ivy PhD with postdoctorates from MIT and Harvard Medical School. Love skiing, travel, the arts, classical music, poetry and fine dining. I am 40 (look 30), Chinese, attractive, kind, humorous, romantic and adventurous. Seek a warm, intelligent and exquisite lady under 34. Photo please. 4862 ✉

Handsome, Romantic, Fun—37, Jewish, surgeon. Slim, gentle, travel, many interests, new to NYC. Seeks that one special, tender, sweet, attractive woman for love and family. Note/photo? POB 20015, NYC 10021

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
VALENTINE'S DAY
CELEBRATION

Thursday Feb. 16, 5:30pm-12am

It's not too late to seal it with a kiss!
Co-hosted by Di Saronno Amaretto

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(great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines).
Complimentary Di Saronno Amaretto cocktails from
6:30-8:30, 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate,
Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 10th to
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

REMEMBER, VALENTINE'S DAY IS A STATE-OF-MIND
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

Leap Of Faith—Handsome, smart, 30s, athletic professional, 5'8", Christian, seeks attractive, fit, outgoing, petite female, 27-33, with a sense of humor and style. If you enjoy the arts, sports, travel, dining out, and have an adventurous spirit, take the leap. Note/photo/phone. 4996 ✉

Gay Female—Extremely attractive, 34, successful, cultured, well-educated and passionate, seeks similar woman to enjoy the theater, museums, music, fine dining and travel. 4863 ✉

International Entrepreneur—With Marcello Mastroianni looks, 5'11", slim, late 40s, self-made, with spirit, warmth and sense of adventure, seeks a woman of beauty and substance to share loving and committed relationship. Photo. 5011 ✉

Attractive, Fun, Intelligent—Asian woman, 30s, searching for man, 40s. Enjoys music and the arts. Must have a good heart. Note and photo. 4962 ✉

5'2", Eyes Of Blue—Pretty, petite, slim, 28, professional, smart and funny, loves sports, arts, concerts, etc. Seeks single white male professional, 28-40, for friendship and relationship. 5046 ✉ ☎

Fabulous, Full-Figured Female—35, 5'6", financially and emotionally secure Jewish professional, would love to meet the "perfect man" - the business sense of Malcolm Forbes and the physique of Hulk Hogan. If you are 35-45, and want a serious relationship, send letter/phone and photo. 5093 ✉

Jewish, Divorced Dad—35, 5'8", handsome, loving, good-natured and self-assured, seeks special lady friend to kindle new romance. I believe I will find you - the woman I will adore for the rest of our lives. Wait a second... You might have found me just now. Note/photo/phone. 5033 ✉

Help Prove Me Right!—My friends tell me guys are jerks. I still have faith! If you are an emotionally and financially stable Jewish man, 30-35, looking for true friendship to develop into a loving relationship (with a Jewish female, 30), let me know. I have money riding on this! 5025 ✉

By Day—You're a high-powered executive. Your life is full. You love your career, but in the evening you long for a beautiful, sensitive, warm woman to share your dreams and success. You're tired of the empty-headed girls. You are ready for a classy woman with style - someone well-traveled, well-educated, as you are, and also successful and happy in her career. You are in your 40s or early 50s, and want a woman not a child - 40 years young. We will both work hard and play hard, enjoying all life can offer. You may not have the perfect body but you're healthy and work out. You're tall and like a tall 5'6", dark-haired beauty. Please send photo and note. 5087 ✉

Vivacious Entrepreneur—Jewish, 30s, brown-eyed beauty, enjoys sports, theater, art, etc., smiles/laughs, and is adaptable. Are you ready??? Photo/note. 5008✉☎

Attractive, Charming Lady—48, slim, 5'8", white, Christian, works in NYC/lives in lower CT. Looking for a down-to-earth, warm, affectionate gentleman (40 plus) with traditional values and a sense of humor, who is interested in a committed relationship. I enjoy the theater, music, movies, fine dining, cooking (especially Italian), reading and long walks. Note/photo please. 5080 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Slim To Moderately Built—Attorney. I am 31, quite fun, and altogether a very interesting guy. I seek a similarly intelligent and attractive female in her 20s. Photo, please. 5004 ✉

Tall, Sexy Artist—Seeks Sunday kind of love. Me: slender, leggy, young 40. Of more import: bright, estimable, a culture lover. You: 6' plus and fit, vital; talent, courtesy, do-right aspects admired. Only serious replies, please. Photo. 5054 ✉

Are We Compatible?—I am a British male, 5'7", 150 lbs, 40s, athletic, Manhattanite, Christian (you need not be), loves opera, theater, music, good food and wine. Seeks attractive, intelligent, shapely, full-figured, nonsmoking lady with similar interests, for friendship, fun, romance and more. Note/photo. 5077 ✉

Half-Time Dad—39 and fit, not looking for a "successful" professional, but a woman who thinks about the important things and likes to laugh at the rest of it. Note and photo please. 5017 ✉

Financially Secure—Tall professional executive, 50ish, seeks woman in her 30s, of traditional values, for marriage and to start a family. Send photo/note. 5028 ✉ ☎

Spirited, Attractive, Downtown—Single white female, 40, with a passion for hiking, deserted islands in Maine, dancing and experimental theater - seeks fun and commitment with an irreverent, inquisitive, unpretentious, 35-40 man with mud on his boots, who works at something he loves...and who yearns for a place where the birds still sing. 4791 ✉

Marry Me—Pretty lady, warm and loving, no children, 41, living in top-10 luxury LI condo development, seeks family-oriented businessman with sex appeal and a good heart, Jewish heritage, 39-52, to share lifestyle and circle of my friends and yours. Kids okay. 5034 ✉ ☎

Great Catch—Classy lawyer seeks lady of means. Jewish man, early 40s, tall, handsome, successful and sensitive, seeks sweet Jewish lady for committed relationship, family. I enjoy traveling and shopping for art. Looking for stylishly elegant, cultured, social, extroverted and upbeat lady who is 5'4" plus, well-built but slender, high energy and thirty-something. Note/photo/phone. 4999 ✉

Sincere, Sensitive, Professional—Asian female, 39, seeking a good-looking, marriage-minded, professional, sincere man. 5047 ✉

Northern NJ, European-Born—Handsome businessman, 5'8", 185 lbs, 49, seeks attractive, intelligent woman. Note and full photo, please. 5021 ✉

Married Once (Ooops)—Very attractive, slim strawberry blond, 5'10", athletic, Jewish and successful in business, would like to meet a taller man - age 40-50 sounds reasonable, who has a sense of humor about life, including himself. I enjoy most of the things everybody else writes about, including theater, tennis and biking. Let's meet. Nonsmoker. Photo. 5057 ✉ ☎

Asian Lady—Pretty, cultured, successful, tall. Seeks male, 50 plus. 5016 ✉ ☎

Single, Attractive Professional Woman—50 plus, seeks male counterpart to share activities (and maybe romance). Recent photo/note. 5061 ✉

Sexy, Sassy, Sincere, Secure Woman—33, looking for that needle in a haystack. You are intelligent, confident, romantic, with a good sense of humor. Good looks and athletic build doesn't hurt. Phone/note/photo. 5032 ✉

Beauty, Passion, Intellect—And warmth, seeks successful, handsome, romantic, family-minded man, 48-58, for mutual fun. (914)/(203)/(212). 5036 ✉ ☎

Playful And Honest—Attractive woman, 28, with wonderful eyes, seeks a man, 27 plus, to share romance, travel, friendship and a bright future together. 4957 ✉ ☎

Pretty Partner Wanted—By handsome, Jewish, 6', 35, caring. Photo. 5101 ✉

Smiley-Eyed, Vivacious Lady Lawyer—Jewish, 40s, good looks, big heart, great sense of humor, taste for adventure, seeks man for all seasons. 5045 ✉

Robert Redford Look-Alike—Without the moles, same age, a little taller. You must be someone with great personality, sense of humor, likes to laugh, travel and have fun, good-looking, good figure - a one-in-a-million find. Note, photo and phone a must. 5031 ✉

Rare Find—Model type, single white male, 40, seeking beautiful lady, 18-36, with an olive or tan complexion, for everlasting love. Go for the best. 4987 ✉ ☎

First-Time Offer!—Very handsome, energetic, successful professional, 41, 6'1", brown hair, blue eyes, Jewish (you needn't be), looking for that special woman who is extremely attractive, warm, bright and bubbly. Note/photo, will exchange. 5042 ✉

Beautiful, Glamorous Model Type—Long-legged brunette, 5'8", late 40s, lives Upper East Side, exciting, elegant, funny, spontaneous, adventurous, world traveler. Very smart professional. Exercises daily, plays tennis, a beginner golfer. Enjoys dancing, cuddling, theater, concerts, movies. Involved in charities. Loves sushi as well as caviar. Seeks successful, emotionally available, single, white Jewish male, over 45, for friendship and more. Sense of humor a must. 4935 ✉

Author Seeks Asian-American—Successful, good-looking white male writer would love to meet nice, pretty, intelligent Asian-American female, 30-40, with solid values and good sense of humor. If this is not you, but you know of someone, I would be glad to offer finder's fee. I am 6', in excellent shape, athletic (you needn't be), financially very well-off, super-educated (possess a host of useless degrees), and have done every kind of work - from writing books to oil rig roustabout (North Sea) to teaching math at the University of Barcelona. 5075 ✉

Share Similarities/Differences—With this Jewish, attractive woman of 30, who's athletic, likes road trips, trying new things, or having a Blockbuster night. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5072 ✉

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...

there is that *special* someone waiting for you. ***But***, how do you meet these days? The bar scene is a thing of the past. Chance meetings as portrayed in the movies rarely happen. Happy endings are not always the end result. In an era when everything is depersonalized, you want a human and practical approach to your search for the right person. High caliber people prefer to meet through introductions. I represent clients who are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. Make a commitment to action, pick up the phone and call me for an appointment. I guarantee professionalism with extreme sensitivity. With my help, you can...

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Attractive, Warm, Gentle—Petite blond, educated, eclectic, playful, Jewish, NYC, desires nonsmoking, vibrant, cultured, sensitive man, 60s. 5012 ✉ ☎

Major League Catch—Strikingly attractive, Jewish blond tennis player seeks male, 50-65, who wants to give up playing the field. 4986 ✉

Sailing, Skiing—Home, fire, family, friends - with a truly pretty, educated, slim brunette, 49, 5'6". Your boat, my beach. Warm, loving, intelligent professional woman seeks her captain, 48-58. 5065 ✉

It's Only Rock 'N' Roll—But I like it. Surrender to the pulse of the percussion, the breaking surf on the beach, the crackling flames in the fireplace. I'm looking for someone rare and wonderful to share it all. I am sexy, green-eyed, chestnut-curled (they go on forever), athletic, successful and fun-loving, mid 30s. Are you adventurous, passionate and strong, with feet firmly planted? Let's meet and make some sweet music together. Note/photo, please. 5018 ✉

Iron-Pumping—5'10", sensual, successful Jewish male, 55, Manhattanite, wants an attractive, slim, 35 plus, nonsmoking, fun-to-be-with, caring woman for a monogamous relationship. 5068 ✉ ☎

Are You The Special Man I Seek?—50-65, tall, handsome, energetic, physically fit, charismatic, self-confident, upbeat, spontaneous. Enjoys all the city has to offer plus travel, adventure. I am 5'8", mature, beautifully elegant, slim, green-eyed brunette, successful business executive who enjoys all of the above and more. Note/photo, please. 4998 ✉

Sincere, Dynamic—Successful professional white male, 6' and slim, with charm, wit and optimism, seeks pretty, single white female, 25-38 (I'm 39), for caring, romance and magic. Note/photo. 4843 ✉

Accomplished Surgeon—Youthful 36, white, Christian, regular guy, loves the outdoors. Seeks clever, upbeat, never-married lady, to 32, for fun, future, family. (516)/blue eyes/professional a plus. Photo/note/phone a must. POB 211, Woodbury, NY 11797

Daring, Blue-Eyed Blond—(Wasp) seeks athletic, adventuresome male. I'm 5'7", slim, attractive, athletic (scuba, golf, biking, x-country skiing, yoga), 35, with a curious mind, joyful heart and fit body. Seek same for serious relationship in this lifetime. Photo please. 5000 ✉

A Rare And Unique Find—White female, bright, financially secure, beautiful, former model, now active in business - a great sense of humor, with a zest for life, warm, open, loyal and easy to get along with - global traveler, who also loves the arts, reading, sports, etc., etc. Looking for a male counterpart, 48-60. 4805 ✉

Bright, Attractive, Warm Female—35, slim, professional brunette. I'm ready to work hard in a serious but fun relationship. I enjoy everything from fine dining, museums to sports and outdoor activities. If you're a professional male (33-39), and think you could be my match, please write. Photo/letter. 5058 ✉

Smart, Slender, Fit—Very attractive Jewish woman, mid 30s, seeks handsome, successful, fit Jewish man for committed relationship. Photo. 5044 ✉

Distinguished Professional—Widower, interested in meeting attractive lady, 55-65, Manhattan resident. Photo. 4985 ✉

Indian Princess—Born in NY, spirited, savvy, sensual siren seeks sincere, shrewd, secure prince, to 40, for life. 4963 ✉

Gem In White Plains Area—Is attractive, vibrant, versatile professional female, 5'4". Seeks 6'ish, 40-plus male who seeks committed, sensitive soul mate to share life's pleasures. 5062 ✉

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Affable Academic—Trim, middle passage. Dining, movies, talk, travel, tennis, kindness, sincerity. 4994 ✉ ☎

Craftsman/Engineer—44, 6'3", with trim beard, from a good Irish-Catholic family, seeks a wonderful woman who is ready to make a commitment. I have a secure income in the performing arts. LI/ Westchester okay. Photo/phone. 5007 ✉ ☎

Warm, Whimsical—Bright, beautiful woman, 41, seeks a man of quality to enjoy life with. He would be intellectual, honest, comfortable with other people, emotionally and financially stable, approximately 38-48. Looks, religious background, current political opinions not critical; character and personal compatibility are everything. Include phone number. 4968 ✉ ☎

Svelte, Charismatic TV Anchor—Blond, green-eyed, leggy, with sparkling personality, seeks intellectually interested professional man, 40s-50s, to explore the arts, ideas and each other. 5069 ✉ ☎

Lover Of Words—Seeks lover. Smart, sexy journalist, 40s, very cool life, widowed after happy marriage, seeks previously married man, 42-54, smart, funny and together, for possible best friend/mate. 5043 ✉ ☎

A Public Service Message—Studies prove that professional men, age 50s, who are unattached, risk more health problems than others. But if you're a man of warmth, wit and intellect, you could escape this dangerous life style by meeting an accomplished, sophisticated woman who is trim, fit and shapely (5'7"), with a lovely, healing smile. 5099 ✉ ☎

Not Your Typical—43-year-old female. Energetic, high spirited and spiritual. Rise at 4:30 am for a run, to sleep by 9:30 pm. Enjoy cold weather, art, books, film, fashion, travel, nature, animals, and the country. Seek nonsmoking male counterpart. Note/photo/phone. 5003 ✉

Nature And Nurture—Handsome exec, 5'11", 160, athletic 45, at home in the wilderness or Carnegie Hall. Seeks a pretty, caring, slim, curious, white or Asian lady for fun, travel, family. Photo. (914)/(212)/(203). 4982 ✉

Attractive Professional Female—32, J. Crew type look, warm, sensitive, honest, bright, in-shape and fun-to-be-with. Likes movies, theater, NYC and working out. Seeks marriage-minded male, 30-38, attractive, professional, honest and kind. NY/NJ. Note/phone/photo. 5020 ✉

I Couldn't Think Of A Clever Opening—So how about straightforward, honest and sincere? I am a single Jewish female, nonreligious, nonsmoker, mid 30s, advertising professional, pretty and a little shy. If you are a nice, thirtysomething, professional, single Jewish male with similar traits, who is looking for friendship and possibly more, and feels a little awkward answering this ad - as I do writing it, I'd love to hear from you. NYC/NJ preferred. Note/photo please. 4612 ✉

Truly Handsome Jewish MD—45, 6'1", 178, with dark hair, interesting and witty, seeks an intelligent, attractive, marriage-minded woman to share life with. I love classical music, dance, film and political discussion. I'm divorced, without children - would like some and therefore request age 20s-mid 30s. Photo required. 4952 ✉

Extremely Handsome And Fit MD—34, nonobservant but very traditional Jewish values, athletic 6', 175 lbs, looks great in jeans. Seeking a Jewish woman (24-33) who wants marriage and children and who finds most men painfully boring, lacking in intellect and utterly uninspiring. Prefer a tall (5'7" and above), extraordinarily intelligent and athletic woman who enjoys talking about ideas and who is serious about leaving her mark on this world through her work and family. Only women with a powerful personality, who are stimulated by the idea of being with an ambitious, confident and challenging man, need respond. Will gladly exchange photo, which is a must. 5037 ✉

My Friend Said, "Try It—What can you lose?" So...this barely-40, curly-haired, creative, athletic, sexy woman is placing a personal. Looking forward to responses. 5029 ✉ ☎

Triple S—Smart, sincere, sexy. It's a new year! If you're a tall, Jewish, honest man, 48-55 - let's go for it. Photo. 5001 ✉

Energetic Yet Sensitive Male—Professional, 30, seeks caring female who is bright, with an excellent sense of humor, and is ready for a serous relationship. I like everything, from traveling to the Great Pyramids, to running in Central Park, to quiet conversations at home. Send note/phone. 5096 ✉

I Give Up!—On all the conventional methods of finding Ms. Right in NYC. Tall, handsome black male, 28, Ivy grad, Wall Street professional, seeks beautiful, intelligent, unpretentious woman with an insatiable thirst for the finer things in life. Note/photo optional. 5084 ✉

Just In From London—Creative professional male, 31, romantic, loyal, intelligent, witty, seeks slim, vivacious female. Photo/letter describing ideal date. 5056 ✉

Nauseous Since November 7th?—Me too. Hey, it's a start. Complex woman, unusually attractive, fit and accomplished, ricochets between the rhythm of the city and the solitude of the country. Looking for a serious man, around 50, who's at the top of his field, sees the pathos and humor in most things, contemplative and (com)passionate, laughs easily and often, and can hardly believe he's even reading this page. That's two. 4870 ✉

Successful Entertainment Attorney—Good-looking, 6'1", 42, athletic build, Irish descent, seeking pretty female, 26-38, who, like me, is intelligent and open-minded, with strong sense of family, humor and integrity. Please send note/ photo a must. 5049 ✉

Attractive Greek-American Woman—Who still believes there is someone special for everyone, is hoping to meet her soul mate for a monogamous relationship leading to marriage and family. If you are a Greek-American professional male, 5'10" plus, 40-45, with a golden heart, please respond. No reply without photo. 5014 ✉

Not Willing To Settle—30-year-old Jewish executive, attractive, intelligent and career-oriented, seeks Miss Right. I enjoy weekend trips, sushi and music. My Miss Right must be attractive, professional, fun and most of all, have a lot of class. Is this you? Photo. 5079 ✉ ☎

Romantic Professional—35, sensitive, kind, creative, handsome, slim Jewish male seeks gentle, fun-loving, slender woman for picnics, snuggling, sharing forever. Note/photo/phone. 5060 ✉ ☎

Entering The Monastery Soon—But I'm first looking for an educated, unpretentious, slim woman (late 20s-mid 30s and a nonsmoker) to talk me out of it. I'm 39, tall, handsome, athletic and work in the financial profession. Photo appreciated. 4864 ✉

Agenda—Companionship, marriage and family, for this Jewish female, 42, tall, attractive, fit, successful, with traditional values, smiles and charming personality. Seeking an accomplished, tall Jewish man, 40s, with similar agenda. 4976 ✉ ☎

Multiethnic, Exotic—Mature female executive seeks mature, well-educated, European/white/Hispanic male, late 40s-late 50s, for stimulating conversation, sports and ballroom dancing. 4981 ✉

Eric Roberts Meets Father Knows Best—Successful, single ad exec, 42, seeks Sharon Stone/Donna Reed, 35, for committed relationship/marriage. Photo a must. 4812 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Enjoy my career, nature, outdoors, animals, all types of dancing, art, museums, laughing and much more. Seek a secure man, 40-49, with a good sense of humor, who enjoys life. Note/photo. 5048 ✉

Bring On The Frogs—You have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find your prince. My prince would be a professional (50s-60s) who is truly happy, comfortable with place in life, but looking to share it all with a classy, petite, athletic, high-energy professional (late 40s) who enjoys sailing, tennis, golf, cooking, dining out and all that NYC has to offer, and happens to reside in CT. Let the kissing begin. Photo/note/phone, please. 5088 ✉ ☎

Warm Heart And Way Cool—Very attractive lady, young-looking 40, seeking intelligent man who listens to his dreams. I teach Native American studies, write, and ride horseback. I share my home with my two sons and our assorted pets - and have room in my heart for much more. 5040 ✉

I'm A Woman Of Radiance—Affluence, grace and elegance, 49, 113 lbs, 5'5", a light smoker, former show girl, night club owner, a socialite by marriage. Now alone, I seek an older man of intellect, affluence, wit and passion. Letter/photo, or call for a faster response. 5102 ✉ ☎

CEO, 46—Looking for companionship and fun. 4955 ✉

NJ Lady Executive—Seeking successful, nice guy to adore. Kind, loving woman, 39, nonsmoker, attractive, wants to share the "joyous journey" with an enlightened believer in God. Fun, family and forever! 4995 ✉ ☎

Let Me Be Your Sweetheart—Special, pretty, long-legged, cultured lady of intellect and interests, desires gentleman (57 plus) of class, humor and accomplishments. Affection, adventure a plus. 4990 ✉

Accomplished, Loving Artist—With beauty, substance, warmth, sensitivity, depth, intellect, wit, seeks secure, available, professional male, 49 plus, with values, for a healthy, caring, long-term, committed relationship. (212)/(516)/ (914)/(203). Note/photo/phone. 5109 ✉

I Am An Extremely Wealthy Tycoon—With a powerful appearance and muscular physique. I have a net worth of 500 million dollars (verifiable). I am Jewish and regarded by some as eccentric. I am not looking for marriage (right now) - but what I am seeking, to fulfill my wild and fun interests, is a voluptuous, nonconformist woman who appreciates generosity in a person. I have no problem dating someone who has children. 4924 ✉ ☎

Film Guy Wanted By Film Gal—43, brunette, Sarandon-type writer/director/ actress seeks a big, creative lug with humor, imagination and heart. 5038 ✉ ☎

Beauty And Brains—Tall, slim, very attractive blond would like to meet a man, 42-54. I love being outdoors - walking, biking and cross-country skiing, or just strolling around NY. I also enjoy Italian cooking, classical music and going to NY's great restaurants. I am looking for a man who, like me, is successful professionally, intense, passionate and intellectual, who can also just kick back and relax. Note and photo most appreciated, but will also respond to phone messages. 4984 ✉ ☎

Charming, Pretty Attorney—Seeks mensch, 37 plus, for love, laughter, happily ever after. Photo appreciated. 5064 ✉ ☎

Just Moved Back To City—Divorced white female, tall, attractive, mid 40s. Sheepish about running an ad, but pressured job makes it hard to meet people. Would like to meet smart, funny, successful, tall, single/divorced male. Likes: movies, books, urban architecture, kids, cats, travel, beach, folk music. 4817 ✉

Will You Be My New Year's Love?—If you are a well-educated, cultured, kind, (com)passionate, sexy, fun, youthful, successful, nonsmoking 42-55-year-old man, then please contact this attractive, 5'4" blond who loves books, travel, classical music, dancing, skiing, romantic dinners, things Oriental, browsing in Soho galleries, delicious, soulful conversations and lots of hugs. Honesty/integrity are a given for both of us. Photo/note please. 4815 ✉

I'm—5'2", single, exotically pretty/professional and witty. I'm genuine, warm and smart/generous and kind of heart. I love the beach, to dance and a long walk/a jog, my dog, good food and good talk. With a good man I'd like to mate/take a chance, write or call, let's make a date. You're around 45-54, nonsmoker, white Jewish male, attractive, family is important to you. You're kind, a one-woman guy, have integrity, financially sound. Children great, physically active a plus. You're fun, smart, romantic and know how to be a good friend. Photo. 5094 ✉ ☎

Are You Ready For Some Romance?—Successful, attractive Jewish male, 28, very funny and outgoing, seeks sensuous woman, 21-35, who is confident about herself. Are you exotic? If so, please reply. Photo a must. 4954 ✉

Vivacious, Dark-Eyed Brunette—New to NJ, from West Coast, seeks special man, 40s, to share life, love, laughter, new beginnings. 5019 ✉

Northwest Novelist, Gent—33, charming, multifaceted, seeks captivating, smart, witty, best female friend, 24-37, via correspondence, E-mail, phone. 4818 ✉

Beautiful, Caring Female MD—41, 5'5", 121, ready to share my life with kind, accomplished and previously married man, 37-47. Note/photo. 5051 ✉

Picture This—Smart, sexy, 30-something TV exec - living in CT, working in NY. Tennis matters. Looking for tall, wonderful guy, 38-47. Photo please. 4978 ✉

Classy, Pretty Manhattanite—I'm also Jewish, successful and funny. In need of an attractive, fit, caring, successful man, 58-70, who loves life and needs me. 5059✉

Handsome, Tall, Athletic—NYC professional and entrepreneur. Varied interests, mid 30s, seven-figure company/solid six-figure income. Success is hollow without proper love and companionship. If you are very attractive and slim, professional (MD, JD, DDS, etc.), very ambitious and ready for love and family as well, let's meet and take it from there. NYC preferred. Recent photo and phone essential. 5030 ✉

Successful, Self-Employed—Handsome man, 40, in good shape from head to toe, and ear to ear, is looking for one special woman to have a lifetime heart to heart with. Photo please. 4956 ✉

Successful Doctor—37, handsome, athletic, seeks attractive female, 25-33, for relationship. Photo a must. 5041 ✉

Redhead With Sparkling Irish Eyes—And wit, seeks accomplished gentleman, 40 plus, who enjoys New York's cultural life, is fit, has traditional values, a touch of zaniness and is emotionally available. Note/photo. 4991 ✉

Sweetheart Wanted—Object: matrimony - by a charmer and beauty of 43, 5'8", slim, witty graphic designer, brilliant cook, lover of wine, reader of Victorian novels, viewer of films from Corman to Rohmer. Looking for a smart, sociable, successful guy. Note with a home phone. 4972 ✉

Exotic Beauty—Loves nature, humor, Italy, art, business. Looking for attractive, good-hearted, sophisticated man (35-50), nonsmoker. Photo please. 4854 ✉

Successful, Pretty Executive—Bright, Ivy, spirited and spiritual, seeks counterpart: tall man, 40s, to ski, sail, bike and enjoy arts. No booze/drugs. 4973 ✉ ☎

Jewish Female—30s, European features, would like to meet tall, sexy Jewish guy, 40 and up, for romance, ect. 5070 ✉

Beautiful, Adventurous, Successful—Woman. I love Las Vegas, golf, tennis, traveling, theater, dancing, romance and laughter and am seeking a man with similar energy and interests. I'm a dynamic, auburn-haired, slim, 5'5", Jewish, late-40s widow. If you're passionate about love and life, and ready for fun, friendship and sharing life's journey...send note/photo. 5083 ✉

Pretty Artist/Teacher—Seeks kind, creative-thinking, handsome man, 39-49. Note/photo. 5010 ✉

Great-Looking, Very Successful—Trim, witty, warm, stylish, sensitive, creative male. 50, 5'9", divorced, grown kids (full head of hair, no gray and not combed across from ear-to-ear!). You're very pretty, under 45, trim, fun, eclectic. Moms with kids welcome. For monogamy. Photo/note. 4974 ✉

Good-Looking Male—Easygoing, romantic, fun, athletic, educated, sincere - seeks female, 45-52, slim, pretty, humorous, white, for long term. Photo/note. 5095 ✉

Platonic But Loving—Very attractive woman seeks cultured man, 65 plus. 4953✉

Good Woman, Bad Attitude—Warm and loving, with strong opinions and high standards, 35, tall, long-haired, smart - seeking kind, smart, reasonably sane, nonsmoking man who prefers Star Trek to Monday Night Football. 5097 ✉ ☎

Woman Sleeping With Teddy Bear—Seeks very special man for possible substitute... A confident, self-aware, cuddly, fit and attractive man, at ease with himself, is sought by this woman to share laughter, travel, grown children and a busy, exciting life. I am 46, beautiful, very fit, and have been spotted seated alone eating breakfast and laughing out loud at the Sunday Times. If you're not afraid, reasonably secure and successful, drop me a note. Photo please. 4964 ✉

Assortments

BEST SERVICE IN TOWN—Largest selection of attractive Asian/Latin & American Profls. **L.O.A. Intros: 212-986-8590/91**

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DOC'S PARTY—Ages 26-47, EXPO, 124 W 43, Feb 2, 6pm, $20. **718-279-8596**

EastEnders Fan Newspaper—Quarterly. $15/yr. $25/2yrs. Free Copy: **718-424-7957**

Russian Dating Service—New York; 10 E39th, #535. **212-679-3101**

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Tues., Jan. 31 - Winter Meltdown Dance Party at Metronome—915 Bway at 21st, 7-11pm. Cash bar, $35. Benefits Jewish Guild for the Blind. **769-6239**

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
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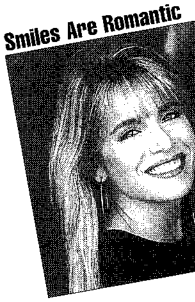
NY TRAVEL & SPORTS CLUB—Ice Skating 1/30: Ski Stratton 2/10-12: Golf in Arizona 2/17-20. Info: **718-852-5190**

Westchester Jewish Conference Singles Dance Extravaganza—Join Jewish Singles, 20-55, for disco & refreshments, **Sat, Jan 28, 9pm-1am,** $15. **Temple Israel Center,** 280 Old Mamaroneck Rd, White Plains (Hutch North Exit 23N, right on Mamaroneck, left on Ridgeway, right on Old Mamaroneck, left on Miles - Temple at corner). **WJC: 914-761-5100**

QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY
Sat., Jan. 28 - BUTLER'S, 9 PM,
1407 B'way (38th-39th) **212-213-0508**



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Dr. Dorfman graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania. He has edited many dental articles, journals and text books. He is a member of Mensa and the American Dental Association.

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Attention Ann: You Responded To My Ad For Your Friend - But I've Misplaced The Number. Please Contact Box 4761.

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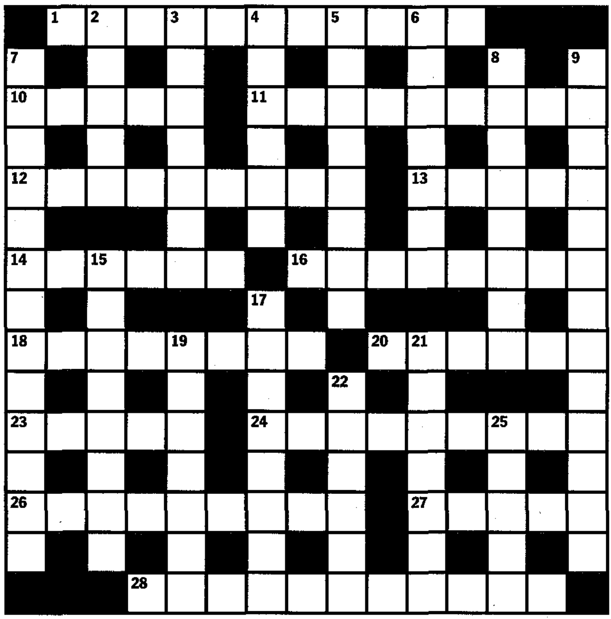
LOOKING FOR UNIQUE
Men and women, 35-55, to meet weekly and share NY activities. If you've never thought of answering an ad, please consider ours. Two sensational, profl single Jewish females wish to form a new group of friends. Short note. Photo opt. **4969** ✉

To Respond To A New York Magazine Box Number, Write to: New York Magazine, PO Box 4600, NY 10163-4600. Att: Box Number ____

‘Sunday Times’ of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Sharp-pointed sticks and old-fashioned confinement to go after penal reform. (11)
10 Scandinavian has choice of directions. (5)
11 Had rather be promoted. (9)
12 Restless, not having been paid. (9)
13 Fruit fool is about right. (5)
14 Italian family getting nothing right, is in trouble. (6)
16 Songbird insisted, we hear, on talking. (8)
18 Denunciation when assistance is withdrawn from large family. (8)
20 Someone who thinks he's an entertainer. (6)
23 Fume, having rod in pickle. (5)
24 It could be made up as a trap. (9)
26 Beating the endless thievery. (9)
27 Enigmatic expression. (5)
28 Tree in road set on fire by this lamp. (11)



DOWN

2 Decoys the French deployed around the old city. (5)
3 Cleric turns up in the school football team. (7)
4 Eat and work to satisfy. (6)
5 Convenient exit provided by raised screen at back of duck coop. (4, 4)
6 Worked with the hands as required by speaker. (7)
7 Ruined bastion harbours the unsubmissive. (13)
8 Drunk but game. (8)
9 Tours even made off-putting for the most daring. (13)
15 Makes damaging statement — river-man has pinched a pound! (8)
17 An undergarment I have found scratchy. (8)
19 The artist took another nibble at this dish. (7)
21 In it an animal turns up for a drink. (7)
22 Tap-dancing pigs circle square. (6)
25 Model, tall, displaying plenty of leg. (5)

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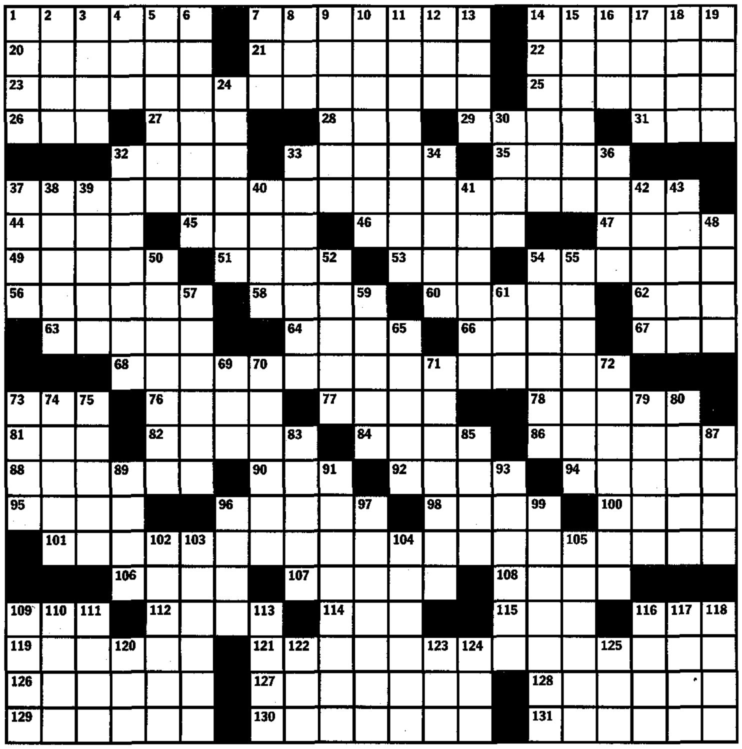
‘Mae’s Mots’: ‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Desert illusion
7 Sign as payee
14 Complain stridently: slang
20 Does penance
21 Hostess's wagon
22 Lone Star State capital
23 Start of QUOTE I
25 City of Pakistan
26 Caustic substance
27 Actor Stephen of "The Crying Game"
28 Bell and Kettle
29 Nanking nursemaid
31 Kitten's call
32 After teen or golden
33 Columbus's birthplace
35 Elvis's middle name
37 Start of QUOTE II
44 "Gently, —— perfumed sea": Poe
45 Shipped
46 No mere talkers
47 Sandwich cookie
49 Nebraska metropolis
51 Place for a chapeau
53 To's counterpart
54 One at a time
56 Last to arrive
58 Vic's radio wife
60 Step
62 Mad. or Pk.
63 Clamorous
64 Fisherman's hope
65 Look —— (investigate)
66 Fighting back
67 Pince- ——
68 Middle of QUOTE I
73 Shriver of tennis
76 Between do and fa
77 Diner specialty
78 Backyard attractions
81 Orthodontists' org.
82 Teheran citizen
84 Dweeb
86 Guarantee
88 Extremists
90 Bach's "Mass —— Minor"
92 Villain's expression
94 Caesar's wardrobe
95 Mona of the Louvre
96 "Taming of the Shrew" setting
98 Part of SEATO
100 Sportswear trademark
101 End of QUOTE II
106 Put your foot in it
107 Aides: abbr.
108 "Money —— object"
109 Far from joyful
112 Affectations
114 Tit for ——
115 Tchrs.' union
116 Eggs
119 Is tantamount to
121 "It's —— (end of QUOTE I)
126 Winter apple
127 Small rings of color
128 Pavement mixture
129 Ascetic Hindu magicians
130 Teutons
131 Veldt elks

DOWN

1 Letter-box input
2 Bitty's go-with
3 Kennedy matriarch
4 Raggedy doll
5 Soviet leader Malenkov
6 Holds in high regard
7 Biblical verb suffix
8 Maiden-named
9 Stopped the current
10 Sea nymph
11 O. Henry's "The —— Red Chief"
12 —— Lanka
13 Kin of Vesuvius
14 Wages
15 Thick-shelled clam
16 Show to a seat, short style
17 Power particle
18 Telegram
19 Was acquainted with
24 Archer's aim
30 Red planet
32 Disneyland locale
33 "I've —— Me" (1967 tune)
34 Asserts
36 Midnight's opposite
37 Sheep's largesse
38 Macho type
39 Muse of poetry
40 Billfold smallies
41 Amatory
42 Choir accompaniment
43 Dig deep
48 Old courtroom cry
50 Ancient empire
52 Archie Bunker's wife
54 Conditioning exercises
55 Settle differences
57 White House family of the 1840s
59 Frome of fiction
61 Before a P
65 Art supporter
69 "—— rambling wreck . . ."
70 McLonergan of a '47 musical
71 Clothing, to the trendy
72 Canada's second city
73 Name of six popes
74 Impromptu quip
75 Quemoy's neighbor
79 On the up and up
80 Dracula's undoing
83 Gandhi's land
85 Lucy's vis-à-vis
87 River of Flanders
89 Hamelin's scourge
91 Wrong advice, informally
93 Port east of Florence
96 House of Lords member
97 Son of David
99 Non-attendance
102 Captain Ahab, e.g.
103 Raises, as a flag
104 Number-one Hun
105 Nail polish
109 Vassal's associate
110 Bluish green
111 Headlight time
113 Doe's beau
116 Portent
117 Peddle
118 Aardvark's diet
120 "—— was saying . . ."
122 Historic Eur. realm
123 Lady Windermere's possession
124 Reverse curve
125 Singer Sumac



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 116.

MARY ANN MADDEN #813

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

newtbroom—U.S. political cleansweepmanship (see also "good housespeaking").

matronize—to dowdify.

doscapital—compufinance; opp. of **loan applecation.**

Above, neology. Competitors are invited to invent a word defined by one or more fabricated synonyms.

Results of Competition 810, in which you were asked for odd couples.

Report: Heidi Fleiss has married Don Ho. And Wanda Hughes married Henry, so she's Kissinger now. Michelle Pfeiffer wed Yo-Yo Ma, then Sandy Bell. And Gloria Steinem retained her maiden name. Such watch. For those who understand, no explanation is necessary; for those who do not, none is possible. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

If Tess Harper married Sting, Don Juan, General Thieu, and David Tree.... Hey, is this thing plugged in?

Sarah Gay, Denver, Col.

If Dick York's son were a priest and married Gloria Vanderbilt to Josef Sommer, now would be the winter of their discontent. (She'd be made Gloria Sommer by the son of York.)

Holly Thomis,
Cambridge, Mass.

In "The Return of Hazel," Shirley Booth plays twin domestics in the household of Christopher Walken. The theme is sung by Nancy Sinatra.

Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

If Dionne Warwick married Yogi Berra, Tony Bill, Enoch Light, Gamal Nasser, and then Brendan Behan, she'd be feeling Dionne Berra Bill Light Nasser Behan part of the Psychic Friends Network.

Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

If Edward Albee's sister married Martin Sheen and together they founded a college, in all the old familiar places it would be known as Albee Sheen U.

Steven Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

If Lisa Marie Presley married Michael Jackson ...well, never mind. It's a crazy idea.

similarly: B. Burns, Albuquerque, N.M.;
J. Brien, London, England

And Honorable Mention to:

If Dee Wallace married Jeff Bridges, Sam Huff, Guy Madison, and then Tom Conti, it would be one for the books.

Tony Reeder, Brigham City, Utah

If Bridget Fonda had married Robert James Waller, she might have been known as one of the Bridgets of Madison County.

Joseph Albano, Brooklyn

If Yoko Ono married Don Knotts, divorced him, and then remarried him, she'd be Ono Knotts Again.

Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

If Cher married James Noble, Rick Dees, and then John Jacob Astor, she'd be positively glowing.

Kendall Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

If Uta Hagen had married Bill Gates, acquired an equity position in Microsoft, and then married Jerome Robbins, and retired to the sun-drenched Caribbean, they'd be known as Basking Robbins and Hagen DOS.

David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

If Mariah Carey married Keenan Wynn, they'd call the Wynn Mariah.

Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

If Doris Day married Dennis Day, she'd be Doris Doubleday.

Julian Skiba, Buffalo, N.Y.

If Marisa Tomei married Al D'Amato, the headlines would read TOMEI TO D'AMATO. Let's call the whole thing off.

Nicole Feig, Cary, N.C.

If Kirstie Alley married Alvin Dark and then Eliot Ness...she'd do better to light one candle.

Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

If Susan Powter married Eddie Rabbitt, she'd be the Energizer Bunny.

Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

If Iman married William Kaiser, would she be considered a roll model?

Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

If Carmen Miranda married Hans Arp and then Jose Ferrer, she'd get out from under all those fruity hats. Chica boom chic.

Katie Noone, Newark, Del.

If Fifi D'Orsay married John Mill, Robert Young, Victor French, Horace Mann, Vincent Canby, and then Victor Wong, she'd still love Jerry Lewis.

Paula Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

If Tai Babilonia married and divorced Louis L'Amour, someone else could then marry Tai L'Amour.

Richard Fried, Brooklyn

If Ella Fitzgerald married Herbie Mann, Nigel Terry, Russ Meyer, Rob Deer, and then Tom Watson, she'd be singing to Scatland Yard.

Marc Doyle, Berkeley, Calif.

If Mary Martin married David Merrick, Barry White, Immanuel Kant, Man Ray, Syngman Rhee, Gordie Howe, Lamont Dozier, Christopher Gartin, David Groh, Paul Junger Witt, Ron Silver, Jerry Belson, Joe Cocker, Maximilian Schell, Paul Sand, Nathan Purdee, Willie Mays, Mort Sahl, Jay Leno, and then Tommy Roe, Mother Goose could retire.

Lucy Oblonsky, Berkeley, Calif.

If Brett Butler married Michael Mann, could Mann live by Brett alone?

Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

If Bernadette Soubirous exchanged vows with Saint Peter, she'd be Nun of the Above.

Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

If Julia Roberts married Patrick Ewing, she'd be known as J. R. Ewing.

Lawrence Herman, Brooklyn

When Louis Malle stole Miss Bergen's affections while she had been dating Nixon pal Rebozo, it was like taking Candy from a Bebe.

Anthony G. Bowman,
Washington, D.C.

Marlene Dietrich mawwied E.B. wather than B.D. because she'd wather be White than Wong.

Charles Lubetkin, N.Y.C.

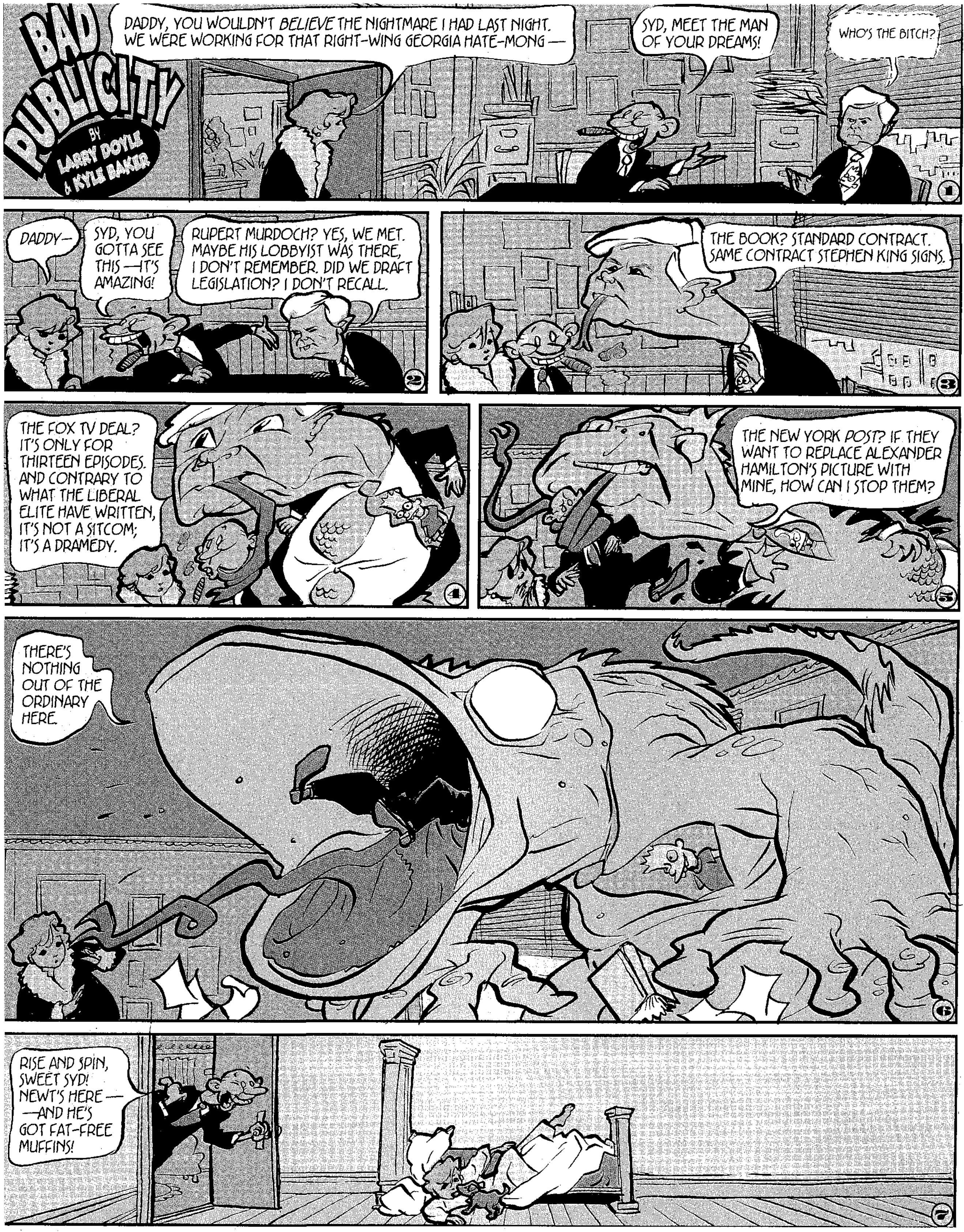
If Penny Westmoreland married General William Westmoreland, Stan Getz, Stephen Furst, and Jonathan Pryce, then I may already be a winner!

Penny Westmoreland, Centreville, Va.

Competition Rules: TYPEWRITTEN POSTCARDS IF POSSIBLE, PLEASE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 813, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by February 3. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the March 6 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

Little Newt in Flaccoland

What fools we publicists be—Sydney Flacco is certain it must all be a horrible dream.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
DADDY, YOU WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* THE NIGHTMARE I HAD LAST NIGHT. WE WERE WORKING FOR THAT RIGHT-WING GEORGIA HATE-MONG—
SYD, MEET THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS!
WHO'S THE BITCH?
1
DADDY—
SYD, YOU GOTTA SEE THIS—IT'S AMAZING!
RUPERT MURDOCH? YES, WE MET. MAYBE HIS LOBBYIST WAS THERE, I DON'T REMEMBER. DID WE DRAFT LEGISLATION? I DON'T RECALL.
2
THE BOOK? STANDARD CONTRACT. SAME CONTRACT STEPHEN KING SIGNS.
3
THE FOX TV DEAL? IT'S ONLY FOR THIRTEEN EPISODES. AND CONTRARY TO WHAT THE LIBERAL ELITE HAVE WRITTEN, IT'S NOT A SITCOM; IT'S A DRAMEDY.
4
THE NEW YORK *POST*? IF THEY WANT TO REPLACE ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S PICTURE WITH MINE, HOW CAN I STOP THEM?
5
THERE'S NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HERE.
6
RISE AND SPIN, SWEET SYD! NEWT'S HERE— —AND HE'S GOT FAT-FREE MUFFINS!
7

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You can switch down to lower tar and still get satisfying taste.

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MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS
MERIT
ULTIMA

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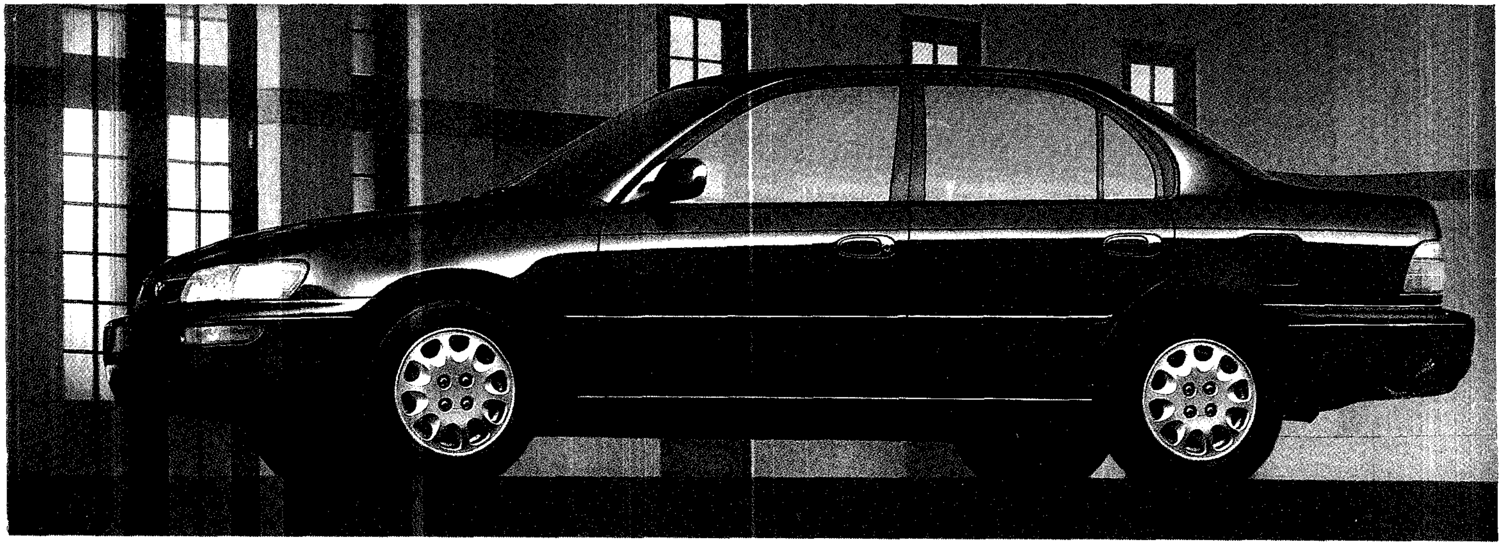

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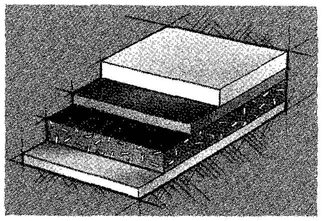
A computerized operations system constantly monitors engine functions.



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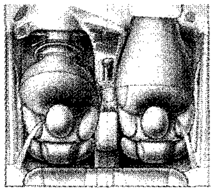
For over twenty-five years, Corolla has EARNED a REPUTATION for consistently DELIVERING on the many PROMISES it has made. Promises to perform day in, day out.

Today, Corolla is busy making NEW promises. With TECHNOLOGICAL systems that range from ADVANCED safety features to sound-dampening materials that REDUCE interior noise levels to a quiet hush.



*Both driver and front-passenger air bags are standard.**

The 1995 Toyota Corolla. It's the promise of something new, backed up by a HERITAGE of promises kept. And RECOGNIZED around the world as the BENCHMARK of QUALITY.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and location of your NEAREST DEALER.

TOYOTA COROLLA
I Love What You Do For Me

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*To help avoid serious injury, always wear your seatbelt. Driver and front-passenger air bags are a supplemental restraint only.